BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

Vol. 3: No. 10

FRED. W. PURVIS.

In this issue:

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

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OCTOBER 1931

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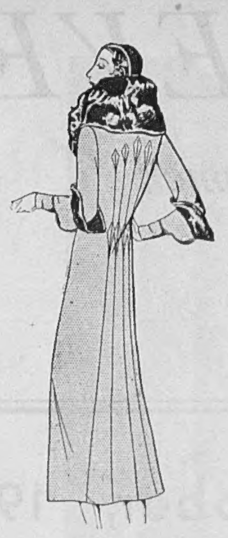

" milady visits "

the perfect afternoon coat in black, with lavish trimmings in flat good quality pony cloth. lined throughout, with large bolster collar and unusual sleeve trimmings. cuffs placed close to the elbow.
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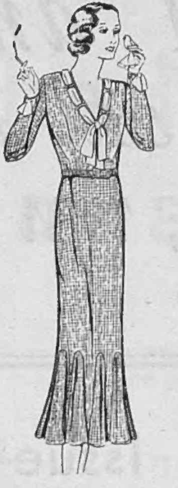
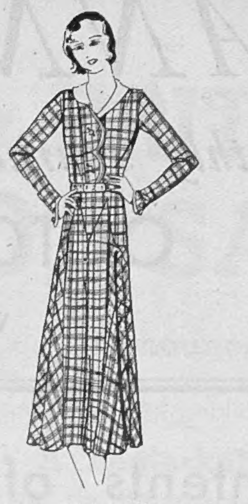


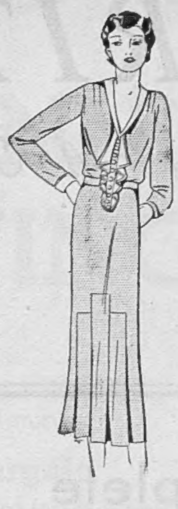
" chez-vous "

sheer wool romain in a small design on a new green ground, with an unusual scarf collar of suede-crepe; skirt movement to the fore, with low-placed godets. obtainable in a wide range of new shades.
cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly



" la bourse "

in the latest plaid pattern. here is a delightfully practical frock, slim fitting, showing the defined waistline with self belt. bodice trimmed with suede-crepe collar and pipings, the skirt flared in a becoming manner. in many colourings.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



" tarrytown "

a smart and simple frock in supple yet heavy suede-crepe. pleats low set, following the latest trends, and the jabot collar in georgette piped with self in chic contrast. obtainable in many new shades.
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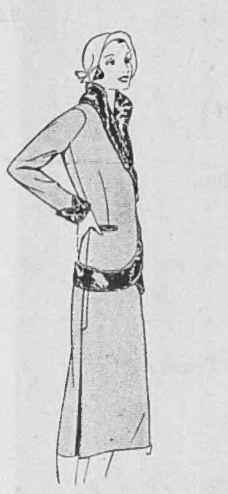

" sandown "

new: a tailored costume in a black venetian suiting, trimming on collar, cuffs and foot of coat in black pony cloth. the coat is cut on rounded lines with the higher waist-line, and lined with crepe-de-chine. skirt with stitched pleats each side.
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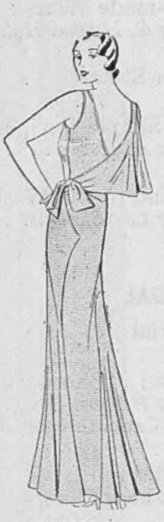

" delilah "

this lovely gown has a swagger note with its cape and bow, its v-shaped décolletage, its slim hips, its fully flared skirt, made in good quality satin; can be copied in several new shades and black.
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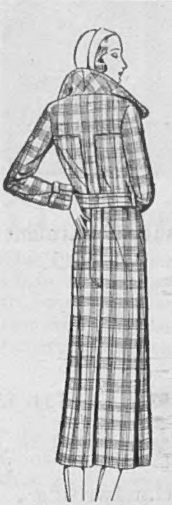

" à la campagne "

a tweed coat made in several mixtures, with a snug storm collar that buttons close to the neck for colder occasions. unlined, it shows the cleverly woven reverse of the material in contrasting plaids, and has a comfortable vent at the back.
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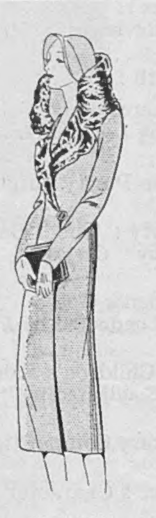

" l'apéritif "

a deep collar in supple broadtail cloth with the newest of lapels tops this cloth coat. it is lined throughout and built on the simplest, most charming lines. in black—or can be copied in blue, green, brown, etc.
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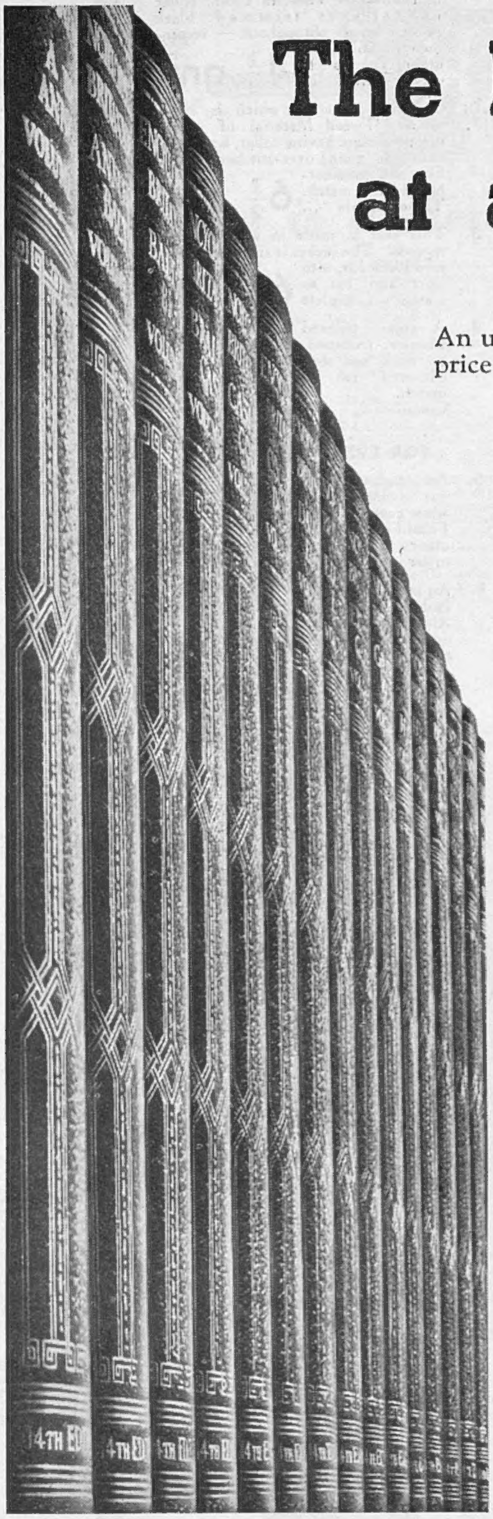

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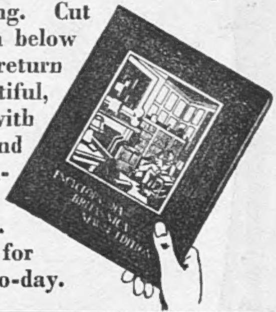

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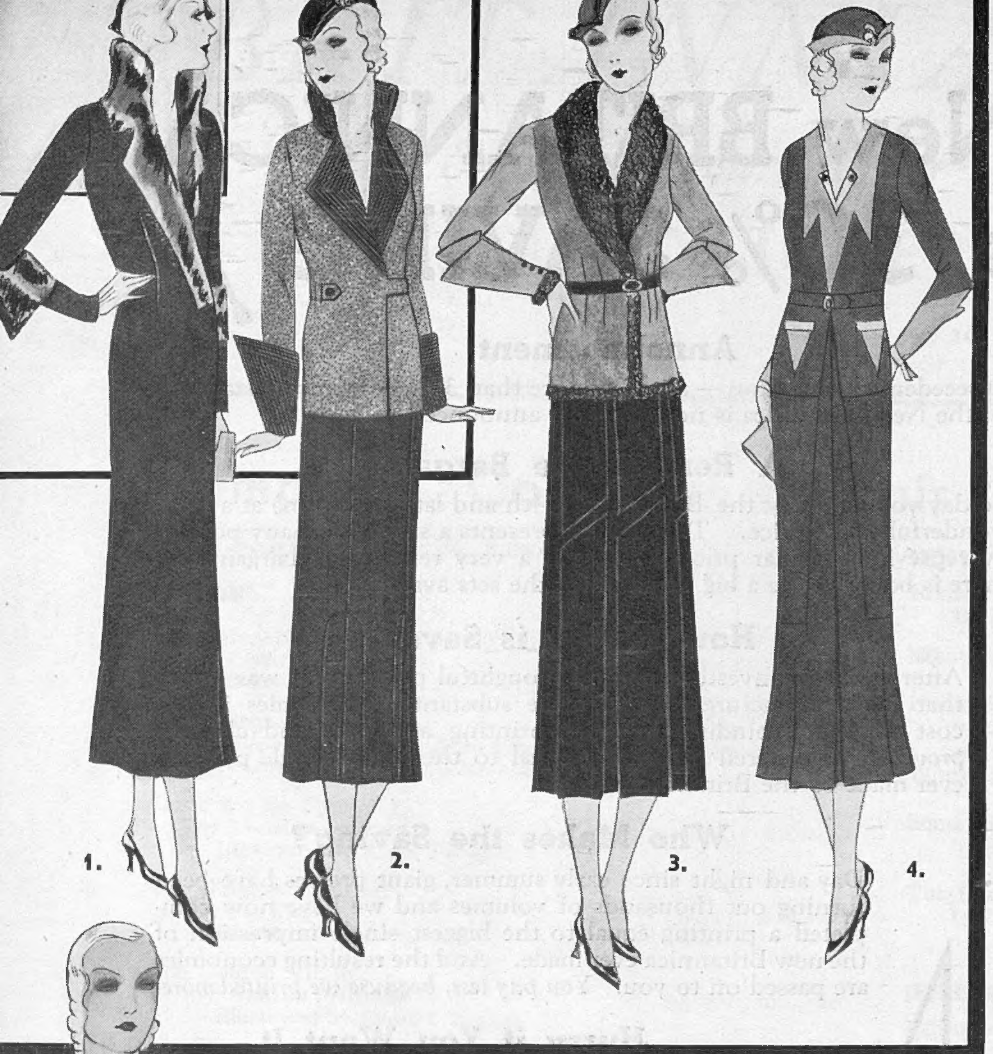

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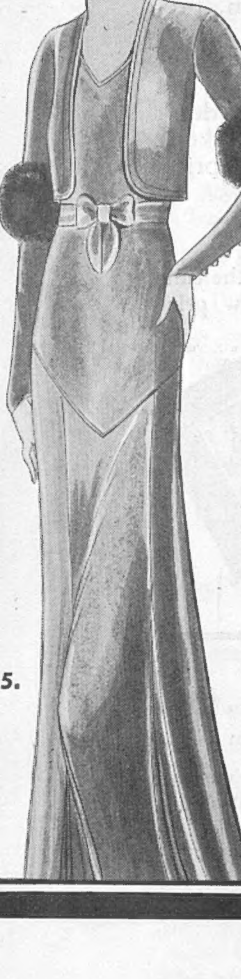

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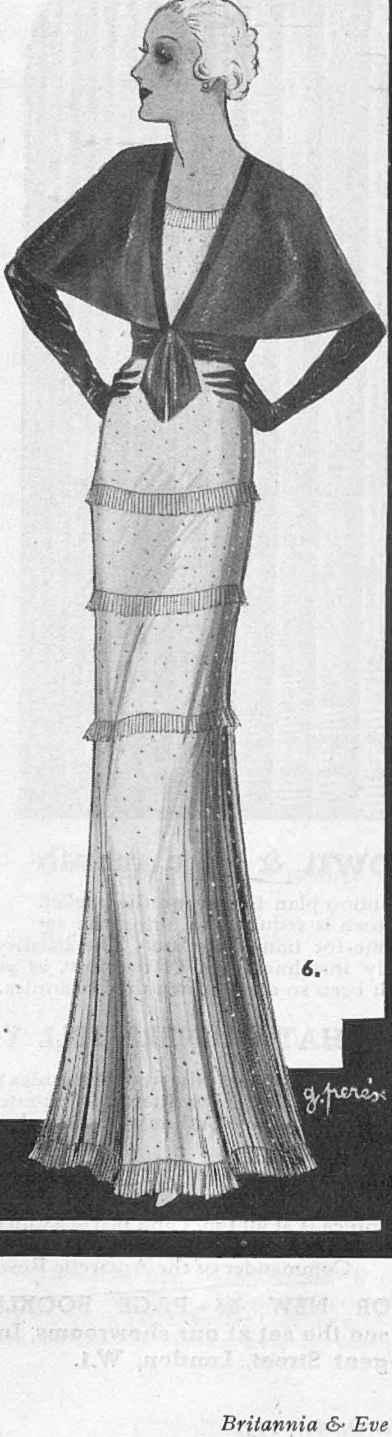

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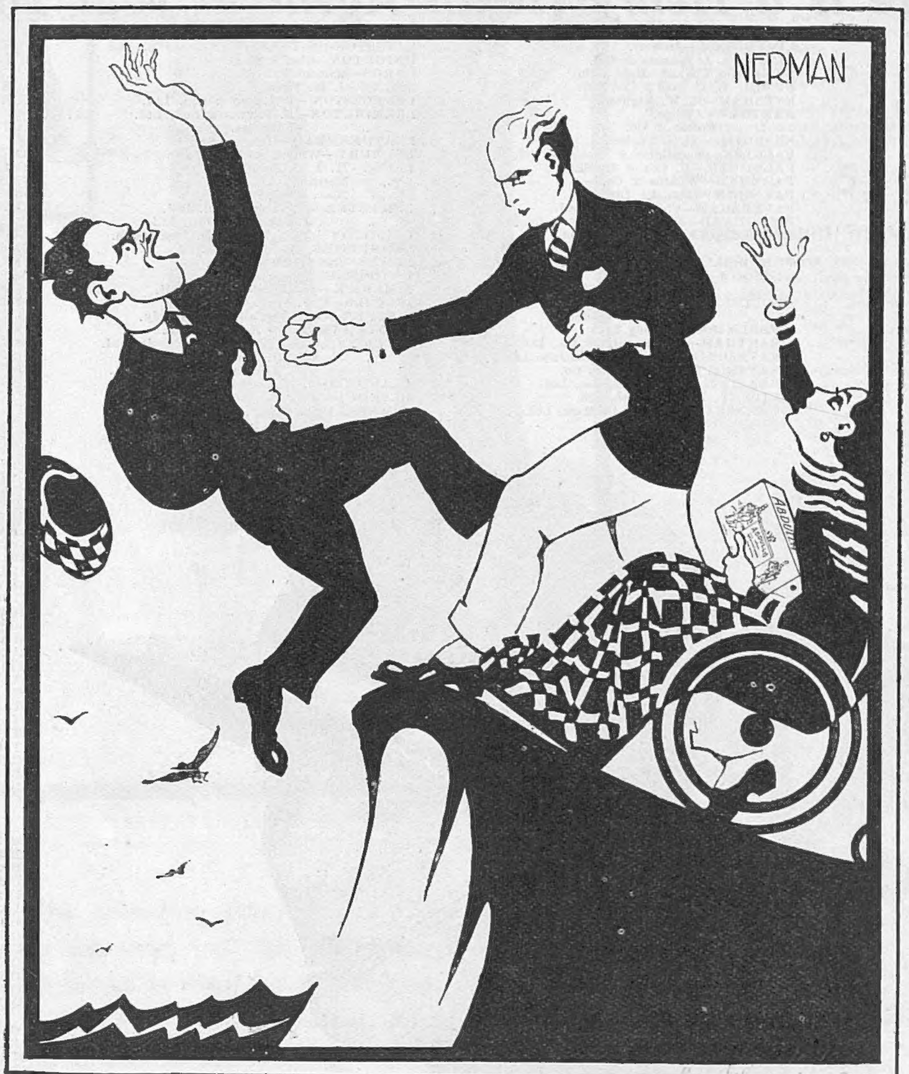
PONTARDULAIS—T. D. Rees & Co.
PONTYPOOL—E. Fowler & Son.
PONTYPRIDD—Miss A. Lewis.
PORTADOWN (Co. Armagh)—Elliott & Stephenson.
PORTHCAWL—Eluned Pearce.
PORTMADOC—Heritage.
PORTRUSH—White House, Ltd.
PORT TALBOT—Lewis's.
PRESTATYN—The Paragon (J. C. Jones).
PURLEY—Kate Cowley.
RAMSGATE—Lewis & Hyland.
READING—Heelas, Ltd.
REDHILL—Mme. Wellington.
REDRUTH (Cornwall)—K. Gribble & Son.
RHOS-ON-SEA—Frank Turner.
RHYL—S. G. Talbot.
RICHMOND—Mme. Briggs.
ROMSEY—Henry Guard, Ltd.
ROSS-ON-WYE—H. W. Raynor, Ltd.
ROYSTON—Robert Wilson & Son
RUGBY—A. & F. Adnitt.
RYDE (I.O.W.)—S. Fowler & Co.
SALISBURY—Style & Gerrish.
ST. ALBANS—A. J. Dorell, Ltd.
ST. ANDREWS—Mrs. Taylor.
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA—David Ferguson.
ST. IVES—May Bruce.
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA—Philpot & Sons Ltd.
SCARBOROUGH—Marshall's, Ltd.
SEVENOAKS—S. Young & Son, Ltd.
SHEFFIELD—Cole Bros., Ltd.
,, Coombs & Sanderson.
,, Marshall's, Ltd.
,, Price & Co., Broomhill.
SHEPTON MALLET—Thorne & Thorne.
SHERBORNE—L. B. Hillam.
SHREWSBURY—R. Maddox & Co., Ltd.
SIDMOUTH—J. Field & Sons.
SITTINGBOURNE—Hapets, Ltd.
SLEAFORD—T. R. Pert.
SLIGO—Henry Lyons & Co., Ltd.
SOLIHULL—Alpine Andrews.
SOUTHAMPTON—Tyrrell & Green, Ltd.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA—J. R. Brightwell, Ltd.
SOUTH MOLTON—Hill & Co.
SOUTHPORT—Boothroyds.
SOUTHSEA—Handleys, Ltd.
,, Bright's (Southsea), Ltd.
SOUTHWOLD—Griffin & Co.
SPALDING—Pennington & Sons.
STAFFORD —Brookfields.
STAINES—Morford & Goodman, Ltd.
STAMFORD—Oates & Musson.
STIRLING—T. Menzies, Ltd.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES—M. Robinson & Sons Ltd.
STOWMARKET—Wm. Turner (Stowmarket), Ltd.
STREATHAM—Elizabeth Frances.
STREET (Som.)—" The Novelty."
STROUD—T. P. Anthony & Co., Ltd.
SUNDERLAND—Binns, Ltd.
SUTTON (Surrey)—Wootten Bros. (Sutton) Ltd.
SWANSEA—Theophilus.
,, Ben Evans.
SYDENHAM—W. Cobb, Ltd.
TAUNTON—Hatcher & Sons, Ltd.
TENBY—T. P. Hughes & Son.
TIVERTON—Thorne Bros.
TONBRIDGE—Frank East.
TORQUAY—J. F. Rockhey, Ltd.
TROWBRIDGE—F. Deane Smith.
TRURO—Webb & Co.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS—Wilfred Bobby & Co.
,, Miss J. B. Jago.
TYNEMOUTH—M. Nicholls, Ltd.
VENTNOR (I.W.)—Thurgood Sisters.
WARMINSTER—Mrs. A. Butler.
WARRINGTON—J. & W. Dutton, Ltd.
WATFORD—J. P. Taylor.
,, Pearkes.
WELLINGBORO'—Bodaly & Co.
WELLINGTON—D. W. Agnew.
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA—F. G. Webber & Co. (Westcliff-on-Sea), Ltd
WEST HARTLEPOOL—H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
WEST KIRBY—Jones & Co., Ltd.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE—Walker & Ling
WEYMOUTH—Plummer Roddis, Ltd.
,, Mme. Riga.
WHITSTABLE—Windyridge.
WIGAN—Pendlebury & Co., Ltd.
WILMSLOW—W. T. Clegg.
WIMBORNE—H. Garrett & Son.
WINCHESTER—T. A. Brown & Sons.
WINDERMERE—Mme. Beatrice Herbert, Ltd.
WINSLOW—S. R. Holden
WISBECH—Piper & Sayer, Ltd.
WOKING—Alfred Wyles.
WOLVERHAMPTON—J. Beattie, Ltd.
WORCESTER—Simes.
WORKSOP—Madame Emile.
WORTHING—Maison Ellis, Ltd.
,, Southey & Sons.
WREXHAM—J. & C. Jackson.
YARMOUTH—Palmers.
YEOVIL—Denners.
YORK—Kirby & Nicholson.

"Thrillers" by Abdulla



OVER LIFE'S EDGE.

How rash of Helen to take the air
In such a sinister old bathchair!
The wind grew chill and the hour late—
Roberto plotted her ghastly fate;

Her loved Abdullas he'd snatch with glee,
And fling the girl to the angry sea,
But Octavius heard her despairing cries—
In every "Thriller" the Villain dies!

A noble figure against the sky,
The Hero stood with a steely eye,
While over the Cliff's unpleasant verge
Roberto flopped in the boiling surge!

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

BRITANNIA & EVE

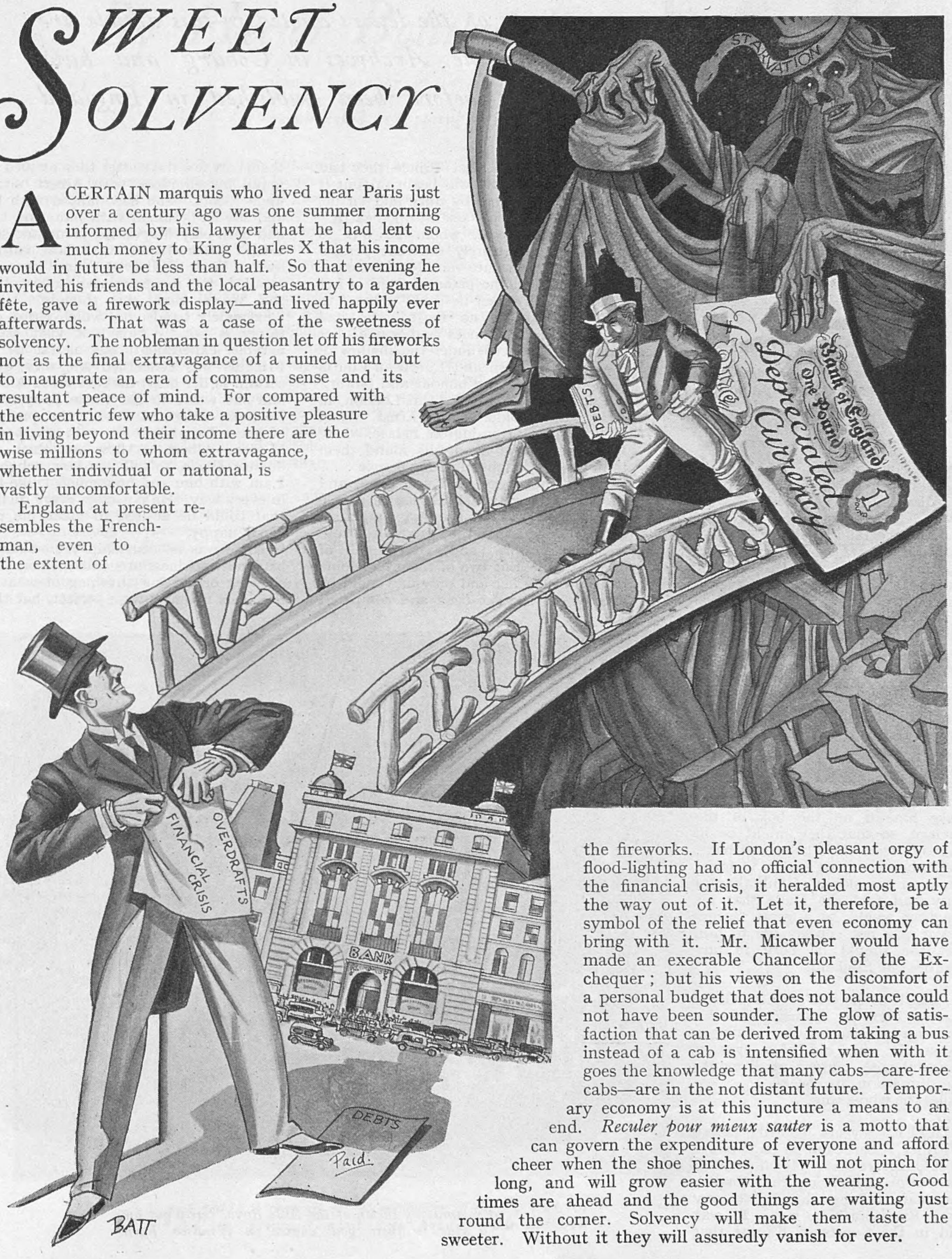
Vol. III, No. 10 A Monthly Journal for Men and Women OCTOBER, 1931

Editorial—

SWEET SOLVENCY

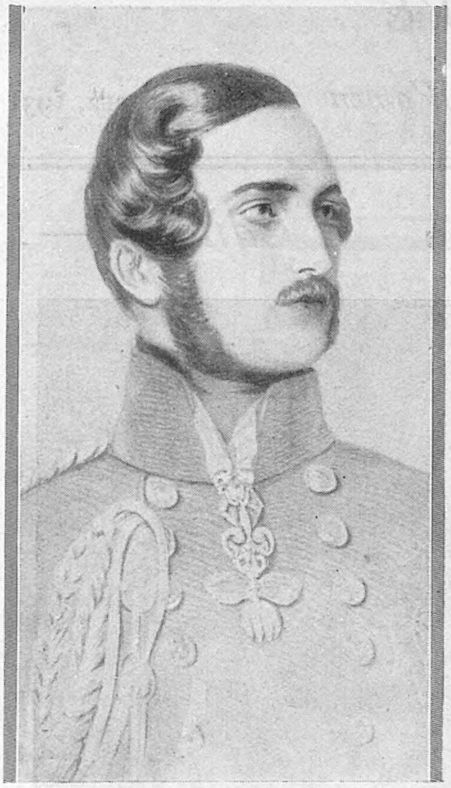
A CERTAIN marquis who lived near Paris just over a century ago was one summer morning informed by his lawyer that he had lent so much money to King Charles X that his income would in future be less than half. So that evening he invited his friends and the local peasantry to a garden fête, gave a firework display—and lived happily ever afterwards. That was a case of the sweetness of solvency. The nobleman in question let off his fireworks not as the final extravagance of a ruined man but to inaugurate an era of common sense and its resultant peace of mind. For compared with the eccentric few who take a positive pleasure in living beyond their income there are the wise millions to whom extravagance, whether individual or national, is vastly uncomfortable.

England at present resembles the Frenchman, even to the extent of the fireworks. If London's pleasant orgy of flood-lighting had no official connection with the financial crisis, it heralded most aptly the way out of it. Let it, therefore, be a symbol of the relief that even economy can bring with it. Mr. Micawber would have made an execrable Chancellor of the Exchequer; but his views on the discomfort of a personal budget that does not balance could not have been sounder. The glow of satisfaction that can be derived from taking a bus instead of a cab is intensified when with it goes the knowledge that many cabs—care-free cabs—are in the not distant future. Temporary economy is at this juncture a means to an end. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is a motto that can govern the expenditure of everyone and afford cheer when the shoe pinches. It will not pinch for long, and will grow easier with the wearing. Good times are ahead and the good things are waiting just round the corner. Solvency will make them taste the sweeter. Without it they will assuredly vanish for ever.



Queen Victoria's

Some of the letters quoted in this article are from the Archives in Coburg and have never before been published in England



SHE thought him perfection in every way, in beauty, in everything. A portrait of the Prince Consort by Winterhalter

IN November of 1817 the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg wrote in her diary: "The courier has arrived . . . Charlotte is dead! Good God! . . . No mortal can understand why this beautiful flower should fade at the morning of her life and drop off without fruit, with which she would have blessed her country."

The Princess Charlotte's death robbed the English Crown of its heiress, but it also opened up the way to the Victorian succession and to a love story as tender as any in a graceful century.

A little time after Princess Charlotte's death the Duke of Kent crossed Europe to marry Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Less than a year after this the Duke and the Duchess crossed Europe again, the Duke himself on the box of the carriage, so that they might be in England when their baby was born. The baby was to be Queen Victoria. Once, on the slopes of Gibraltar, a gipsy had told the Duke that his daughter would be a great Queen, and it was not conceivable to him that she should be born in any country but England.

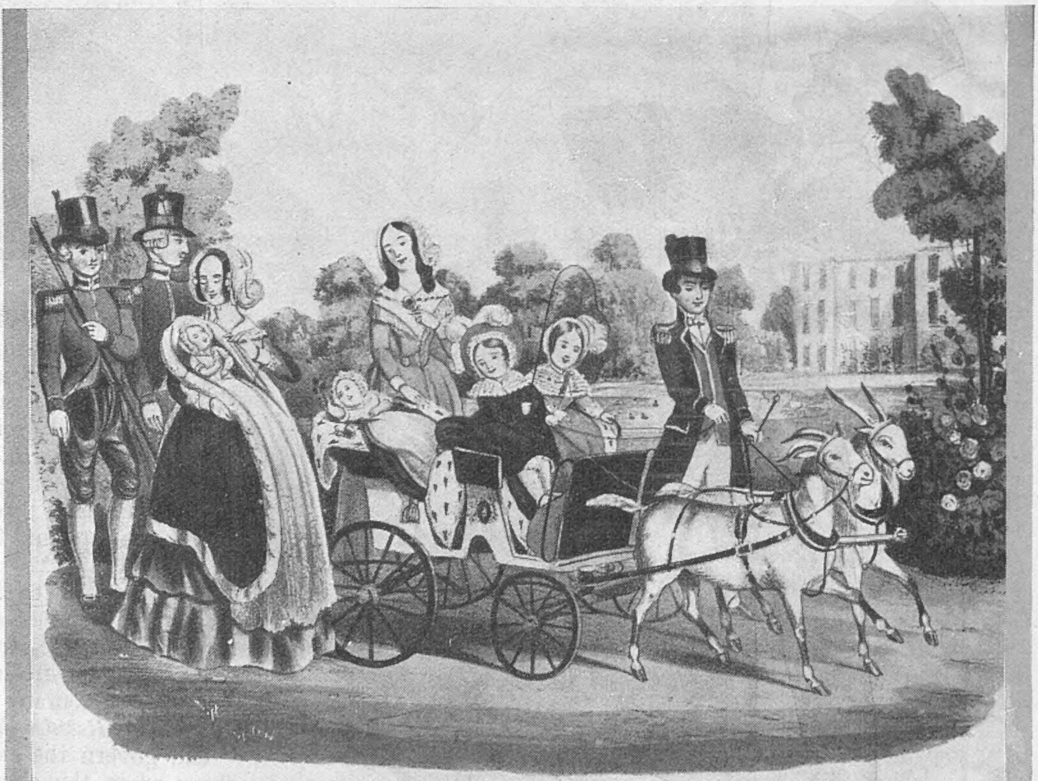
LATER in the year Prince Albert was born in Coburg, and his mother wrote that he was "pretty as an angel, with big blue eyes, a beautiful nose, quite a small mouth and dimples in his cheeks. . . . He smiles the whole time."

SIXTEEN years passed before Prince Albert came to England, to meet his future bride. He sailed down the Rhine, improving his English grammar, talking eagerly to any stray Englishmen he met. It was said in the Courts of Europe that Albert was the fairest Prince they had ever seen. His face was beautiful, but it was also illuminated by duty and virtue. He had been called "a saint upon earth."

Princess Victoria, whom he was to meet, was an entirely different person. She was passionate and spontaneous. She had locked the piano in front of her music teacher when he said "must" to her. "There is no must," she had replied. Many Princes had sought her hand, for she lived under the shadow of the English crown and European Courts were jealous for new honour and power.

Prince Albert arrived in London in June, with his older brother Ernst. When they came to Kensington Palace, where Princess Victoria lived, she found them to be "most delightful young people . . . very amiable, very kind and good, and extremely merry, just as young people should be." But she was practical enough to add that they were also "extremely sensible, and very fond of occupation." But two of them had come to bow before her and only one could be married, so she sat back and compared them. A few days after they arrived she found herself alone with Albert, sitting upon a sofa. She had danced with him and she had walked with him, and they had both played upon the piano and sung songs. Now she sat with him, turning over a book of drawings, and when she recalled the incident later in her diary she wrote that she thought Albert "extremely handsome, which Ernst certainly is not." This first visit was a nervous experiment, but as far as the Princess was concerned she was quite certain in her heart that she loved Albert, and she wrote to her Uncle Leopold in Belgium, delighted "with the prospect of great happiness . . . in the person of dear Albert. Allow me then, my dearest Uncle, to tell you how delighted I am with him and how much I like him in every way. He possesses every quality that could be desired to make me perfectly happy."

There was no courtship yet. Perhaps his innate coldness prevented Albert from showing or writing anything of what he felt. His manners were perfect, but they



AN amusing sketch of the little Royal party out for a ride in their goat chaise in Windsor Park

Love Story

By Hector Bolitho

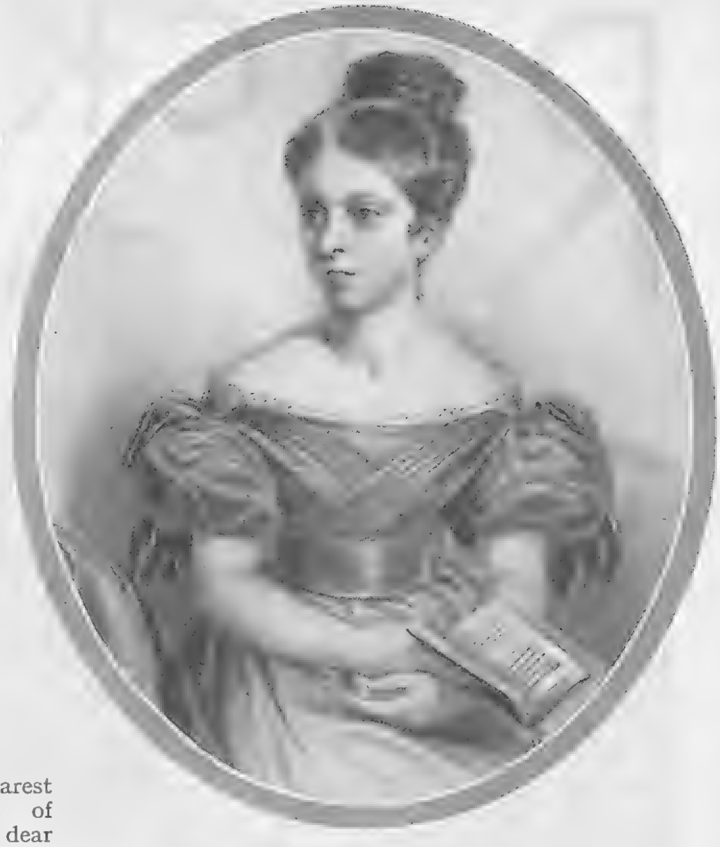
whose biography of the Prince Consort is to be published next spring

were cold. He had not been brought up to expect love or romance, nor did he ever completely understand them in all the years of his married life which followed. He was affectionate and grateful and contented, but seldom more than this.

With Princess Victoria the story was entirely different. She was half a Georgian. The blood of the pleasure-loving uncles at Windsor was rich in her veins. She loved life, she loved dancing and she wanted to be entertained. None of her contemporaries described her as pretty, but she was attractive, and her small fair head was well set upon her pretty shoulders. She walked beautifully and she was charming. She had a rippling laugh and she was accomplished, for she could sing and she could draw more than tolerably well.

When the Princes went away she "cried bitterly, very bitterly," on the last morning. When she came down to breakfast, she found "Prince Albert, playing the piano." In the two weeks together she had grown accustomed to his manner. He was "the most reflecting of the two" Princes. Also, he "always used to have some fun and some clever witty answer at breakfast. . . ." When he had gone and when she had wiped her tears away, she wrote to her uncle: "I have only now to beg of you, my dearest Uncle, to take care of the health of one now so dear to me and to take him under your special protection."

The response of Albert was not so warm. He yawned at night during the London parties. He found the King's levée long and fatiguing, and he wrote to his step-mother: "You can well imagine that I had many hard battles to fight against sleepiness during these late entertainments." He made no comment on the Princess he was to marry beyond that he thought her "very amiable."

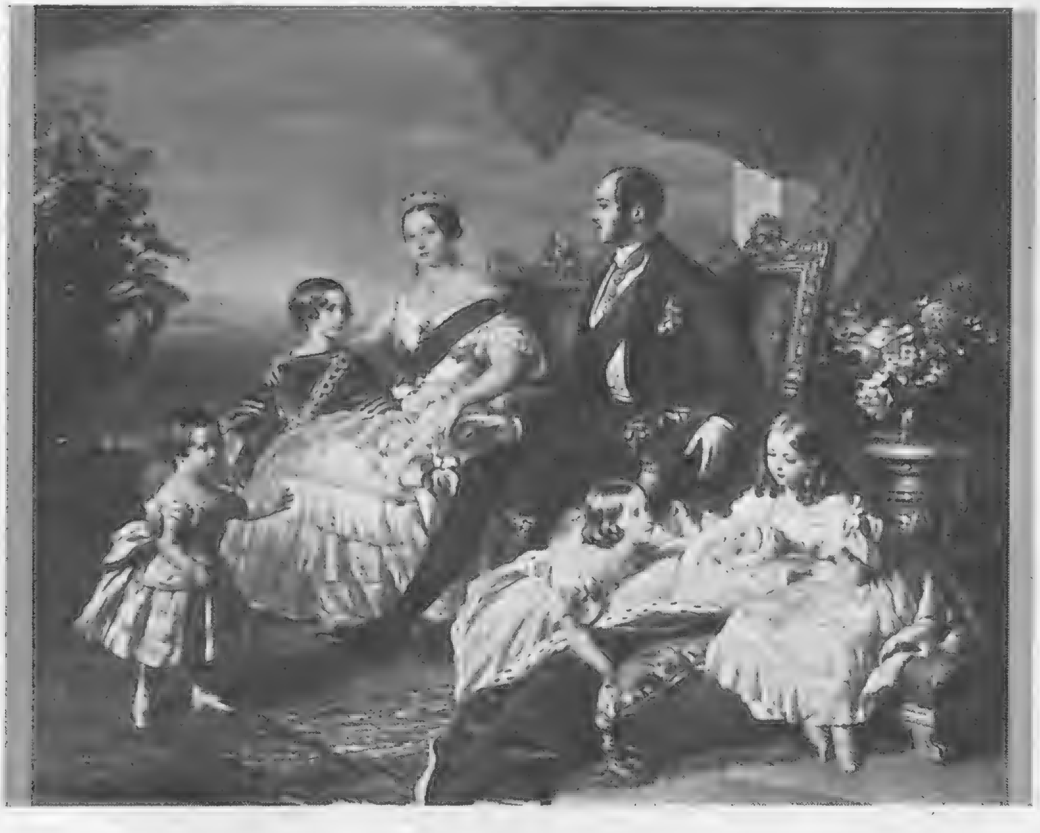


A PORTRAIT of Queen Victoria at the time of her courtship

A YEAR afterwards Princess Victoria ascended the throne, and Albert chose the occasion to write his first letter to her, in English. "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land in Europe," he wrote. "In your hand lies the happiness of millions. . . . May I pray to you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now." But he wrote nothing of marriage, and in Victoria's mind, too, there came a complete change with this dramatic rise in her fortunes.

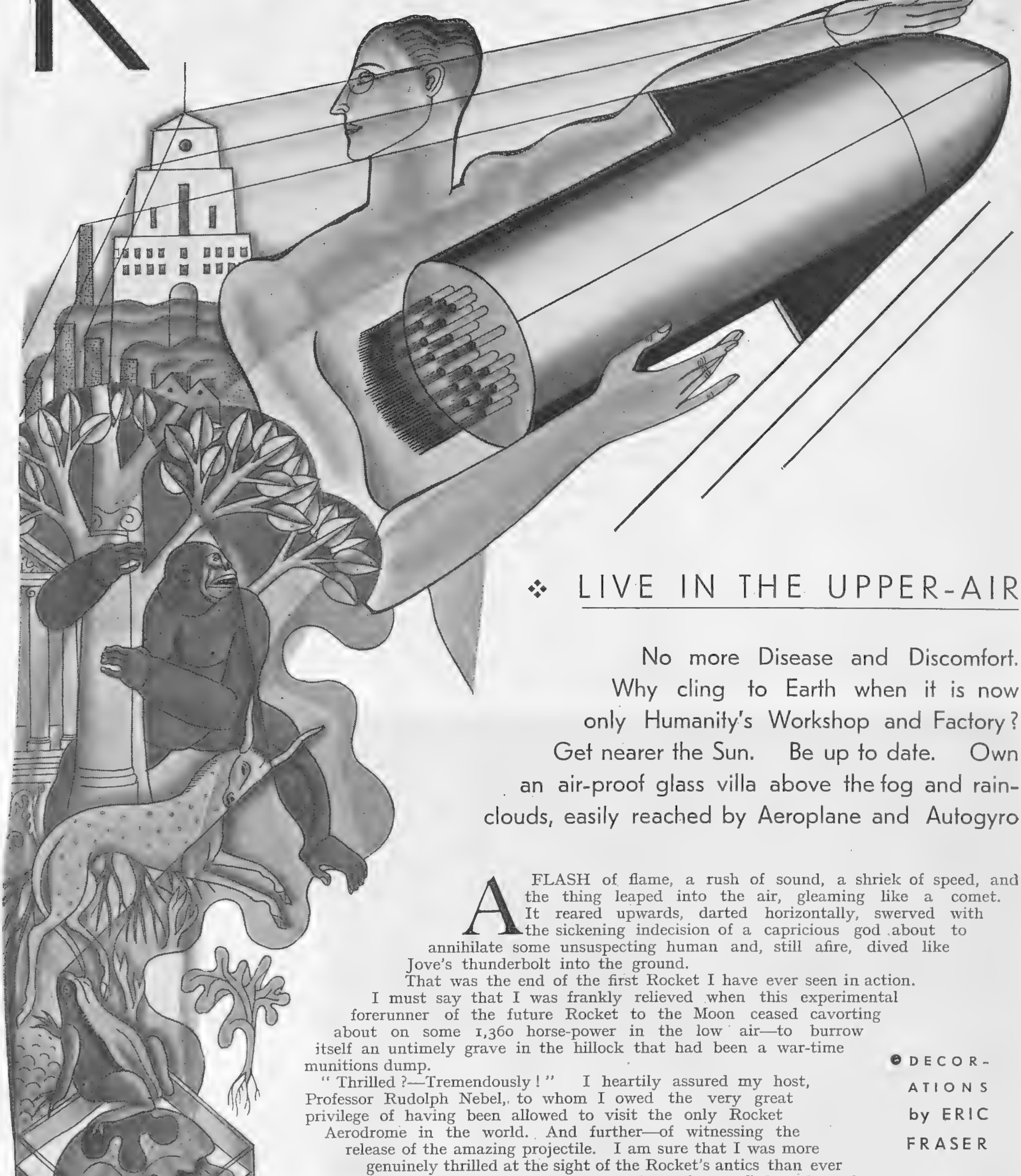
She had escaped from her mother's control—she had Lord Melbourne to stimulate her and support her and advise her, and she was realising the sudden, exciting power of being Queen. She was not so certain now that she was in love. The reasons why she should marry were lessened, as far as she was concerned. She had been a child when she sat next to Albert on the sofa. Now she had suddenly become a woman of power, and she became less and less certain that she wished to share her throne with the young Prince who had sat beside her on the sofa, who had sung with her and who had walked with her in the gardens of Kensington. She declared her changed attitude in a letter to King Leopold: "Though all the reports of Albert are most favourable, and though I have little doubt I shall like him, still one can never answer beforehand for *feelings*, and I may not have the *feeling* for him which is requisite to ensure happiness. I *may* like him as a *friend*, and as a *cousin*, and as a *brother*, but not *more*; and should this be the case (which is unlikely) I am *very* anxious that it should be understood that I am *not* guilty of any breach of promise, for *I never gave any*." Her cousins were coming to England

(*Continued on page* 128)



A FAMILY portrait by Winterhalter of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort with five of their children

ROCKETING



❖ LIVE IN THE UPPER-AIR

No more Disease and Discomfort. Why cling to Earth when it is now only Humanity's Workshop and Factory? Get nearer the Sun. Be up to date. Own an air-proof glass villa above the fog and rain-clouds, easily reached by Aeroplane and Autogyro

A FLASH of flame, a rush of sound, a shriek of speed, and the thing leaped into the air, gleaming like a comet. It reared upwards, darted horizontally, swerved with the sickening indecision of a capricious god about to annihilate some unsuspecting human and, still afire, dived like Jove's thunderbolt into the ground.

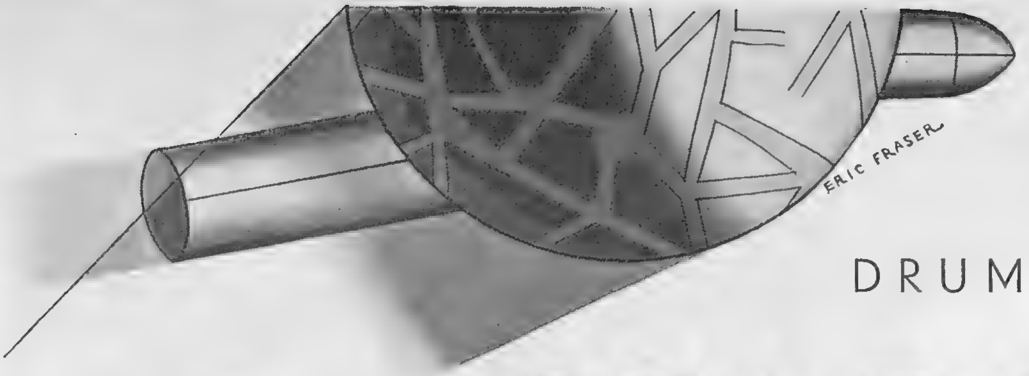
That was the end of the first Rocket I have ever seen in action.

I must say that I was frankly relieved when this experimental forerunner of the future Rocket to the Moon ceased cavorting about on some 1,360 horse-power in the low air—to burrow itself an untimely grave in the hillock that had been a war-time munitions dump.

"Thrilled?—Tremendously!" I heartily assured my host, Professor Rudolph Nebel, to whom I owed the very great privilege of having been allowed to visit the only Rocket Aerodrome in the world. And further—of witnessing the release of the amazing projectile. I am sure that I was more genuinely thrilled at the sight of the Rocket's antics than ever were the crowds who watched, and too often scoffed, at the early experiments of the Wright Brothers and Count Zeppelin. *They* had so little realisation of what they were watching, what it meant, how it would develop, of what world-shaking innovations these harassed pioneers were destined to be the fathers.

I, born with the age of flying-machines, schooled in the breathless progress of aviation from the days of Blériot's early flights, through the years of the war in the air, of the Zeppelins, of aircraft improvement almost month by month—*my* imagina-

DECORATIONS by ERIC FRASER



By

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

TO THE STARS * * * *

Inspired by a visit to the German Professor Rudolph Nebel's Rocket Aerodrome at Reinickendorf, outside Berlin, the only one in the world, Lady Drummond-Hay looks ahead with the inventor and sees a vision splendid, fantastic and beyond the wildest dreams of Jules Verne—the day of interstellar communication . . . with "Meteor Islands" (as refuelling stations) in the Stratosphere; planet colonies; and man's final triumphant climb from the fœtid air of earth into the realms of eternal sunshine. Sic itur ad astra . . . !

tion needs no stimulation. We are all Jules Vernes these days. That is what I felt, standing between Professor Nebel and Engineer Reidel, who had just concluded some explanation with "Of course people laugh at us. They laughed at Count Zeppelin, at the Wright Brothers, but we are blazing a new successful trail, just as they did in the past."

Remembering how those same people who used to laugh, or doubtingly wag their heads at the early 'planes and experimental airships, now gaze unmoved and unmarvelling at a Schneider Trophy craft, or the "Graf Zeppelin," the Professor's visions, fantastic as they may appear to us to-day, upon reflection must seem just as possible of realisation in some not-too-distant future as the far-fetched romances of Jules Verne, which have since been surpassed and magnified. So when Professor Nebel assured me that he would construct a rocket, and fly inside of it himself from Berlin to Australia in half an hour, the idea sounded feasible to me.

"It is all very well experimenting with these small rockets," he said, caressing an aluminium container not much bigger than a pear, the contents of which develop 1,360 horse-power. "But what I want to construct next is the rocket which will shoot mail from Berlin to New York in 25 minutes. It is only a matter of finance," he concluded airily; "the rocket itself is easy to make." Two thousand pounds would cover the cost.

"Of course, what I am really looking forward to, is my first Rocket trip to Australia," he broke out later. "Before we begin planning trips to the Moon or Mars, I think it best to demonstrate something practical here on earth. Now this Rocket to Australia will be the first really important step in the progress of Rocket transport. The fact that I will fly inside of it, arrive to schedule, unharmed, will convince the world that it *is* practical."

This pioneer passenger Rocket is to be about seventy-five feet long, traditional rocket-shape, with comfortable interior accommodation for human freight. Of the thirty tons it is expected to weigh, one ton only is calculated for the structure, the remaining twenty-nine for fuel and explosives. Developing half a million horse-power, the Rocket will fly seven miles a second in curved flight, describing an arc, and reaching a maximum altitude of 153 miles.

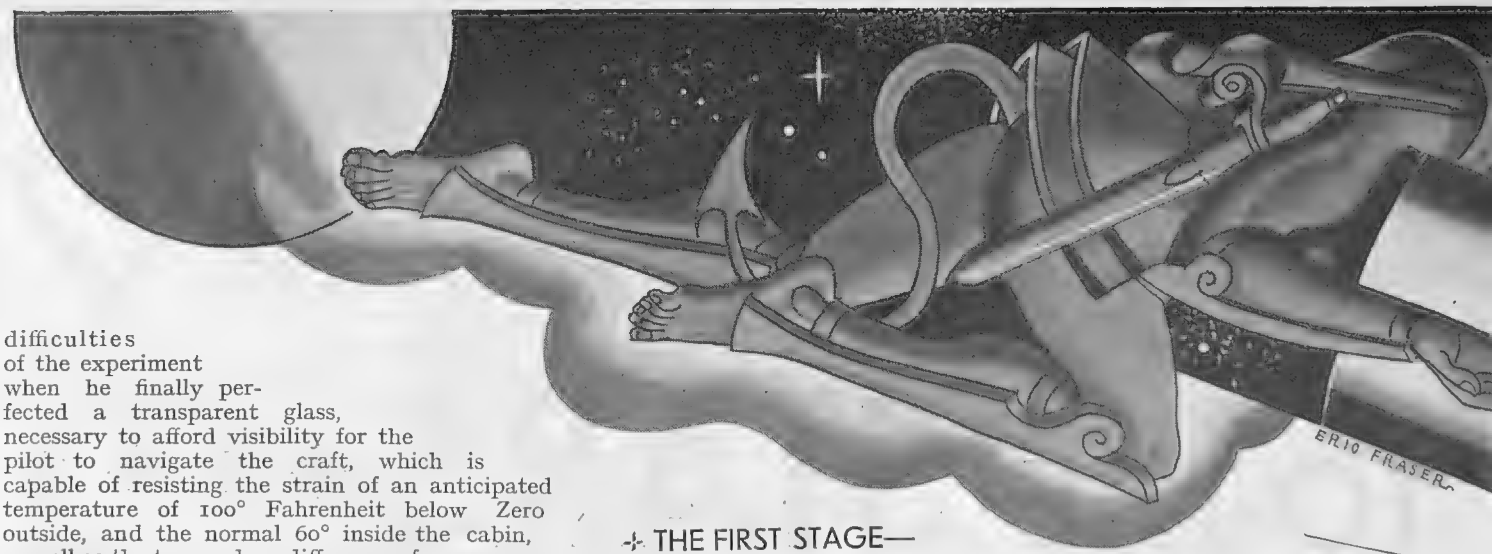
"From such a little thing," the Professor absent-mindedly tapped the 1,360 h.p. aluminium pear, making me feel most uncomfortable, "will grow the big Rocket to Australia, and the Rocket to the Moon."

THE Professor, who, by the way, is a war-ace and still-active aviator, gave me the impression that he now considers the technicalities of the construction of big rockets among the least of his preoccupations.

In the Rocket Museum at Reinickendorf, he showed me an exquisite model of a "Moon-rocket" which had been constructed for, and used in, the making of a film. But inter-planetary communication and transport is not going to be as simple as all that. You do not merely shoot rockets from the Earth in the direction of the Moon or Mars, according to Rudolph Nebel, any more than you could release a 50,000 ton steamer on to the high seas, without preparation and provision for reception in ports, fuel, cargo exchange and passenger accommodation. If man wants to open up the Stratosphere for his traffic, he must arrange ports of call between the Earth and celestial destinations.

THE atmosphere surrounding the Earth is divided into two regions, the Troposphere, or storm area, extending upwards to between 50,000 and 60,000 feet, and the Stratosphere, or calm regions, extending as far as we know, indefinitely beyond that altitude. From 15,000 feet upwards, flyers have discovered, man needs oxygen apparatus to counteract the rarefied air. Professors Piccard and Kipfer, who entered the Stratosphere in their giant balloon this summer, did so in a hermetically sealed compartment, in which the air was scientifically regulated to maintain it as normal for human beings. The slightest flaw in the arrangements would have meant instantaneous death for the two explorers. The same problem has occupied months and months of research and experiment on the part of the inventors of the two Stratosphere aeroplanes now being constructed, one in Germany and one in France. Dr. Asmus Hansen, constructor of the German Stratosphere 'plane, told me that he felt he had overcome one of the major

"WE ARE ALL JULES VERNES NOW" :: EVOLUTION . . . FROM DEEP :: SEA MOLLUSC TO DRY LAND . . . :: FROM EARTH TO UPPER AIR?



difficulties of the experiment when he finally perfected a transparent glass, necessary to afford visibility for the pilot to navigate the craft, which is capable of resisting the strain of an anticipated temperature of 100° Fahrenheit below Zero outside, and the normal 60° inside the cabin, as well as the tremendous difference of pressure between the cabin atmosphere and that of the Stratosphere more than ten miles above the earth.

The Rocket, as conceived by Professor Rudolph Nebel and his contemporary rocket-advocates, will need no outlook for visibility, but must be absolutely air-tight. Ten miles into the Stratosphere means nothing in the flight of a rocket destined for some planet. Inventors in four countries, Germany, America, France, and Russia, are seriously engaged in trying to develop rocket transport. So far, however, the only Rocket Aerodrome in the world is at Reinickendorf, just outside Berlin. In Berlin, too, has been established an International Bureau of the Society for Inter-planetary Communication and Transport, no doubt anticipating tourist traffic to the Moon or Mars.

Professor Oberth, another Rocket pioneer, says we will only have to wait fifteen years, before man will be able to rocket himself through space to a pre-arranged destination. But before then, Professor Nebel is quite sure that he will have popularised rocket-transport on this earth, for mail between Continents, and established a practical basis for passenger transport.

"It is only a question of time and money before rockets will be used all over the world for shooting express mail," he assured me. "That will be the first step, and really presents no special difficulties even to-day. Inter-planetary communication is another matter; we must have intermediate landing-places, and refuelling stations for the machines en route. Fantastic and visionary as it may sound now—though I don't see why anything should be 'visionary' in this scientific age"—he apostrophised, "we are planning to establish 'Meteor Islands' in the Stratosphere, equipped with electric power, radio broadcasters, and huge tanks containing fuel and provisions. When the first rocket leaves the earth, it can without difficulty find the 'Meteor Island,' whose movement about the earth will be absolutely constant, therefore can be calculated. Also the radio signals will guide us."

PROFESSOR Nebel explained how he intended to defeat the emptiness of space with these human refuges in the Stratosphere.

"An object hurled into the Stratosphere will, after reaching an altitude of sixty miles or more, stay there, and never come back. Its speed remains constant, and as far as gravity is concerned, the law of Kepler has already established that, owing to the curved surface of the earth, and its rotation, such an object cannot come down. Scientists call them 'Meteor Islands.'"

On these "Meteor Islands" which Professor Nebel plans to establish in plenty, rocket passengers will "change cars." The earth rocket will refuel on its return journey, and the Planetary Rocket will continue to other worlds. Airproof suits equipped with oxygen for rocket travellers have already been designed. The fuel which drives the planetary rocket upwards, will be used as a brake to check the speed of the Earth rocket as soon as it gets within the radius of gravity.

Looking still farther ahead, the Professor revealed his dream of providing the earth with eternal light. Huge mirrors of natrium placed on the "Islands" at certain angles, would divert the light of the sun, so that the world could bask in a twenty-four hours day. Astronomical stations could also be constructed on the "Islands."

Tentative experiments with small rockets to-day, such as the one I saw on Reinickendorf field, are gradually perforating the veil dividing the earth from the mystery of space. Little by little, we are getting a glimpse into a future of fantasy.

Let us suppose that a Meteor Island has been built—of metal presumably—large enough to hold on its surface a Rocket Aerodrome, refuelling station, restaurant and rest-rooms for passengers, broadcasting offices and bureaux for staff. It could not be less than several miles in area. Let us suppose, again, that such a colossus had been catapulted off the Earth by some force or other (and why not by the energy of the mighty split Atom) into the Stratosphere and induced to remain there, the occupied area would have to be insulated from Stratosphere atmosphere, somehow or other kept at normal earth temperature and pressure. Transient rocket passengers might wear airproof suits for the short time they landed, but the employees of the rocket companies, the ground-crews, engineers, and officials would have to be resident for useful periods, unless they commuted regularly between their Meteor Island business place and the earth. That would be a very costly process. So at least part of the Meteor Island would have to be enclosed, and kept eternally air-tight. Since anything and everything seems possible these days, no doubt the solution will be simple by the time the first "Meteor Island" has been placed and the first batch of inter-planetary passengers checked into their air-tight suits and rocket seats.

It is certain that Jules Verne's wildest visions will fade before achievement, when this most ambitious dream of man is finally realised, just as, indeed, Verne's romantic *Round the World in Eighty Days* was recently decimated by Post and Gatty, who girdled the globe in eight days. The Rocket to the Moon itself, will become a matter-of-fact

THE FIRST STAGE—

The Experimental Moon-Rocket

Not much bigger than a pear, but with 1,360 horse-power in its aluminium container. It crashed into a hillock that was once a war-time munition dump . . . an omen, perhaps, for the next Armageddon. German scientists are experimenting with long-range Rocket-Torpedoes carrying high-explosives

❖

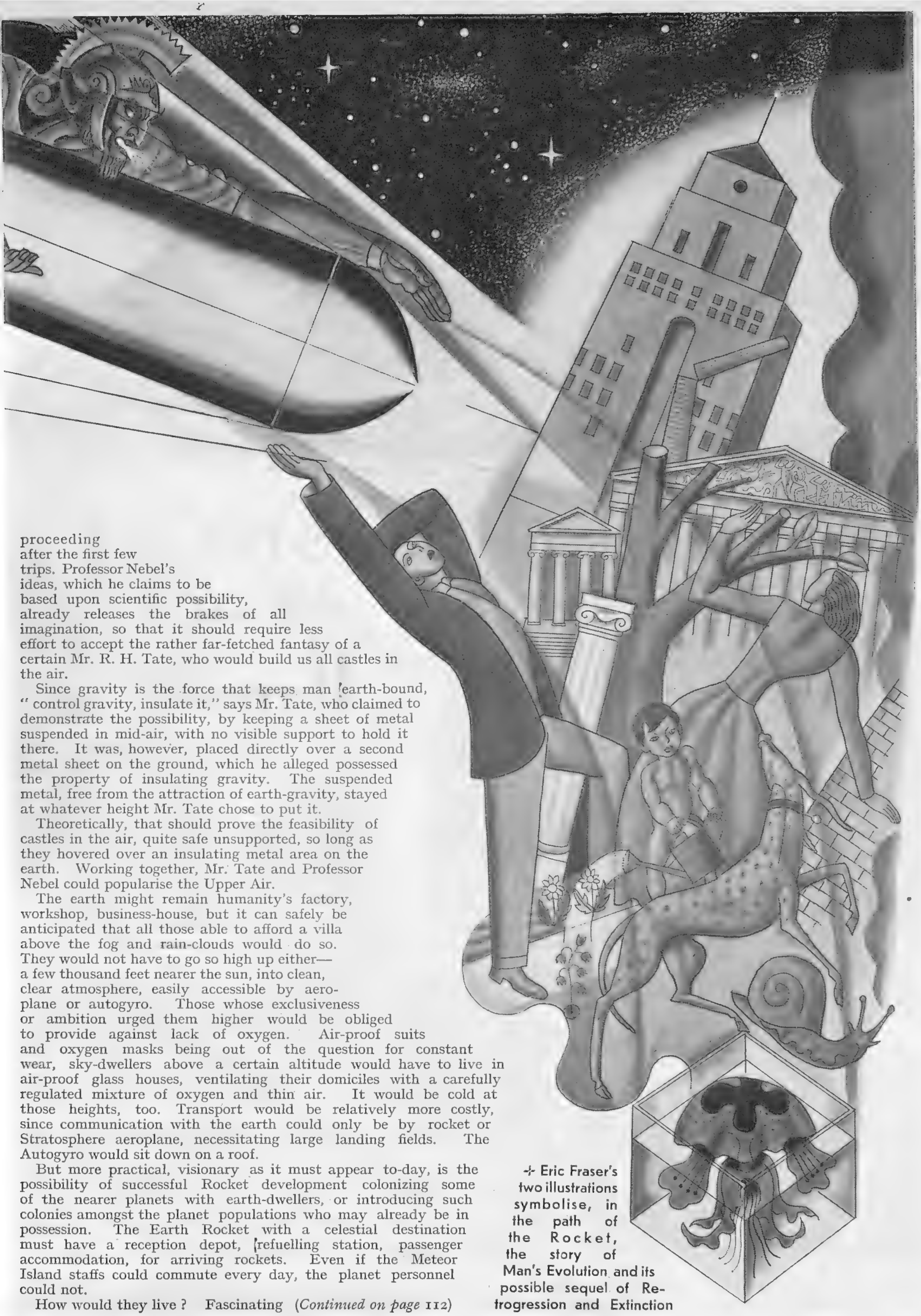
AND THE NEXT . . . ?

(1) Rocket Inter-continental Air Mail . . . Berlin to New York in 25 minutes

(2) Passenger Rockets . . . to Australia from Berlin in half an hour. Length: 75 feet; weight: structure 1 ton, fuel and explosives, 29 tons; total: 30 tons. Speed: 7 miles per second. Maximum altitude: 153 miles. Horse-power developed, 500,000

(3) Inter-planetary Transport "All change for Mars" . . . at "Meteor Islands" catapulted from earth into space—by the energy of the split atom—? and equipped with electric power, radio signal broadcasters, tanks of fuel and provisions, astronomical stations and—Eternal Light for the Earth by means of huge mirrors of Natrium catching the sun's rays and giving the earth-worms a twenty-four-hour day . . .

❖



proceeding after the first few trips. Professor Nebel's ideas, which he claims to be based upon scientific possibility, already releases the brakes of all imagination, so that it should require less effort to accept the rather far-fetched fantasy of a certain Mr. R. H. Tate, who would build us all castles in the air.

Since gravity is the force that keeps man earth-bound, " control gravity, insulate it," says Mr. Tate, who claimed to demonstrate the possibility, by keeping a sheet of metal suspended in mid-air, with no visible support to hold it there. It was, however, placed directly over a second metal sheet on the ground, which he alleged possessed the property of insulating gravity. The suspended metal, free from the attraction of earth-gravity, stayed at whatever height Mr. Tate chose to put it.

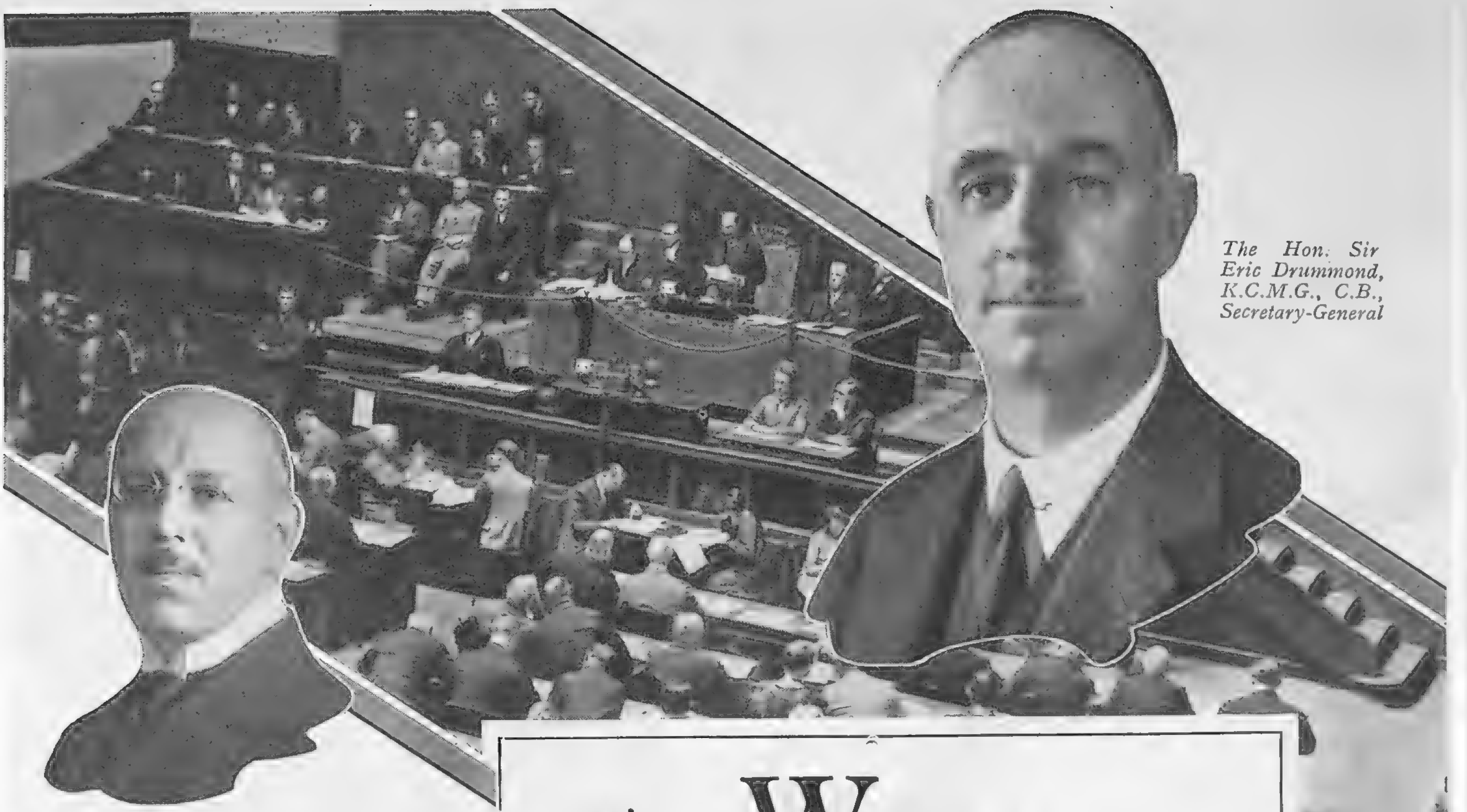
Theoretically, that should prove the feasibility of castles in the air, quite safe unsupported, so long as they hovered over an insulating metal area on the earth. Working together, Mr. Tate and Professor Nebel could popularise the Upper Air.

The earth might remain humanity's factory, workshop, business-house, but it can safely be anticipated that all those able to afford a villa above the fog and rain-clouds would do so. They would not have to go so high up either—a few thousand feet nearer the sun, into clean, clear atmosphere, easily accessible by aeroplane or autogyro. Those whose exclusiveness or ambition urged them higher would be obliged to provide against lack of oxygen. Air-proof suits and oxygen masks being out of the question for constant wear, sky-dwellers above a certain altitude would have to live in air-proof glass houses, ventilating their domiciles with a carefully regulated mixture of oxygen and thin air. It would be cold at those heights, too. Transport would be relatively more costly, since communication with the earth could only be by rocket or Stratosphere aeroplane, necessitating large landing fields. The Autogyro would sit down on a roof.

But more practical, visionary as it must appear to-day, is the possibility of successful Rocket development colonizing some of the nearer planets with earth-dwellers, or introducing such colonies amongst the planet populations who may already be in possession. The Earth Rocket with a celestial destination must have a reception depot, refuelling station, passenger accommodation, for arriving rockets. Even if the Meteor Island staffs could commute every day, the planet personnel could not.

How would they live ? Fascinating (*Continued on page* 112)

-|- Eric Fraser's two illustrations symbolise, in the path of the Rocket, the story of Man's Evolution and its possible sequel of Retrogression and Extinction



The Hon. Sir Eric Drummond, K.C.M.G., C.B., Secretary-General

M. J. A. Avenol (French), Deputy Secretary-General

The World's most difficult Family

By Ferdinand Tuohy

M. A. Dufour-Féronce (German), Under-Secretary-General; formerly Counsellor of the German Embassy in London

FAMILIAR world institution now with us more than a dozen years—and such years—it is surprising that, whereas the League of Nations is known to the ends of the earth, little or nothing has been said or written about the Secretariat which keeps the organisation going, of its work and manner of living, its personalities, general "atmosphere" and inter-relationships. And yet here is a giant family living together such as has never been dreamt of before—to be accurate, just on seven hundred of both sexes and divided into a few short of fifty different nationalities.

Fifty! The brain reels at thought of the temperamental clashings, the confusion, which might come to prevail in that ex-hotel by Lake Geneva. Yet no such thing occurs. Year in and year out the barque sails smoothly on, and no matter what the passing political storms in the many countries of the universe, this highly-trained and "hand-picked" secretarial body carries on in a world entirely of its own, aside from the tumult. These men and women—the majority of whom are in the thirties or forties, if not younger, welcome sign of initiative and keenness—have got their own established and circumscribed job of work, namely, to provide the States-Member of the League with certain material, amassed and circulated without comment, impersonally, without touch of nationality one way or the other. Obviously, a vastly difficult habit of procedure to have generated in the first instance. With all going more or less evenly in later years, one is apt to forget that.

Service on the Secretariat has been described as "a state of mind," just as the League itself has been aptly given as "the sum of public opinion." For that original state of mind one man was responsible, the present Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond, the only man named personally in the Versailles Treaty and hereinafter referred to, as he is at Geneva, as the "S.G." One powerful school set out to make the Secretariat an affair of nationalities—that is, there would have been a French section, British, Italian, and so on. The S.G. felt very strongly about this and put forward the radical innovation of an international civil service in which all would be the direct servants of the League and of that alone. In point of fact, we may derive some pride from our own Civil Service having been taken as the model, and as only one new section has been added in the years since, over the round dozen mapped out by the S.G. long ago in the lone room of a London hotel, the permanent English imprint on the framework at Geneva becomes clear. The S.G. did not get his way easily, because his scheme was definitely going to put a spoke in the plans of several

A frank revelation of the fashion in which the
of Nations lives and moves and has its being.
dulged yet restricted, modelled on the English
it deals annually with a million documents, and
quarter of a million a year to help to

Governments whose intention it was to use the League in no very international sense. The creator of the Secretariat has given two qualifications for service upon it :—

The desire to serve the League.

A capacity for putting yourself in the other man's shoes.

And he has added (that which one can well imagine) :—

> " For certain nationalities this is difficult and hence great care must be taken in making appointments."

The real difficulty in this regard—and it still endures—has to do with the clash of two principles :—

(a) Filling a post with the best available candidate.

(b) A reasonable distribution of posts among the States-Member.

That is to say, there may be a man or woman at Geneva who is the very person for a specific post falling vacant, yet he or she may have to be passed over because it is time an Italian or a German were given another post. No hard and fast rule can be laid down; each case has to be treated on its merits and the non-solution of the difficulty makes for permanent worry, if not strain, while a certain wastage of efficiency is inevitable. It is the foreseen flaw in the Drummond plan—yet how much better than the spectacle of fifty nations all working in watertight compartments side by side, each and every one probably engaged in pushing his own national affairs! That way, the League must have died an early death, whereas to-day the organism is being ever more closely welded by the working principle of the international civil service which few of the functionaries any longer seek to depart from in spirit. When they do, there's trouble!

EACH member of the Secretariat staff, from the lowest up to the highest, has to take oath " to serve *internationally* in all loyalty, discretion and conscience." Here is the present conformation of the Secretariat :—

Total staff, including all offices overseas 695

" Big Sticks " :—

2 British
3 French
2 Italian
1 German
1 Japanese
1 South African
1 Pole
1 Spaniard
1 Swede
1 Uruguayan

Lesser chiefs :—

11 British
10 French
12 Italian
9 German
77 from other countries, 40 States in all being represented.

After this, comes the 1st Division of the higher-paid officials such as interpreters, translators, and administrative staff, totalling in all 189.

Then comes the 2nd Division comprised of secretaries, typists, copyists, and lesser administrative appointments. This division, totalling 404, forms the backbone of the organisation. Nearly all are permanent appointments, which is not the case with the first Division experts, who have often to be changed as new work constantly develops.

Finally, the 3rd Division—nearly all local Swiss—in office, manual or kindred employ and reaching 183.

23 of the bigger posts are held by the British Empire. Of the secondary posts, 152 are British or 22 per cent. 112 French or 16 per cent., and 23 German or 3·5 per cent. The Italians are slightly less than the French. Both British and French figures have been diminished in recent years, but not by much, and the fact still rankles with others less favoured.

Work has grown enormously in volume as the League has extended its activities, so that there are now at least a hundred stenographers in the common pool. Moreover, these have to cope increasingly with highly technical translations dealing with such subjects as finance, chemistry, economics, naval, military and aviation matters, medicine, serology, epidemiology, transport, international and commercial law. The League has become a very far-flung organisation with ramification far outside its principal function known to the world—the prevention of war. Thus, there are (*Continued on page* 100)

(Left) *M. Y. Sugimura (Japanese), Under-Secretary-General; formerly Counsellor of the Japanese Embassy in Paris.*

M. P. Comert (French), Director of the Information Section

The present Secretariat of the League of Nations, formerly the Hôtel National

Signor V. Catastini (Italian) Director of the Mandates Section

(Left) *Dr. L. Rajchman (Polish), Director of the Health Section*

Mr. A. Loveday (British), Director of the Financial Section and Economic Intelligence Service

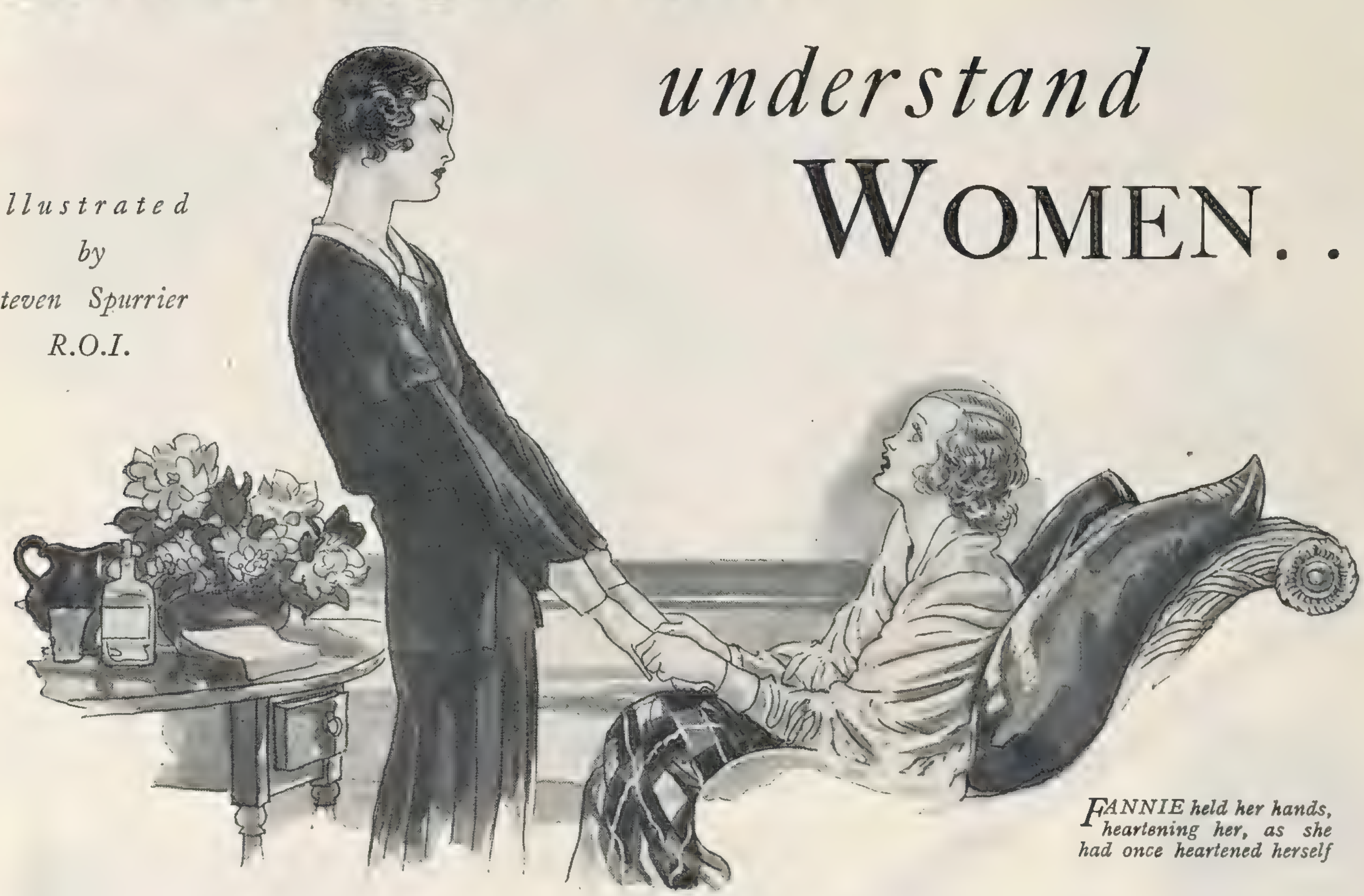
M. A. Aghnides (Greek), Director of the Disarmament Section

M. R. Haas (French), Director of the Transit and Communications Section

Secretariat of the League
Young but responsible, in-
Civil Service but international,
costs the British Empire but a
preserve the peace of the world

Good Men don't *understand* WOMEN...

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier R.O.I.



FANNIE held her hands, heartening her, as she had once heartened herself

SHE came out of the bedroom and shut the door quietly. At the sight of the vicar, her small, quivering finger sprang to her lips, enjoining silence.

They went down the stairs on tip-toe side by side, and closed the study door on themselves.

She said, tremulously:

"That was a narrow squeak. We nearly lost her."

"Very nearly," the vicar replied tersely. "Blinder and Smith have both been talking to the doctor's chauffeur. They know *I* am not ill, and *you're* not ill!"

"What of it?" she said hardily.

"Well, to-morrow the whole village will know."

"It can't be helped."

"No—but that it should have happened *here*, at the vicarage . . . ."

"It might have happened anywhere."

She looked at him curiously, as if seeing him for the first time. Hitherto she had known the man. Here was the cleric.

"The doctor tried to find out where she got the stuff. He bullied her. I told him to shut up pretty quickly. Criminal, at a time like that!"

"He was quite right to try and find out. Chemists and people who sell that kind of stuff should be prosecuted, brought within reach of the law."

She said softly, negligently, "Pah!" and it was to the cleric, her new discovery, she spoke, and not to her husband.

"Did she say who it was, Fannie?"

"No need. Everyone knows. Pike Stafford. Oh, Lawrence, she looked so beautiful!"

"I don't want to hear about that. I'm too worried. I'm too distressed. To-morrow the whole village will know."

"Well, we can't help that, my dear."

"No, but it happened at the vicarage."

The doctor came downstairs. He knocked at the study door and came in. He was a heavy man, a pepper-and-salt creature. He wore pepper-and-salt tweeds. The whole of him looked peppered, salted—overdried.

He approached the vicar.

"I'm sorry about this, vicar. Very annoying! It was a very near go; but for your wife we should have lost her. I'll find out who handed out the dope if I hang for it. She'll be all right now, Mrs. Robertson. I'm afraid you will have to look after her for a week or more. Beastly nuisance!"

"Oh, I don't mind, doctor."

Both men stared at her in astonishment.

"It is very decent of you to take it like that," said the doctor. "Most women . . . The little wretch ought to go down on her knees to you. Who was it, vicar, do you know?"

"Pike Stafford."

"Oh, that worthless young scamp! They are rotten stock. Poachers, drunkards—bad stock."

"And she is so lovely," said Fannie softly. "So gentle and lovely, and young. Why, she's only eighteen."

"Old enough to know better."

She said suddenly, unexpectedly, as if speaking to herself, "It is so lovely down here, and in the spring so like Heaven! And they have nothing to do, nothing to think of, these boys and girls. It is so natural, so normal really, that they should . . . ."

Her husband said:

"Fannie!"

The doctor said uncomfortably:

"Well, I must be getting along. I'll look in first thing to-morrow morning, about nine, Mrs. Robertson. Good-night, Mrs. Robertson. Give her another dose of the same stuff to-night, last thing. Good-night, both of you."

He was gone.

Fannie went upstairs to the maid's room.

The night was like spangle-sewn navy blue chiffon across the windows. Marvellous. The copper beeches across the road made a sound like the song of the sea. A moon slanted through dark leaves, like dancing white lights.

A very fair young blonde lay in the little bed. She looked like a Madonna. Her hair lay in long gold plaits over either shoulder. She was positively lovely.

The vicar's wife stooped and looked down at her. The girl opened blue, blue eyes, and they filled with slow tears.

"I'm sorry for the trouble and everything I have caused you, mum."

"That's all right, Elsie."

"He did go on at me, the doctor."

"He thought it his duty."

"Mum, don't let the vicar come near me, and don't let mother. Not yet, will you?"

"All right, child. All right. The doctor said you were to be kept quiet for a few days."

"They will go on so! They will go on and on and on about Pike."

"You don't like Pike?"

"I hate him! They won't make me marry him, will they?"

"No, no. Not now. There isn't any need."

. . . Because good men don't understand Life. The story of two Magdalens, Mistress and Maid, who didn't understand each other

By Christine Jope-Slade

The girl on the bed heaved a deep sigh. "That's what I think," she said. "You don't go through all I've been through for nothing. There's no need."

Again she looked at the vicar's wife with wide-eyed terror.

"They can't make me marry him?" she whispered.

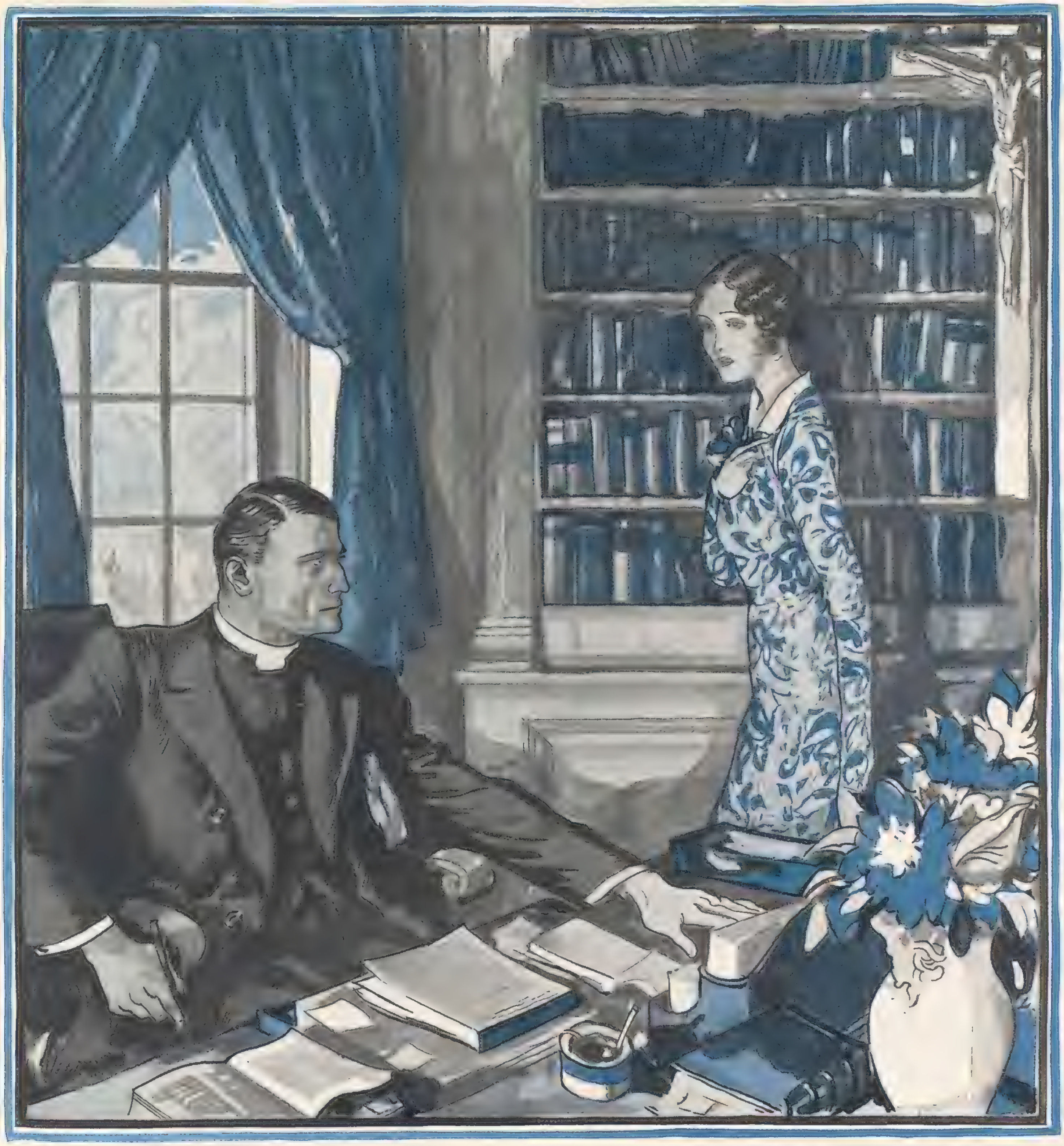
"Of course not," said the vicar's wife, softly, gently. "No, no, child. You go to sleep."

"Don't let 'em get at me. Not till I'm up and about again. I suppose the whole village will know the doctor's car stood outside for all them hours."

"I'm afraid so, Elsie. One cannot help that, and you cannot help people talking. It doesn't do any harm."

The girl in bed laughed softly, charmingly, weakly.

"Talk," she echoed. "A lady like you wouldn't know how they talk. All I ask is, for God's sake don't let 'em get at me!"



"I AM afraid you will have to listen. I was not suffering from the after-effects of double pneumonia at all. It was the same thing as Elsie's. Now you know!"

"I won't," said the vicar's wife. "I won't."

IT was two days later. Fannie, the vicar's wife, came downstairs. She halted a second on the wide landing by the colossal window. The sun made a great screen of blazing gold behind her.

She was little, dark and vivid. She was foreign-looking.

She shrank back, a glass and plate still in her hand, as she saw Pike Stafford shamble out of her husband's study. She waited till the front door slammed; then she went to the vicar at once.

She said, without preliminary:

"You have had Pike Stafford here, Lawrence?"

"Yes. He has just gone. He has agreed to marry Elsie."

"That is ludicrous, my dear. She isn't going to have a baby now. There's no necessity. She dislikes him."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"It would be wicked."

"It would be right."

She said, in a high, brittle, gay voice:

"Fiddlesticks!!"

They stared at each other, the charming, vivacious little dark woman and the sombre, handsome English clergyman.

"Fannie, I don't understand you. I don't understand your attitude at all. It is unbecoming in a vicar's wife. This girl has done wrong. She has the opportunity to right that wrong. The whole village is watching her."

Fannie flashed back:

"Yes, and *you*. That is the point, Lawrence. And *you*!! Waiting for you to do the traditional thing, no matter what the consequences. Listen to me. Elsie is eighteen. She has only one life to live. Has she got to spend all of it, perhaps sixty years of it, beside that miserable specimen, Pike Stafford, just because of a mistake due to youth and spring and human generosity and love of life. Need you be archaic? Tradition. Tradition. It is what is rotting the villages of England."

"Just a moment, Fanny, please!"

His face was white, and his eyes were blazing.

"You meddle with things outside your province, Fannie."

"Perhaps I do. But is it your province to damn that girl to years of living purgatory beside Pike Stafford because of a slight slip that has had no visible consequences. It is too inhuman. You are afraid. That is what you are. Because your people expect you to do the hard traditional vicarage thing, adopt the hard Church attitude. I tell you this: Pike Stafford shan't have that child. He shan't mess up her life. The village doesn't want justice: it wants excitement and a pennyworth of martyrdom. It looks to you to give them their pennyworth—as the Church has so often done."

"Be quiet, Fannie."

They glared at each other, their faces white, and their eyes blazing.

"I shall not be quiet. For two years I have been married to you. I never knew you to be like this. It has been a revelation. You'd sacrifice Elsie to your parishioners' opinion of you."

"To uphold my Church!"

"Pah! If it were only that, I could forgive. It is to uphold *yourself*, to bolster up *yourself*—that is what I cannot forgive!"

The gate clicked. An old woman waddled up the path. Her inquisitive eyes strove to ferret through the lace curtains of the vicar's study.

"Did you tell Elsie's mother to come here?"

"I did. I told her I should see Pike and tell her the result. I shall put up the banns next Sunday in church. She will want to see Elsie by the way, Fannie."

"Well, she is not going to. She is not really the miserable whiner you think she is, that old woman. She is a bully. I know her. I have heard her in the kitchen when she has been visiting Elsie. She is a nagger and a bully, and the child isn't fit to cope with her. Besides, I promised."

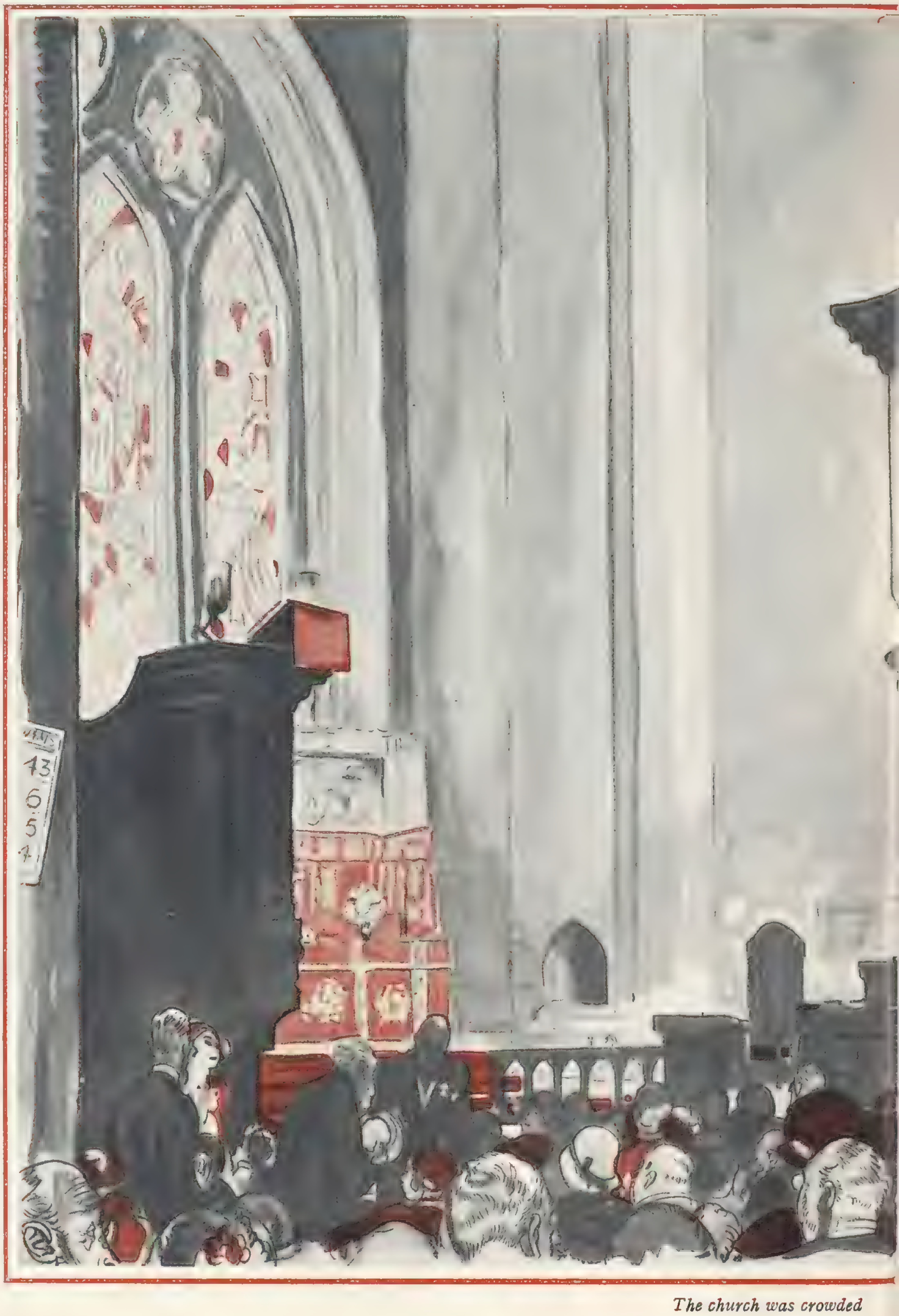
"Fannie, that woman will see her daughter."

"Lawrence, that woman will *not* see her daughter! Not over my dead body!"

"You're out of your senses! You are out of your mind!! What on earth has got into you, Fannie?"

"A sense of human justice."

The door opened and the second maid pushed her tousled head round the lintel.



The church was crowded

" Elsie's mother, sir," she said, savouring it exceedingly—relishing it to its uttermost. " Shall I show her in ? "

" No," said Fannie swiftly. " Show her in the dining-room, Florence, and tell her the vicar will be with her in a few moments."

She turned to her husband the second the door had shut.

" Listen," she said. " Just listen a minute. One slip isn't going to get that child upstairs down for life. I wouldn't stand for it."

" You'll have nothing to do with it, my dear. You seem to have lost your senses entirely, to have completely lost your sense of proportion, even your sense of decency."

" Well, listen. You remember two years ago you met me by chance at the little hotel at Freefolk Crossroads ? I was ill. I was convalescing. I was recovering from double pneumonia. I was an orphan. I had few friends. I had a guardian whom you liked exceedingly."

" I can't stay to listen to all that now. That woman in the dining-room is anxious for her daughter's future."

" I am afraid you will have to listen. I was not suffering from the after-effects of double pneumonia at all. *It was the same thing as Elsie.* Now you know ! "

" Good God, Fannie ! Good God ! " He stared at her with his mouth open.

A blue-bottle droned on the vicarage window-sill. It was the one thing left alive in a dead and flaccid world. She jerked that dead world to violent life by her next sentence.

" I had the same sort of courage Elsie had, and for the same reason. I nearly petered out, too. Andrew Grotian wasn't my guardian—he wasn't nominated by my late father at all. My late father had left me without a penny, and didn't care a hoot ! I encountered Andrew Grotian as Elsie encountered Pike. There was really more excuse for me. I had been used to more than Elsie. I was down and out. I was a shop girl earning twenty-five shillings a week, and trying to live on it in one miserable bed-sitting room in Camden Town, and keep the shoes on my feet. It seemed very peaceful down here when I met you. Very lovely. I was very, very tired. I didn't think that anybody could live on and yet be so tired as I was. You seemed peaceful, too, and kind. I thought it would be lovely to stay down here always, among peaceful and kind people in peaceful and kind surroundings. It seemed like Heaven. I talked it over with Andrew Grotian. There wasn't any reason why you should ever know the truth, or anyone else in the world. I married you. I could have married him. I didn't want to. And when the necessity for it had passed—and I took the same chance that Elsie took—I was very glad."

" You are horrible ! "

" No, human. Human, like Elsie. It was my own story, my own experiences enacted up there a week ago. Oh, but you are little, little and narrow, narrow ! I could forgive you if you believed it. If you believed in the necessity for sacrificing Elsie. You don't. The whole business doesn't shock you as profoundly as you pretend, my dear. What you want to preserve is not the chastity and virtue of your flock, but their good opinion of you as the traditional pillar of the Church."

He said, staring at her with wide eyes :

" I cannot believe. I simply cannot believe ! My head's in a whirl. I thought you worthy of me."

" Oddly enough, I believed that I was. I played the game. I wouldn't have let you know, but I had to do something for Elsie."

He said rapidly, incoherently :

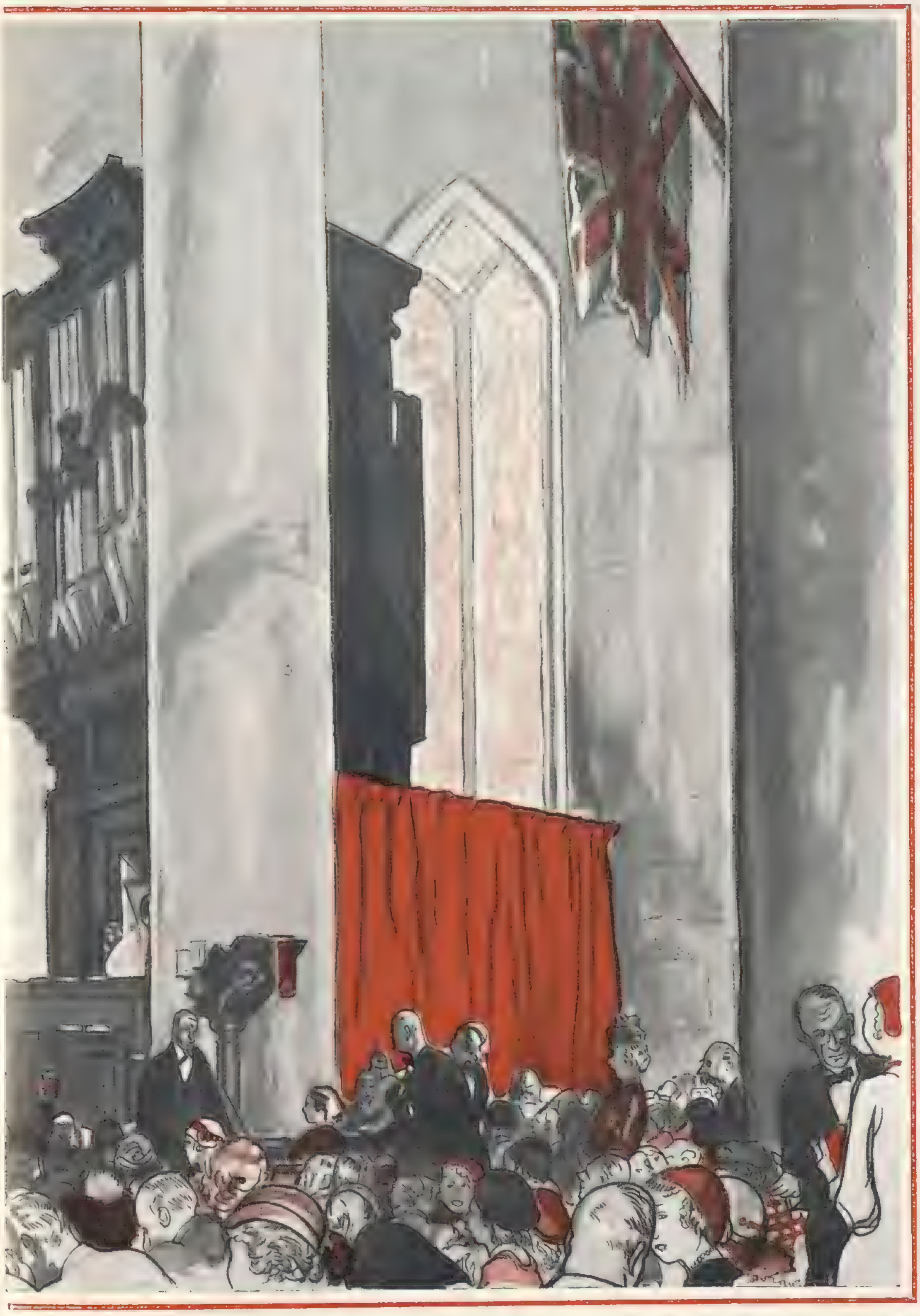
" I don't know what to say. I don't know what to think. I must go and see that old woman. What on earth can I say to her ? "

" Tell her that you haven't had time to talk to Elsie, and you will think it over."

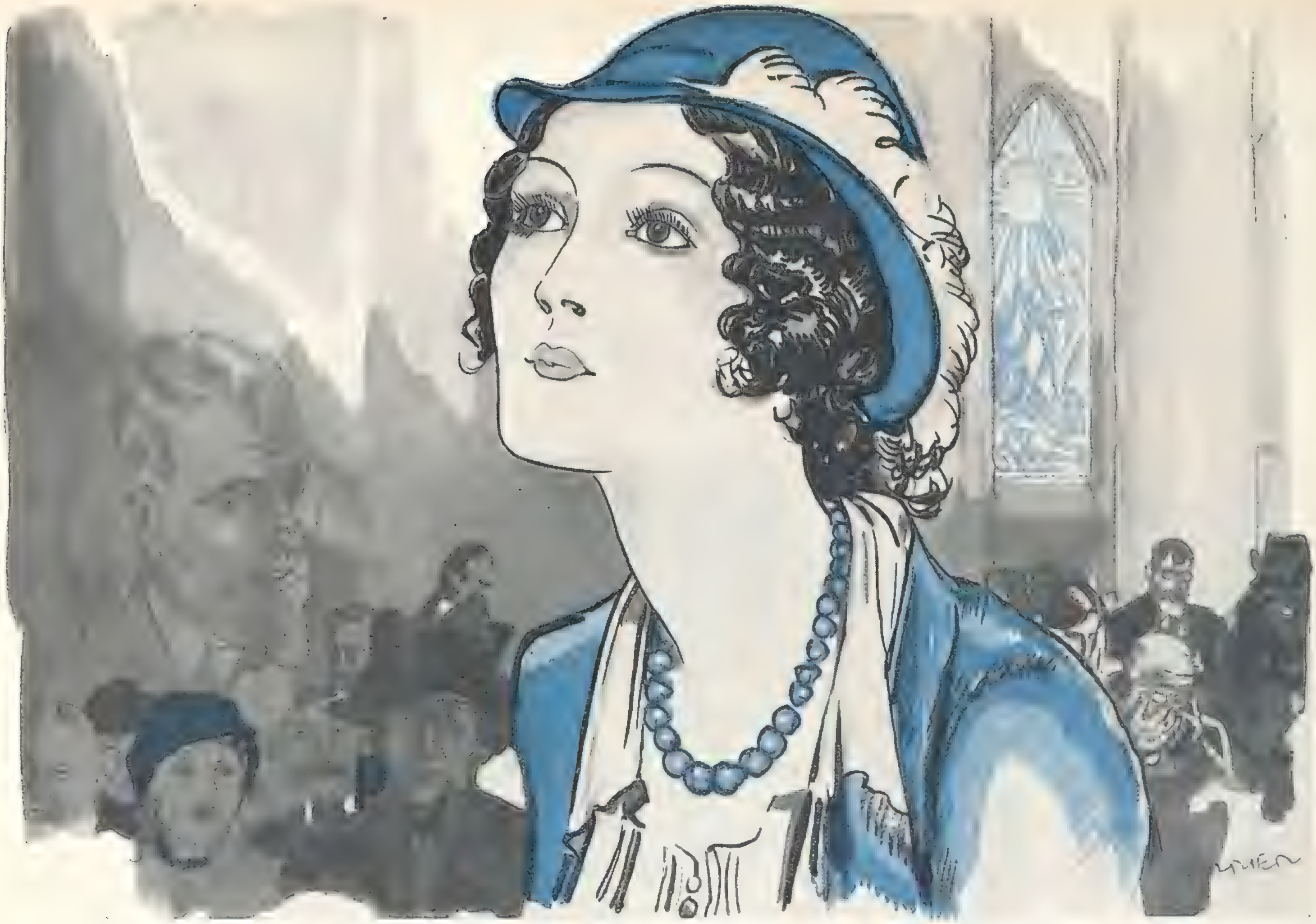
" But I told Pike I should put up the banns on Sunday, and he was to be there to hear them. The bishop's coming, too. Why, the thing's unthinkable ! I must go now. I tell you I must go now. I cannot keep that old thing waiting for ever. What will she think ? We'll go into this. We'll discuss it further."

" If you persist in this thing I shall leave the vicarage. If you put up the banns on Sunday, I shall not be in church to hear them."

" But you must be ! Don't you remember the bishop is visiting all the churches of his diocese in turn



with the curious . .



VERY quietly and quickly Fannie rose to her feet. Very quietly and quickly she made her way out as her husband's voice commenced the service

to hear the preaching? It is our turn next Sunday. You will have to entertain him at lunch afterwards. You must be here. You must be here!"

"If you put up the banns on Sunday for Elsie and Pike, I shall not be here."

"Where will you go? You have nowhere to go?"

She said, steadily:

"If you murder Elsie's life from the pulpit on Sunday, I shall not be there to see."

"You will drive me mad, Fannie. You will drive me mad!"

He turned and went out of the room.

ONCE it had seemed so peaceful. Once it had seemed so sylvan, pastoral. After two years of hopeless, unpremeditated struggling and fighting, for which she had been unfit and untrained; after a few months of indecision and blind terror; after a catastrophic illness, a period of terrific emotional and physical distress—it had been wonderful to slip into the limpid slow-moving tide of life in this little country village.

The vicar had seemed so simple, so kind, so uncomplex.

Life down here was not a thing of ethics, morals, differences of opinion. It was like a simple peasant play played out between dawn and twilight, and followed by dreamless, sunken hours of peaceful sleep.

It had taken her some time to realise that all the problems of London and city life were here in this small village, intensified and exaggerated. It had been like a blow over the heart. Malice and envy, backbiting and spite, and a narrowness so crude that at times it seemed to her barbarous, existing in this place of dreaming meadows and stately trees; this little garden of England five miles from a railway station.

She had thought her husband a good man. She knew now that good men did not understand life. Least of all did good men understand women.

Good men were segregated men, protected by their cloth, and, in this case, from the turmoil and sweat of life. Of life and the world they knew nothing.

She thought of the few months of travelling with Andrew Grotian. Vienna. Paris. New York. Monte Carlo.

Andrew Grotian knew his world as the Reverend Lawrence Robertson knew his village, and there was little difference in the two but the charity of the one man and the littleness of the other.

Elsie's mother did not see her daughter. She did not take her bullying, whining way upstairs that day.

Neither did Pike Stafford.

Sunday and the bishop were too near for the vicar to dare to take any chance. He had to ensure his wife's presence both in the church to hear him preach his sermon, and for lunch at the vicarage after.

Fannie's mercurial heart ached. She felt frustrated. For the first time she felt caught.

She had loved life, that little sinful, colourful gleam of life she had had with Andrew Grotian. Cities. Different peoples. The different languages of different cities—the different smell of different cities—the different colour of different cities.

He had been a marvellous companion; this rather gallant *vieux chasseur* of women. He knew his world, its vagaries.

He had a bland, warm, kindly tolerance for its frailties. His little shrug was so often a benison.

Elsie, clinging to her mistress's hands, sitting by the window in an old wicker chair, soft with cushions, said:

"I can't go out. I can't go out. They will stare so. And they will whisper. You can feel 'em whispering behind the windows. It gets you down. It makes you feel 'orrible. I can't go out."

Fannie held her hands, heartening her, as she had once heartened herself.

"Looks can't hurt, my dear. Nor hard words. Nor people's thoughts. Be brave. You've got to face up sometimes. No one shall hurt you whilst I'm here."

The tears cascaded out of Elsie's blue eyes. Out of Fannie's warm, bright, brown ones.

"No one can hurt you if you don't let them, Elsie. Never forget that. Try and be brave just to please me."

There was an armed truce at the vicarage. The vicar asked her no more questions. Sub-consciously Fannie knew he was preparing a mighty volume of them for delivery after the visit of the bishop. Until then he was prepared to sacrifice Fannie to keep the atmosphere tranquil. Apparently peaceable. Underneath it seethed with ugliness and frustration.

Once Fannie approached the subject.

"If I find Elsie another job in another village, can't we let everything be forgotten?"

"Things have got to be sorted out and put straight."

"Then why not now?"

"I have not the time."

She knew why not. It was because *nothing* must interfere with the tranquillity, the peace of mind necessary for the composition of his sermon before the visiting bishop. Because nothing must mar the apparent serenity and tranquillity of the vicarage for the lunch that would follow.

She knew all that, and by her knowledge she measured the man with sickening, frightening accuracy.

"On Sunday there will not be a single pew empty. All my parishioners will be there out of respect and love for me."

"And curiosity to see the bishop," she said. "Can I take Elsie?"

"Take Elsie! That would be blasphemy."

She said slowly, very coldly:

"I see. Then your church with the bishop in it is not for sinners."

"That is not the point."

"But if the banns were put up she would still be a sinner to your way of thinking, but a welcome one, a feather in your own cap. That is what it boils down to."

"Leave me, woman."

She left him. She went up to a lovely Elsie staring with misty, tearful blue eyes across the copper beeches, through them into the mosaic of turquoise and gold.

Elsie smiled at her.

"I wish I could come down and wait at table on Sunday with the bishop here, mum. I'm quite fit now. The bishop wouldn't know, would he?"

"Oh, no," said Fannie. "The bishop wouldn't know. But you needn't bother. Stay here very quiet a day or two longer, my dear, and then be very brave and walk abroad. Show yourself. Never mind what they say. Never mind how they look. You belong to yourself."

"I'd do anything for you, mum. I'd face a crowd for you, I would. You have been so good to me."

THE sky was very blue. The sun was very gold. The village was very smug.

Behind newly washed white curtains were newly filled vases of flowers. In the churchyard the village remembered the graves of its ancestors quite suddenly and unexpectedly. There were jam pots of brilliant flowers. Furtive, highly illustrated ancestor worship spread for the bishop's eye.

The church was crowded with the curious. The county had driven over in its cars. Its cars made a glittering row outside the old church wall, and warmed the heart of the godly, and filled it with local pride.

Fannie, dead in herself, had played the game in her liveliest way. Every window in the vicarage shone. The curtains were snowy. There were flowers everywhere.

She was up at 5.30 that morning. A delightful little lunch simmered on the old stove. New peas from the garden. Strawberries. Cream.

She had heard her husband declaiming his sermon over and over again in the study. Normally she would have represented the congregation on numerous occasions.

She had suggested the theme for the sermon and it had been rejected. She had suggested "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."

AS she sat in the vicarage pew she knew that all real emotional life for her in that seat was over. She could no longer delude herself. She knew that the village was aware of her point of view with regard to Elsie. That it was intrigued and spitefully stimulated by it. She knew by the covert glances at her that gossip and conjecture were rife.

The peace of her life was gone—if it had ever been peace, or anything but a dream to hold by till she was strong enough to walk again.

She thought of Andrew Grotian with an intolerable ache. So sane. So wise. So suave. Understanding life and men and women.

He had faced up to defeats and victories. He had laid his illusions, and his prejudices alike, on one side. Perhaps he had beliefs, but they got in no man's way.

She thought, sitting there, of the child Elsie. She had seemed excited that morning. Excited and thrilled and somehow braced up. Her hair was done in great golden coils over her ears. She had washed it without Fannie's knowledge the previous evening, surreptitiously boiling the rainwater on the old stove after everyone had gone to bed.

Fannie had been cross with her.

The church was now quite full. The organ was pealing. Funny old organ! Once it had seemed to spell a benign charity and ineffable peace. She had wanted that medicinally; that was why she had swallowed it with her eyes shut. Now she knew it for what it was—just dope.

There was a rustle. An excited rustle. The rustle there is in the theatre when royalty enters.

She turned.

The child Elsie stood in the doorway, and all the brilliance of the summer's day was behind her.

She stood there like a little Madonna, with her hands clasped, in her nervousness, over her breast.

Every head was turned towards her, except that of the bishop, who was unaware of the cause of the excitement.

Lawrence, with a face as white as paper and glowering eyes, was gazing down the chancel towards her.

The churchwarden rose at a nod from Lawrence. He shut the door in the child's face,

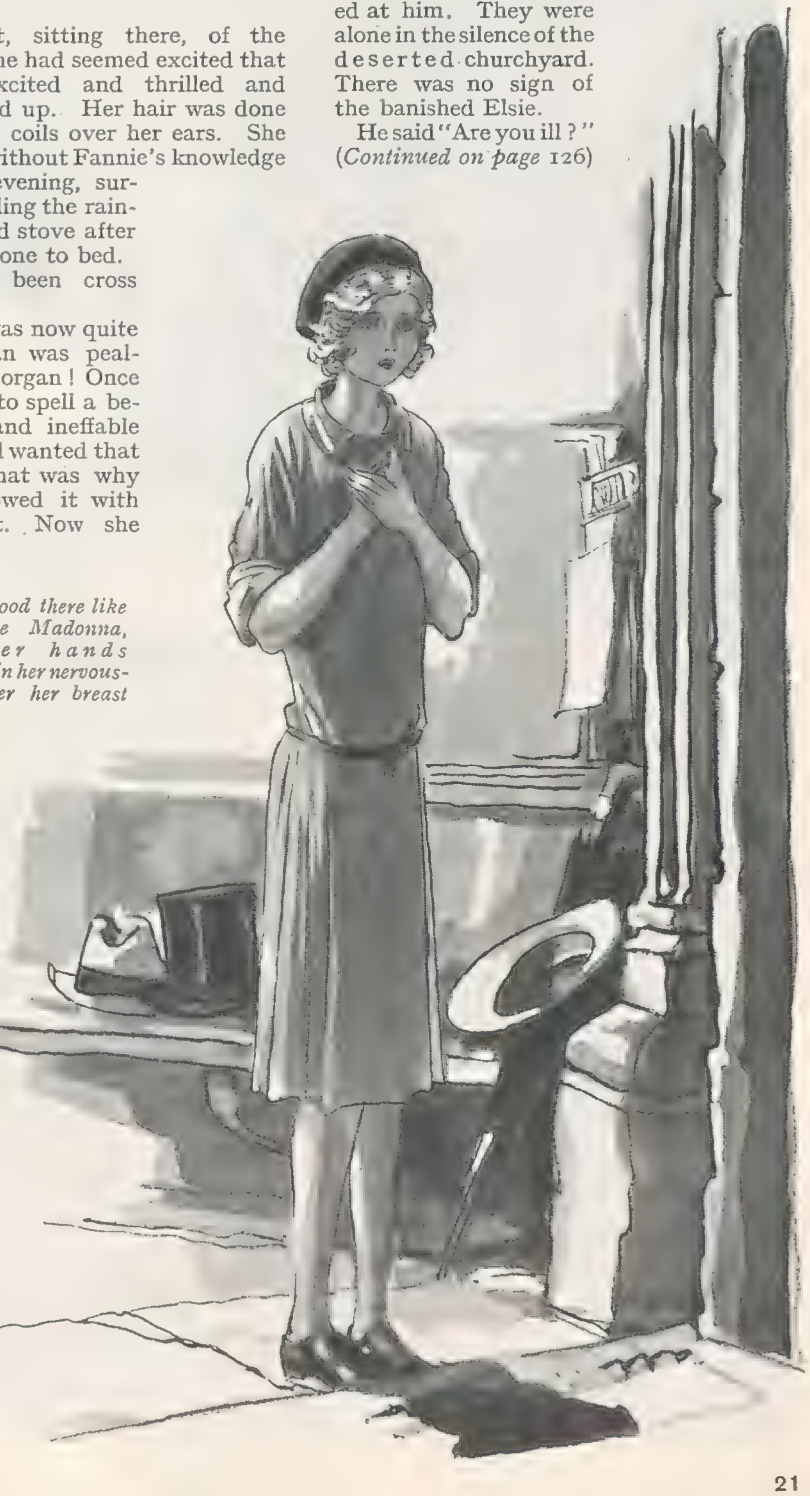
Very quietly and quickly Fannie rose to her feet. Very quietly and quickly she made her way out as her husband's voice commenced the service.

Almost instantaneously the doctor rose and followed her.

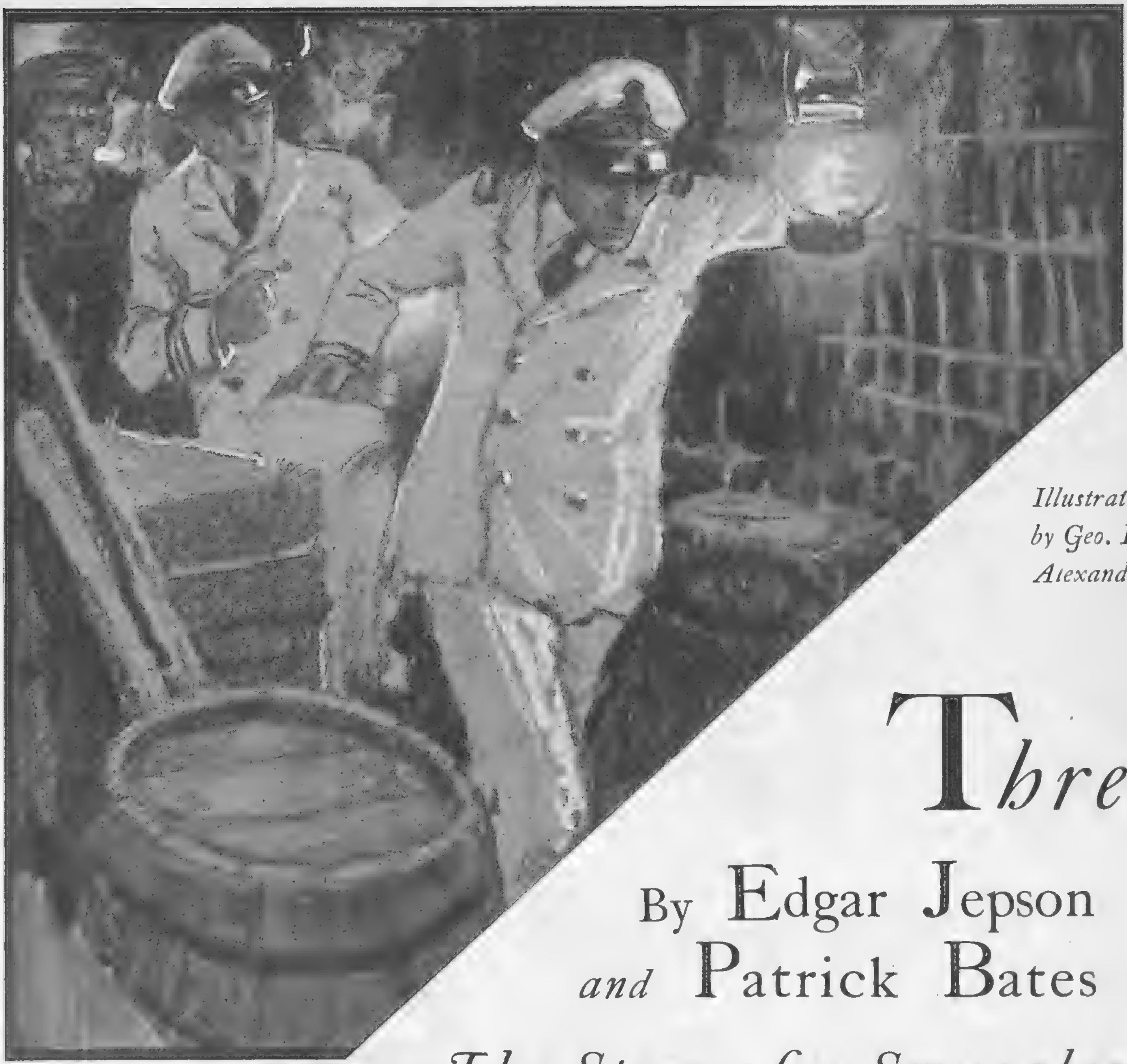
She turned and looked at him. They were alone in the silence of the deserted churchyard. There was no sign of the banished Elsie.

He said "Are you ill?"

(*Continued on page* 126)



SHE stood there like a little Madonna, with her hands clasped, in her nervousness, over her breast



Illustrated
by Geo. D.
Alexander

Three

By Edgar Jepson and Patrick Bates

The Story of a Smuggler's

"OPIUM be hanged! I'm fed up with opium!" I said drowsily, and awoke quite to see the quartermaster standing inside the door of my cabin.

I *was* fed up with opium: fifty thousand pounds' worth had come down under a strong guard that afternoon, and I had had to give up my well-earned rest and go down into the sweltering bullion room to help the Second check it in. Anyone who knows a Third Officer's duties on a P. & O. liner the day before it leaves Singapore will understand how pleasing that had been.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Dell—that's the gentleman's name—says he's a preventive officer, and has information that opium is being smuggled through the mails, and he wants to see the officer in charge of them," said the quartermaster.

"Tell him to go to blazes!" said I.

"Yes, sir." And the quartermaster turned to go.

"No. Bring him to me."

"Yes, sir," said the quartermaster, and he went.

I sat up in my bunk and told myself several things about preventive officers I already knew.

The quartermaster ushered in a man of about thirty, a rather dry-looking stick with a sharp eye, but well set up and very spick and span in well-cut evening dress—queer clothes for a preventive officer, I thought.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Barry," he said. "But I've just had information that a large packet of opium is being smuggled through the mails, and I want to examine then."

"You want to examine hundreds of mailbags at one o'clock in the morning!" I said, a bit stunned by the size of the order. "It can't be done!"

"Only the mails that came aboard last night, and it *must* be done. It's only fair to warn you that this is the biggest coup the opium smugglers have attempted for years, and if it isn't done, you're laying yourself open to a charge of obstructing me in the proper discharge of my duty," he said pretty stiffly.

I thought for half a minute; then I said: "Oh well," and stuck out a leg. Then I pulled up and said: "Let's see your card."

Mail officers have to go carefully.

"I haven't got it on me. As a matter of fact I was off duty—at a dance—when this information reached me, and I came straight down here," he said quickly.

That saved my night's sleep, or a lump of it.

"This won't do, you know! This won't do! You can't expect to get away with that. You know that, as mail officer, it's as much as my job's worth to let any unauthorised person into the mail rooms, and I'm not going to do it. I'm not saying that you're not a preventive officer; but till I know for certain you are, I'm not going to do it. Show the gentleman off the ship, quartermaster."

"Yes, sir. Come along, sir," said the quartermaster.

Dell looked at him, and he looked at me—not a bit pleasantly—and gave it up and went.

I must have been asleep again before they reached the gangway.

I had had a busy day.

I was on deck, on watch, at 5.15 a.m. when I was called to the gangway, and there was Dell, with another white man, and a couple of coolies carrying suit-cases. He was again looking spick and span, but in white drill.

"Good morning, Mr. Barry," he said pleasantly enough. "Here's my card and a search warrant, authorising me to search the ship, and I've brought Mr. Jenkins to vouch for me also and go through those bags with me to make quite sure that they are all in order."

Jenkins scowled at him, and I guessed that Dell had not made himself popular with him, or with some magistrate either. He had evidently put in some earnest work during the small hours.

We walked along the deck, and I said: "What mails do you want to see? Parcel post or letters? We're due to sail at six, you know."

"It's the local mail, parcel post, that you took on board last night," he said. "But I must dump my bags in a cabin first," he said. "I have to come to Hongkong with you."

I sent him down to the purser; Jenkins came along with me while I awoke the Chief Officer to tell him that I was going down to the mail rooms, hunting for opium with a detective. I told the quartermaster to call all the other officers and tell the Captain's servant to get him his tea and to tell the serang I wanted a dozen hands down hold No. 3, the mail rooms, at once.

Dell came up, and the three of us went to the mail rooms. They were in No. 3 hold, and we went down into it through the deck hatch. It was an almost square compartment; in its floor was the hatch of the lower hold; in each corner was a watertight door. Two of these opened into the galleries which run alongside the engine room, two into hold No. 4, the baggage room. They are electrically controlled and can only be opened from the bridge.

Mail rooms on liners are generally all-steel rooms; but the *Malaya* was carrying the Christmas mail for Hongkong and Shanghai and the Japanese ports, and the steel rooms were flooded out. So special, strong wooden lock-ups had been made, and it was in one of these that I had stowed the mail the night before. There were a hundred and eighty-nine bags for Hongkong, seventy-four for Shanghai, and thirty-three for Japanese ports. We examined each bag separately and carefully and checked each by the Post Office way bills, and in the end Dell had to admit that everything seemed in order.

"I knew a dud mailbag couldn't get past me. What do we do next?" I said, a bit jubilantly, as I locked the door of the lock-up.

"Nothing at the moment," said Dell. "When I got back to headquarters last night, they told me that Snow Jake was on board, and I'm coming along to try to lay my hands on him. We've wanted him for years."

"Who is Snow Jake?" I asked.

"The biggest opium smuggler in the East—an Englishman, of course. He's been in all the big coups and most of the little ones for years. This is a big one."

"Well, if you know he's on board, you ought to be able to spot him," said I.

"Not so easily," he said grumpily. "Snow Jake can look and speak more like a native than any native you ever set eyes on, and, of course, he's disguised as one of the lascars. At least a score of them are in the job with him, and they'll stick at nothing."

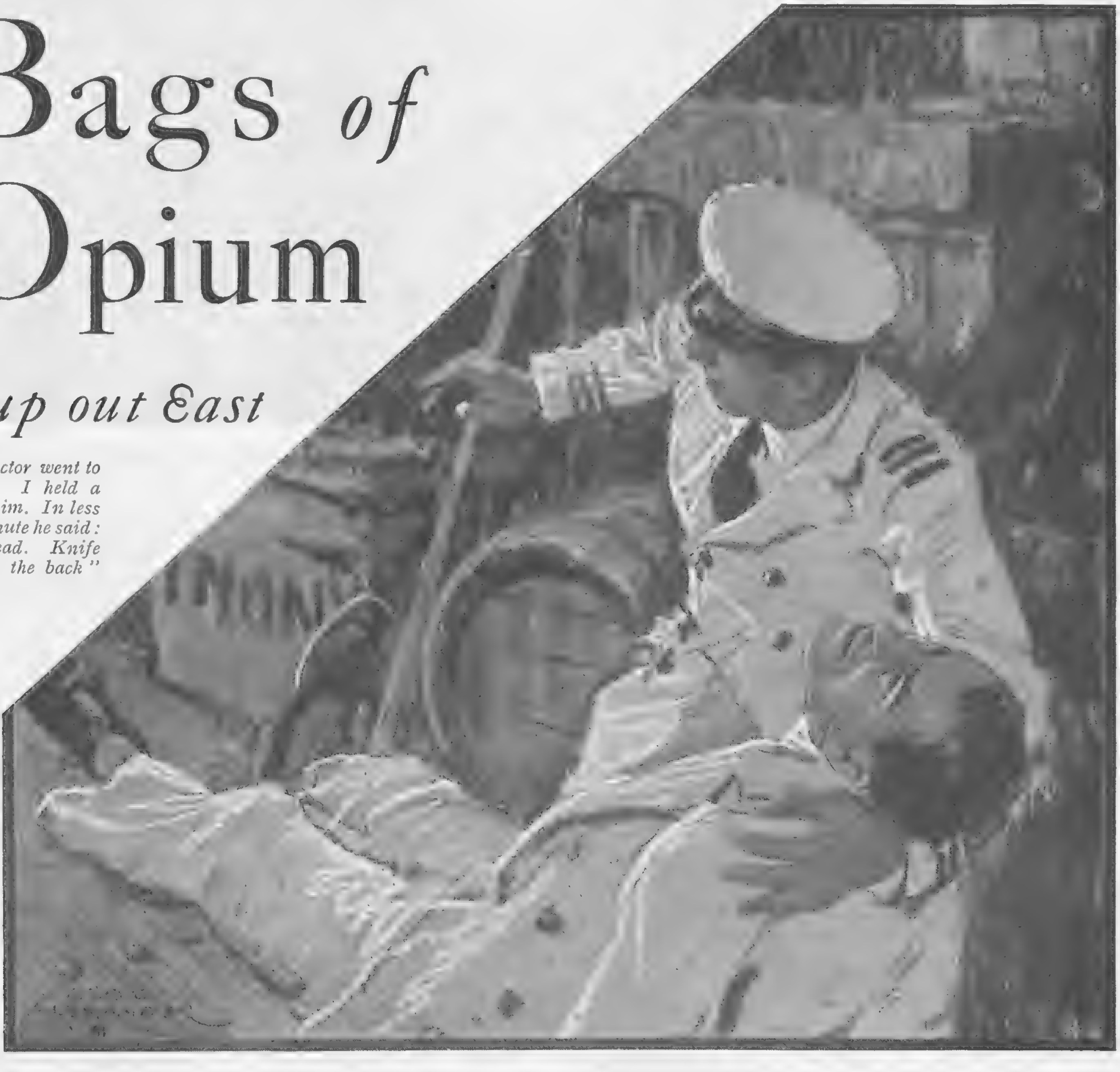
"Then I'm glad I've got a white watchman down here instead of a native puri-wallah," said I. "Keep your eyes skinned till I get the hatch battened down, Bailey."

WE went on deck and said good-bye to Jenkins, but not before Dell said: "Not a word to anyone, please, Mr. Barry, about the opium or

Bags *of* Opium

Coup out East

THE doctor went to Bailey. I held a light for him. In less than a minute he said: "He's dead. Knife wound in the back"



myself. I'm an Amurrican citizen, James G. Huneker, of eleven ninety-nine Cahusac Avenue, Denver, Col., travellin' in hardware and on my way home."

His American was good.

"I'll have to tell the Chief and the Captain," I said.

"Sure. *They* won't talk," he said and went down to his cabin.

Three minutes later the gangway was down and the ship under way. My job while leaving port was to supervise the stowing of the accommodation ladder and get the pilot away. But I went first to batten down the mail rooms, that is, to put the hatches on and cover them up with tarpaulins and stretch them tight with steel battens. I had just called to Bailey to come up, when the Chief shouted to me from the bridge to stow the ladder first. I told Bailey to stay where he was, and took my men along the hurricane deck and set about getting the ladder in. As a rule it takes only about fifteen to twenty minutes; but that morning nothing went smoothly, and it was half an hour before I had it secured and got the pilot away. I then went back to the mail rooms and called down to Bailey to come up. He did not answer.

I called again. Still no answer, not a sound. I looked down into the hold. It was too dark to see much of it, and I did not see him. What the devil did he mean by leaving his post?

I slipped down the ladder, to make sure, and looked about and called to him. No answer—not a sound. I was just going up again when I saw a pair of old boots on one of the cases of special goods at the back of the hold. That was not the place for old boots. I stepped across and picked one up. It did not come. I gave it a tug; it dragged. There was a foot in it, and it was sticking out of a trouser leg.

"He dashed for the gangway. I never saw

A jolt? It was a jolt!

I looked over the case. On the other side of it, on his back, with his feet resting on top of the case, was Bailey. For a moment I thought he might be in a fit. I stepped round the case, knelt down, and took his hand. It was cold.

I ran up the ladder and told one of the men to fetch the Chief Officer, another the doctor, a third to fetch Dell. Two I sent for lights. They all ran. I told them to.

The Chief came first, then Dell. I was telling them what had happened when the doctor came and the lights. We went down, and the doctor went to Bailey. I held a light for him.

In less than a minute he said: "He's dead. Knife-wound in the back."

We looked at one another.

Then we got busy. The Chief saw to the hoisting of poor Bailey on deck. They took him to the isolation hospital, right aft, that the doctor might make his examination. Dell and I searched the hold. There was precious little room for a murderer to hide in, and there was no murderer in it and no clue of any kind to him.

We made sure, and then I said: "But I don't understand. What is Snow Jake up to? What's the point in murdering Bailey? How is it going to help him?"

"It isn't," said Dell. "It was an accident. One of Jake's men was hidden down here probably to get this open"—he kicked at the hatches of the lower hold—"so that they could get to the mails. It's pretty clear that they knew that there had been a leak, and we were wise to the coup; so they were in a hurry to get the bags out of here before we spotted which they were. The blighter hiding must have made a noise—had to cough, or sneeze, or something, and knifed Bailey in the back before he could get up to collar him. Then he shinned up the ladder and got to work on the nearest job. No one would take any notice of a lascar coming out of a hatch, if they did see him—not that anyone would, probably—you know how these native thieves can move about without being seen."

"Yes," I said, "But I say: hasn't this accident rather spoilt their game? They can't get this lower hold hatch open; these watertight doors in the corners are electrically controlled and can only be opened from the bridge; they can't even try the deck hatch; they'd be seen to a dead certainty."

"It's certainly put a bit of a kink in their game. I'll bet Snow Jake is cursing," said Dell in a tone of satisfaction. "Now he'll have to wait till Hongkong to get at his dope, and there we shall be ready and waiting for him."

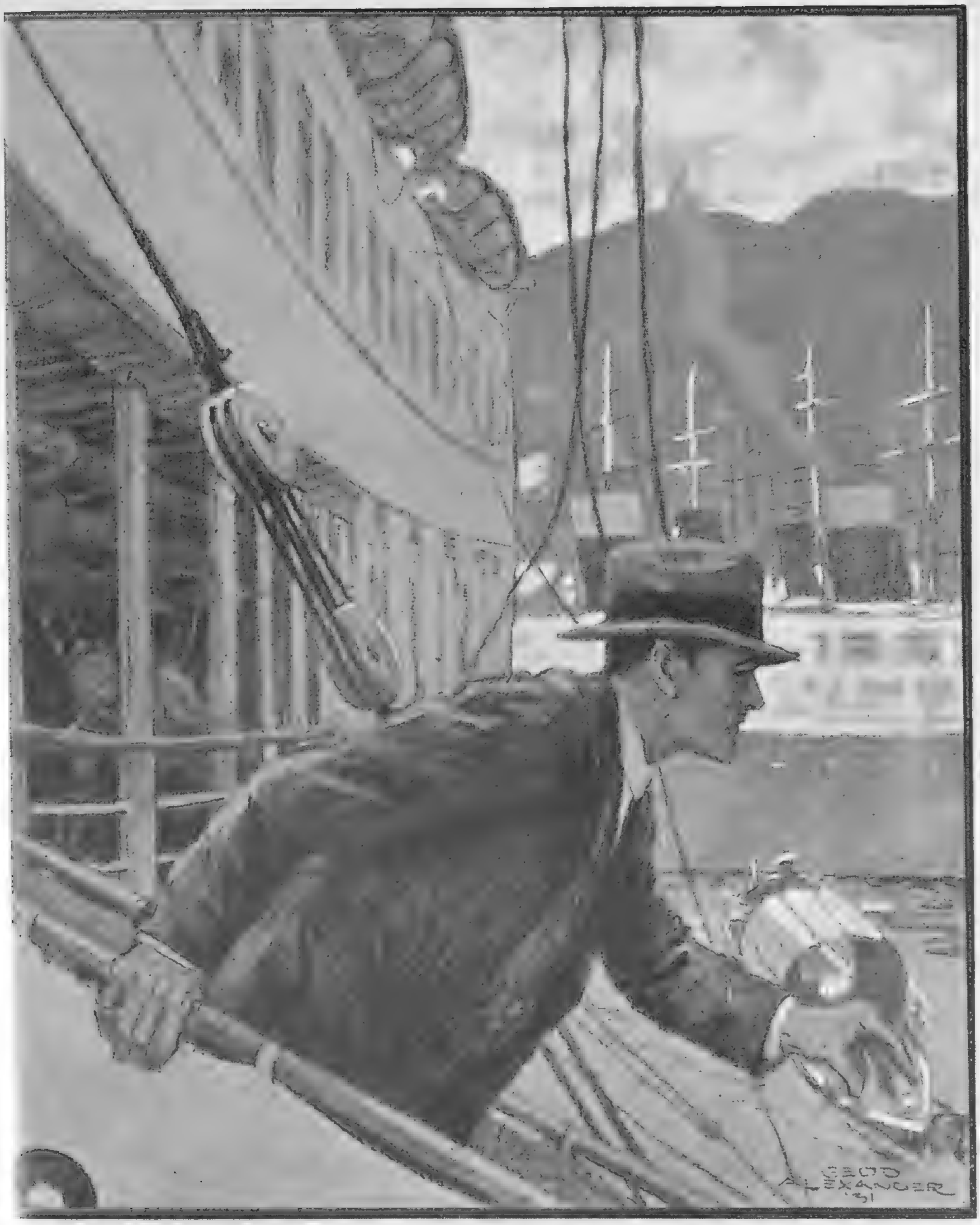
We went on deck, and I had the hatch battened down, and did not worry any more about the safety of the mail.

Presently the doctor, on his way for'ard from the isolation hospital, stopped and said to me: "The poor devil was stabbed with a Malay kris—no mistaking it. Heart. Can hardly have known he was stabbed."

"Thank goodness for that!" I said.

He went on to the Chief, who was in charge of the enquiry into the matter.

YOU can keep many things quiet on board ship, but not murder. Before lunch every one knew of Bailey's death, and the trouble began. I did not blame



a man go down a gangway so quickly . . ."

the passengers: to be in the same ship with an undetected murderer is like being in the same house with one. We had our full complement of globe-trotters on board, mostly stout and timid people, and most of them made up their minds that their throats would be cut before sunset. They knew that Malays ran amok and expected the native crew to run one in a body, so that the atmosphere of the ship became uncommonly unpleasant, and the amateur detectives got to work and made it worse: we were all suspect.

The purser bore the brunt of it, of course: he had to do the soothing. But the rest of us had our share of the trouble. For example, I was talking to the Chief Officer soon after lunch when a small old gentleman, with flowing white whiskers and long white hair, framing a face almost the colour of a roasted coffee berry, came trotting up, followed by a quiet, pleasant-looking girl.

"I have solved the mystery of this murder, Mr. Arbuthnot!" he said to the Chief, in a high excited voice. "These scoundrels are after my collection of Malayan antiquities. It is priceless, and they know it. There is a plot to steal it. The plotters are on board. I must have the collection guarded at once."

"Your collection is quite safe, Professor," said the Chief. "No one can get into the baggage room."

"I must have a special guard day and night. I insist on it—day and night!" said the old gentleman.

"It really isn't necessary," said the Chief, "and I can't spare the men."

"You *must* spare them. I'll see the Captain about it—at once!" he said, and trotted off down the deck.

The girl made as if to follow him, paused, and said a bit plaintively: "If you could humour him, Mr. Arbuthnot—if he doesn't get a guard for his collection he'll worry the life out of me. It's the apple of his eye, that collection."

She had very nice grey eyes, and they were full of trouble: the Chief softened a bit.

"Very well, Miss Morell, I'll see what I can do," he said pleasantly.

She followed the Professor, and I felt sorry for her. Plainly he was a tiresome old gentleman.

"And who may those two be?" I said.

"Professor Maxton and his secretary, Miss Morell. He's been ten years making a collection of Malayan antiquities, and he's taking it to a university in the States. He came aboard with a long screed from the American Consul at Singapore, asking us to give him every facility—seems to have had instructions from Washington. I'm sorry for the girl."

Bailey was buried with full honours at six that evening, and after dinner, in defiance of the custom after a funeral, the purser, with the idea of stopping the rot that had set in and getting the passengers a bit more cheerful, had the usual dance. While it was on, I saw the Chief talking away hard to Miss Morell two or three times. Later I found a lascar sitting on No. 4 hatch, guarding the baggage room.

So far the Chief had learnt nothing from his enquiries about the movements of the lascars between six and seven-thirty that morning. We had not expected that he would.

I had just finished breakfast the next morning when the Chief sent for me.

"Here you are," he said, as I entered his cabin, and he handed me a radiogram which ran:—

> "Commander Malaya Postmaster General Singapore informs definitely established opium smuggled aboard your ship in bags one Ipoh to Hongkong one Ipoh to Canton one Singapore to Hongkong inform Dell and search Smimagreg."

I took the radiogram straight to Dell.

When he had read it, I said: "The thing to do is to shift those three bags to the bullion room and dump them with the government opium. That will settle Snow Jake for good."

"It sure will," he said in a tone of great satisfaction. "After all, the main thing is to get the opium. Three mail-bags full of opium, begad—fifteen thousand pounds' worth at least. Of course they wouldn't stick at murder."

I got the keys of the bullion room, and then we went to the mail bags and had the hatch opened up in record time. I went down first, with a light.

"What the devil's this?" I almost shouted. "Someone's got one of the lower hold hatches off. I nearly fell right through."

Dell almost fell on the top of me in his haste down the ladder, and stared. The hatch next to the ladder had been forced up and shoved on one side, three hefty planks, bolted together and held down by a steel batten, padlocked at each end. One of the padlocks had been wrenched off.

"But how the devil did they do it? How could they get enough purchase standing on the ladder underneath? It's impossible!" I said.

"They got it (*Continued on page* 96)

Being a Famous Novelist

Decoration by Grace Golden

By Gilbert

"MY dear fellow, how I envy you your job! What fun it must be, just thinking about a story and then dashing it off! You can work anywhere you like, too. No grinding away in an office for you. And of course you don't work regular hours like I have to. It's just a matter of inspiration. And when the inspiration isn't there—well, you just don't do anything at all."

How many times have I been forced to listen to such words! How many hours have I spent in trying to convince friends and strangers that the "doctrine of bloody sweat" applies just as much to a novelist's job as to anybody else's!

For the most part, however, my labours in this direction have been in vain.

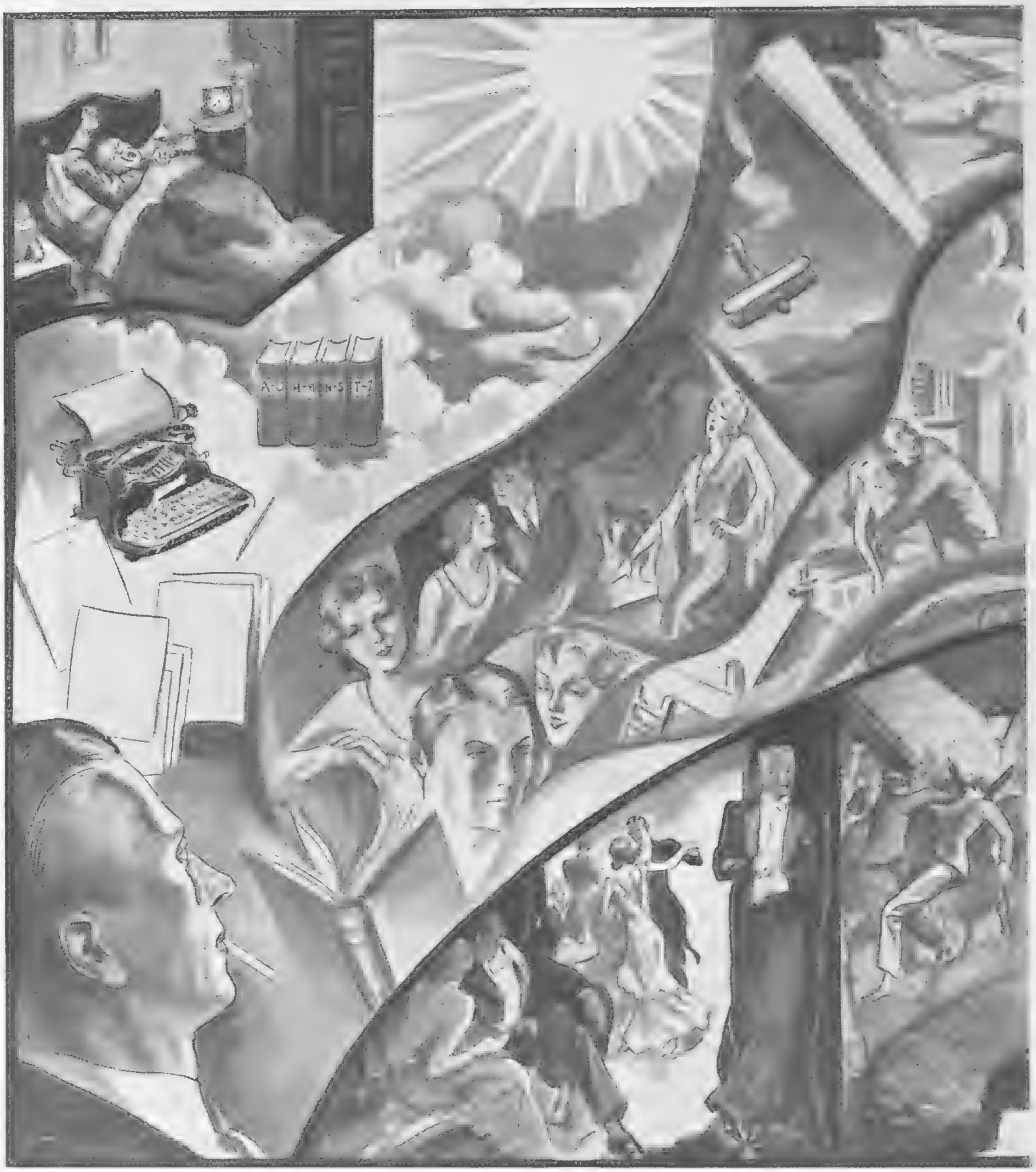
Among those who enjoy the fruits of creative art the old tradition about the artist, whether he works in paint or prose or semiquavers, still lingers. They imagine us the world's butterflies. It must be such fun, they think, to write. Or to paint. Or to compose music. Such jobs aren't jobs of work. They are jobs of pleasure.

Nor has that other tradition, which I once saw summed up in the phrase "the princely income of a popular novelist," yet died the death which it deserves.

According to the popular idea, we novelists are both rich and idle. And since to be one of the idle rich is still the popular idea of Paradise, we go through life envied, none realising that ours is one of the most difficult tasks on earth.

I want to be quite frank about this business—for it is a business—of novel writing. And I do not want to include in the scope of my argument what I propose to call the casual novelist. To write one novel and get away with it is not so superlatively difficult. Literary reputation, nowadays, can be quickly made. A new idea. A new treatment. An enthusistic publisher. A friend in a Book Society. A certain amount of logrolling. And the trick is turned.

But that is only the first trick. And in novel writing, as in contract bridge, it is the final tricks which count.



Routine, imagination, collecting experience, plotting, plodding,

Taking novel writing as a business, and not as a mere stunt, what mental and what physical equipment is required by the man or woman who would make a permanent success of this business; who would become what I once heard a publisher call "the obstinate storyteller," the man or woman whom publishers and editors can trust with a long-dated contract?

Well, primarily, that equipment must include a tireless will to literary industry. And just there lies the rub.

ALMOST as much nonsense is talked about the novelist's as about the stage star's income. Very occasionally one book will make a man's fortune. A. S. M. Hutchinson brought this off with *If Winter Comes*. Remarque did it with *All Quiet on the Western Front*. But the man or woman who makes even six

isn't all Beer *and* Skittles

Frankau—*who ought to know . . .*

planning . . . pity the poor novelist indeed!

thousand pounds, far less ten thousand, out of one story is rare indeed. And rarer still is the man or woman novelist who can rely on a steady income of even five thousand a year.

There are not twenty such men and women in England. And of those twenty not half have yet stayed the course for even fifteen years.

Consider this carefully. Consider against it the average *gross* income of successful business men, and of successful men in other professions. Consider, too, that the novelist's business is purely a personal one; that he has no staff to carry on for him while he is ill or on holiday, and no partner who can take any of the burdens off his shoulders.

You will imagine, perhaps, that when a novelist has, say, twenty popular books to his credit, the royalties on those books will bring him in a considerable income. But this also is a fallacy. Except in the case of Rudyard Kipling I know of no living novelist whose old books bring him in more than a very few hundreds a year.

Some of the old Edgar Wallace copyrights, by the way, are still worth money. But since my friend Edgar sold his first hundred novels outright for a hundred pounds apiece, the value of those old copyrights isn't of very much help to him.

I mention this to show that, over and above the job of producing one's work, there is also the job of marketing it. And this job also—even though one employs the best of literary agents—takes up time.

Time, indeed, is the essence of the novelist's contract, and it is quite amazing how little of it he has to spare.

If you doubt this, take your favourite novel and start copying it out by hand. Remember, while you are doing this, that your job is only that of the copyist. You have not had to imagine the story. You have not had to bother yourself about the characters. You are not worried about style, or form, or grammar, or construction. You have not even had to check over a typewritten manuscript or correct a proof.

And do not be misled into thinking that the average novelist saves himself much labour by dictating his work. Because even if he does dictate it, he will be lucky if he has to do so less than three times.

While copying out your favourite novel, moreover, which will take you the best part of three months of your spare time, it would be as well if you remembered that the public, both here and in America, is demanding longer and longer stories from its favourite authors.

My own publisher's contract, indeed, which used to stipulate a minimum length of eighty thousand words, now stipulates a hundred thousand, with the understanding that I shall always exceed the letter of the bond.

SHORT books, taking them by and large, bring in small money. For the public who will pay seven shillings and sixpence for an hour's entertainment grows daily more limited. And the quicker readers return a book to the library, the fewer copies of that book the library needs to buy.

Personally I pin my faith to the hundred and fifty thousand word novel. And personally I write, in addition to one novel of that length every year, not less than a dozen short stories of between five and six thousand words, and at least another hundred thousand words of journalism; making a total of three hundred thousand words every year.

My friend Edgar stated in court the other day that his output is over a million words a year. But Edgar Wallace, both mentally and physically, is a solitary phenomenon. Nor would I live his life for treble his income. I am quite enough the slave as it is.

Every morning—I have purposely stressed that every—I am called at half-past seven. By a quarter past eight I have read three newspapers. By half-past nine I am at my writing table; and there I sit, whatever happens, till one. One o'clock finds me mentally and physically exhausted. Because three and a half hours daily, if a man does it year in and year out, is the absolute limit of his capacity for creative story-telling work.

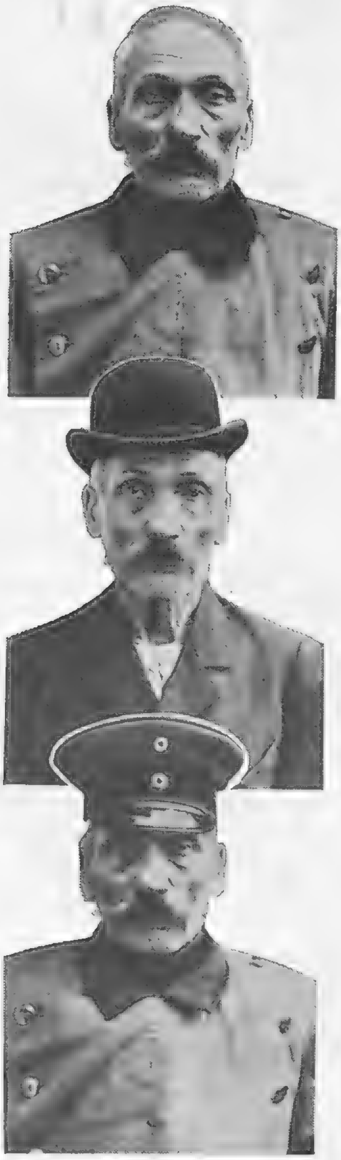
The work of the novelist, however, does not cease with mere creation. He has proofs to correct. He has manuscripts to go over. He has the commercial side of his job to attend to. He has to keep in touch with his publishers, and if he be a journalist, as most novelists have to be nowadays, with his editors. Moreover, if he is to write about life truly, he must spend several hours a day in contact with life, observing men and women, places and things.

And over and (*Continued on page* 98)

Twenty-four Hours:

Days *that* have *made* History

No. 7: The Captain of Köpenick



THREE portraits of the cobbler, Wilhelm Voigt, the Captain of Köpenick, whose exploit as a Prussian officer made the whole of Germany rock with laughter in 1906.

Berlin, October 17th, 1906

THE capital of Prussia sulks in the grip of a saturnine melancholy inspired by the publication of Prince Hohenlohe's alarming political memoirs. But, in a certain small room in the northern slums of the city, Fate—in the surprising form of an unwashed little cobbler called Wilhelm Voigt—is plotting to dissolve Europe's autumnal gloom in gusts of Olympian laughter.

On Voigt's shabby cot are lying four recently bought tokens of Teutonic grandeur: a pair of Prussian private's trousers, a greatcoat belonging to a captain in the 1st Footguards, an officer's undress cap and a sword. These are the essential ingredients for the richest satirical concoction of the century.

Wilhelm Voigt will presently disappear into these clothes. His own shabby identity will be instantly lost, and there will emerge, in its place, a Prussian officer, slightly furtive, and strutting perhaps, and more than a trifle bleary-eyed and unshaven: but—a Prussian officer, just the same!

His metamorphosis accomplished, the truculent creature saunters out to take the morning air in the Berlin streets. He is monarch, by virtue of his uniform, of all he surveys. And, about one o'clock, he happens to survey seven Guardsmen marching under the command of a non-commissioned officer. They are returning from the military swimming baths at Plötzensee, in the north quarter of the city.

"Halt!" cries the man in the Captain's clothes.

"Guards, halt!" echoes the non-commissioned officer.

"You will follow me," orders the Captain. "Quick march!"

And they follow him, for there is a specific order in the German Army that "all soldiers must instantly place themselves at the disposal of an officer when ordered to do so by the officer." So far all is well. A being in a Captain's coat has given the order: it is certainly no part of a Guardsman's duty to reason why: so they follow the being to a nearby railway station. On their way to the station four other Guardsmen are commanded to join the party of exploration.

Tickets are taken to the nearby town of Köpenick, in the province of Brandenburg, a pleasant suburban resort situated on an island in the Spree. In the former palace a court-martial sentenced Frederick the Great to death in 1730 . . . but that is another funny story.

At 3 o'clock the Captain and his twelve grenadiers step on to the station platform of Köpenick. "Sir," says the non-commissioned officer, "the men have not fed since early breakfast."

"Here are twelve marks," replies the Captain, fishing the money out of his trousers pocket. "Get them something to eat in the station buffet."

And there, for the ensuing fifteen minutes, we will leave them in a pleasant atmosphere of frankfurters, sauerkraut and lager.

3.30 p.m.

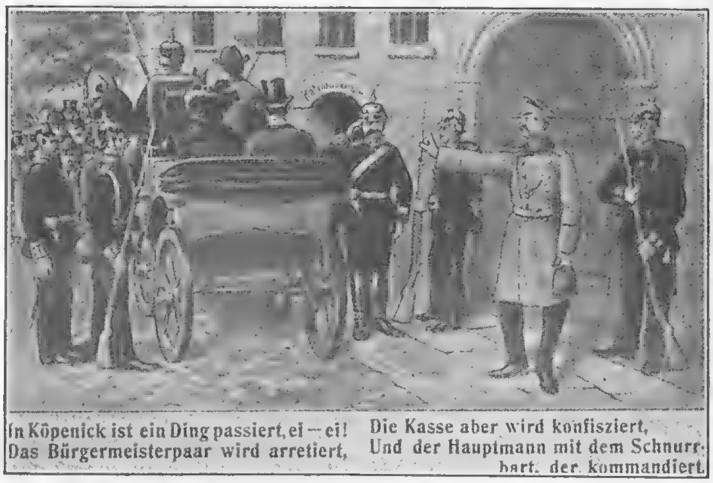
DR. LANGERHANS, the sedate burgomaster of Köpenick, is sitting at his mahogany desk in the Rathaus. He is not particularly busy; indeed, he is indulging in what some might even call an after-lunch doze. Suddenly the door is thrown open, there is a rattle of bayonets being fixed, and into the room steps a Captain of the 1st Regiment of Foot-guards.

"Are you the Burgomaster of Köpenick?" inquires the military intruder.

"I am," admits the startled Dr. Langerhans, drawing back in alarm.

"Then you are my prisoner by His Majesty's command. You are to be conveyed to Berlin instantly."

Stammeringly, the burgomaster begins to speak. "I should like——"



In Köpenick ist ein Ding passiert, ei — ei!
Das Bürgermeisterpaar wird arretiert,
Die Kasse aber wird konfisziert,
Und der Hauptmann mit dem Schnurrbart, der kommandiert.

A COMIC postcard published in Germany showing the departure of the Burgomaster

THE Town Hall of Köpenick, the centre of the comedy which convulsed all Europe

Continuing the Series, in which the most *Eventful* Days *of* the *last* Half-century are recapitulated H*our* by H*our*

By Gordon Beckles

"Silence!" roars the Captain. "You have no right to speak. Rise!"

"But where is the order for my arrest?" splutters the distraught Dr. Langerhans. "Where is your authority?"

"My authority is here: my grenadiers!" says the Captain, with a melodramatic gesture. "Off with him to the Neue Wache, in Berlin."

"May I please point out that I am a captain in the Reserve? This is an insult to my rank. . . ."

"As captain to captain, then, I must ask you to give me your word of honour not to escape."

The unfortunate burgomaster, with genuine terror in his eyes, is led unwillingly below to the courtyard of the rathaus, where municipal gendarmerie—at the command of the Captain—are keeping the excited populace at bay. Guarding the doors of the rathaus itself stand the giant Guardsmen from Berlin, with fixed bayonets.

"Upstairs!" orders the Captain to his escort. "To the Treasury!"

Herr von Wiltberg, the Treasurer, is made of sterner stuff than the burgomaster.

"I will not open the safe unless I have a written order," he challenges.

"Sir! You are under my arrest! Do you wish my men to break open the safe? I can tell you it will go badly with you if I have to resort to such measures."

So the safe is eventually unlocked, and inside lie 4000 marks—nearly £200 sterling.

"I will sign a receipt," barks the Captain. "Pen and ink for me at once!"

And in a brisk handwriting he inscribes his name, "V. Aloesan, H.I.G.R." Then he turns to the non-commissioned officer at his side. "No one will leave the rathaus until I give further notice. You are now in charge."

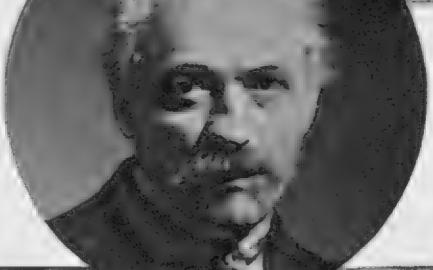
5.30.

THE Captain steps into a train that will take him to the suburb of Stralan Rummelsburg. In the capacious pockets of his greatcoat are stuffed 4000 marks. When he reaches Rixdorf he alights, deposits his sword in the station wash-place, then makes his way to the Tempelhof Field, where, in a secluded spot, he intends to deposit his greatcoat and cap.

6 o'clock.

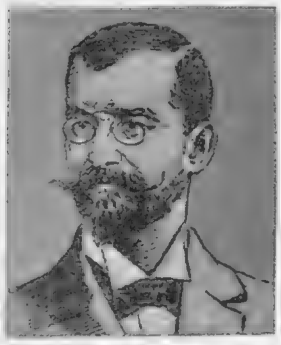
THE imprisoned magistrates of Köpenick have at last managed to smuggle out of the sealed (*Continued on page 92.*)

A SCENE from the play, written round the Köpenick incident, recently produced at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin

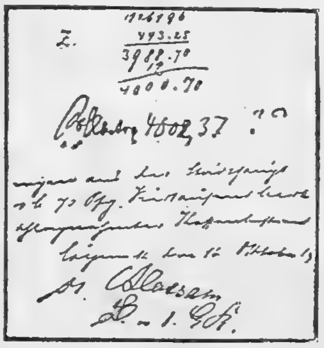


WERNER KRAUSS, who plays the part of the Shoemaker of Köpenick in Carl Zuckmeyer's play

A PORTRAIT of Wilhelm Voigt, the Captain of Köpenick, taken during a visit to London



HERR LANGERHANS, the Burgomaster of Köpenick, who was arrested



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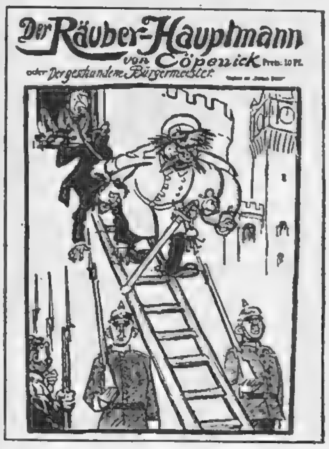
v. Aloesan
H.-I. G. R.

THE signature of the robber-captain on the receipt given for the money taken



Der Räuber-Hauptmann von Cöpenick
Preis: 10 Pf.
oder Der geschändete Bürgermeister

AN example of one of the many extravagant Köpenick cartoons published in Germany after the hoax

The Quest *of the* Car *in* 1932

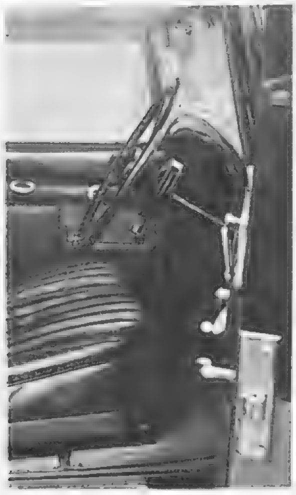
Left:

THE world-famous Austin "Seven" still pursues the path of popularity

COMPARE this year's Morris Minor (above) with the 1932 edition seen, in two-seater form, on the opposite page

The *Earl of Cardigan*

Summing up *the* trend *of* Motor-Car design *and* improvements, *discusses* the Mystery *of* Olympia *and* explains *how* the Motorists' M*ecca* retains *its* popularity



HOW soon will it be before every car has "foolproof" gears? This close-up shows the simple mechanism below the steering-wheel of a Daimler. Any gear can be engaged by moving the lever to the required position, kicking the clutch-pedal, and pressing the accelerator. One can start in top and immediately engage reverse; the car, after gliding forward without noise or jerk, merely glides back again. Easy!

THE annual mystery is upon us. In a few days' time the turnstiles at Olympia will be besieged by eager hordes of motorists; each stand, each car, will be surrounded by a critical or admiring throng, and acute discomfort will be suffered in the overheated and congested gangways. All save the hardiest of visitors will repeat the vow which they took last year (and the year before)—" This is a rotten way of seeing motor-cars. Next year I'll give it a miss."

The extraordinary thing is that next year they will be back again, explaining, perhaps, that Aunt Jane or little Wilfred insisted on being taken. Once again they will examine with reverent attention the " straight-eights," " big sixes," and " super-sports " models, gravely discussing superchargers and compression ratios. Once again, after incredible exertions, they will return home, hesitate until the spring, and then place an order for a new 7-h.p. " Chugmore " !

Why do they do it? It is by no means easy to explain. If one takes pleasure in admiring fine cars, a stroll through Mayfair offers a much easier and almost equally comprehensive means of doing so. If, on the other hand, one desires to buy, there are big dealers in Piccadilly and elsewhere whose stock includes nearly every popular variety of car. Here business can be done in comfort, and a leisurely inspection can be made.

The fact remains that many thousands of people do go regularly to Olympia, and that a considerable volume of business is done there. One reason, no doubt, is that where practically every known make of car is on view, and where the sectioned chassis is a popular exhibit, it is possible to obtain an exceptionally vivid " bird's-eye view " of the general progress of motor-car design. New tendencies, and the latest trend of development, are seen more clearly than would be possible in any smaller exhibition.

THIS year, for instance, the keen motorist will be able to observe the progress which is being made in free-wheel transmission. I hear that this is becoming very popular in the United States, and it will be interesting to see to what extent it is being adopted by English and European manufacturers. Personally, I shall be surprised to see it widely supported in this country.

The great advantage of the free-wheel is that the engine, except when it is actually driving the car, is automatically disengaged, by which means a saving is effected both in fuel and in wear and tear. In other words, the car is permitted to " coast " whenever the throttle is closed. The chief disadvantage is that the engine ceases to perform its function of an auxiliary brake.

The most convincing argument against free-wheeling is to take out an ordinary car, drive it for ten miles over a " give-and-take " road, and accept every convenient opportunity of setting the gears in " neutral " and " coasting " in the old-fashioned way. It is probable that not more than one occasion will arise when this can be done with advantage, assuming that the driver exercises reasonable caution. It will be found that some hills are too steep (requiring excessive use of the brakes); others have cross-roads, blind corners, or similar obstructions.

(*Continued on page 35.*)

Hundreds
or
Thousands?

The £100 car compared to its rich relations

WHAT shall we buy at Olympia this year—a saloon for £3000 or a "Baby" for £100? The thrill of the super-car is its majestic progress, regardless of load or gradient. The charm of the little car lies deeper than mere economy. Both make time and distance our slaves. While the big car pursues its lordly way, the smaller fry increase in numbers and rivalry. This year the "Battle of the Babies" rages more competitively than ever

The Inimitable Rolls-Royce

The 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce, whether gliding like a silent ghost through Bond Street traffic or, in touring trim, devouring straight Continental miles, is a monument of conservative progress. To the man in the street its name implies the ultimate degree of perfection

The £100 car

Above:

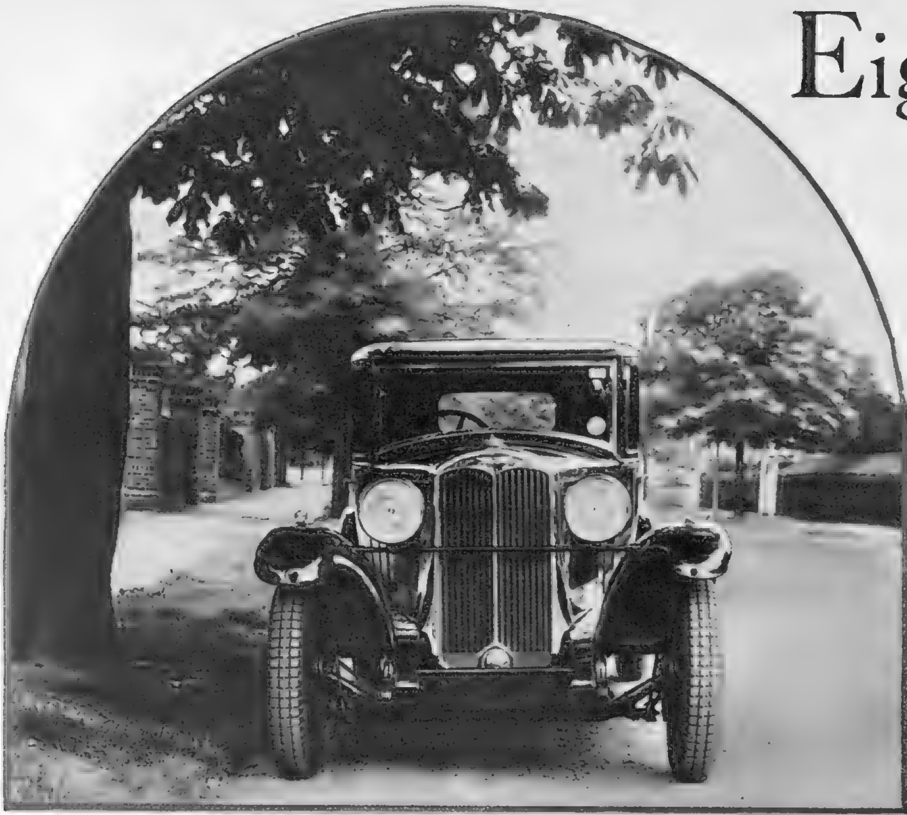
FOR years the £100 car has been the phantom dream of Motordom. It was fitting that Sir William Morris should be the first to produce it. Here is the 1932 £100 Morris Minor, which costs £125 as a saloon with sliding roof. The new radiator and rear petrol-tank are noticeable improvements

Left:

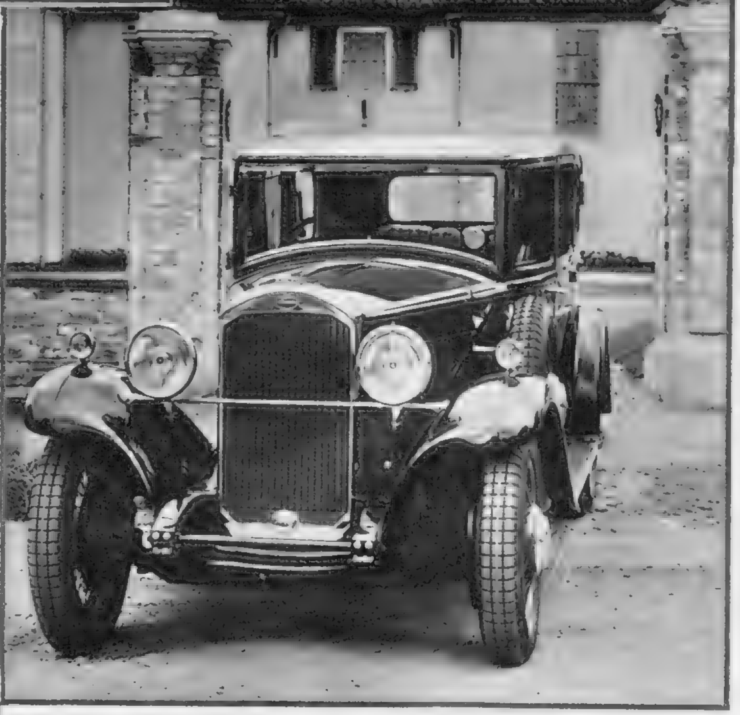
IT is not only the fact that the King and Queen rely exclusively and implicitly on Daimlers that gives a regal air of dignity and luxury to these famous cars. This imposing saloon on the 20-30-h.p. chassis, with special coachwork, belongs to his Majesty the King of Siam. The Daimler "fluid flywheel" and epicyclic four-speed gear-box represent remarkable progress in design

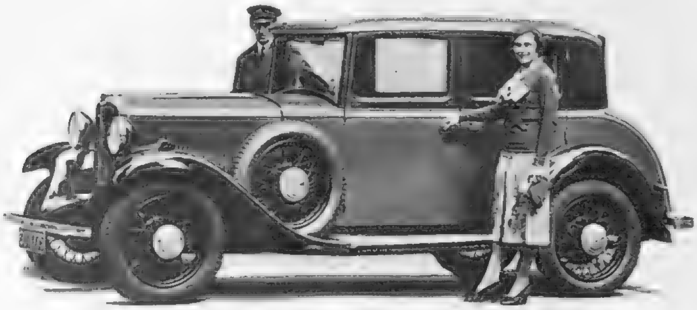
Eights *and* Sixes

Power and grace with speed and every comfort: Cars in tune with the tempo of the times



A FRONT view of the lowest-priced British Straight-Eight, the 1932 Hillman Vortic saloon, a handsome car of twenty horse-power which offers remarkable value at £375

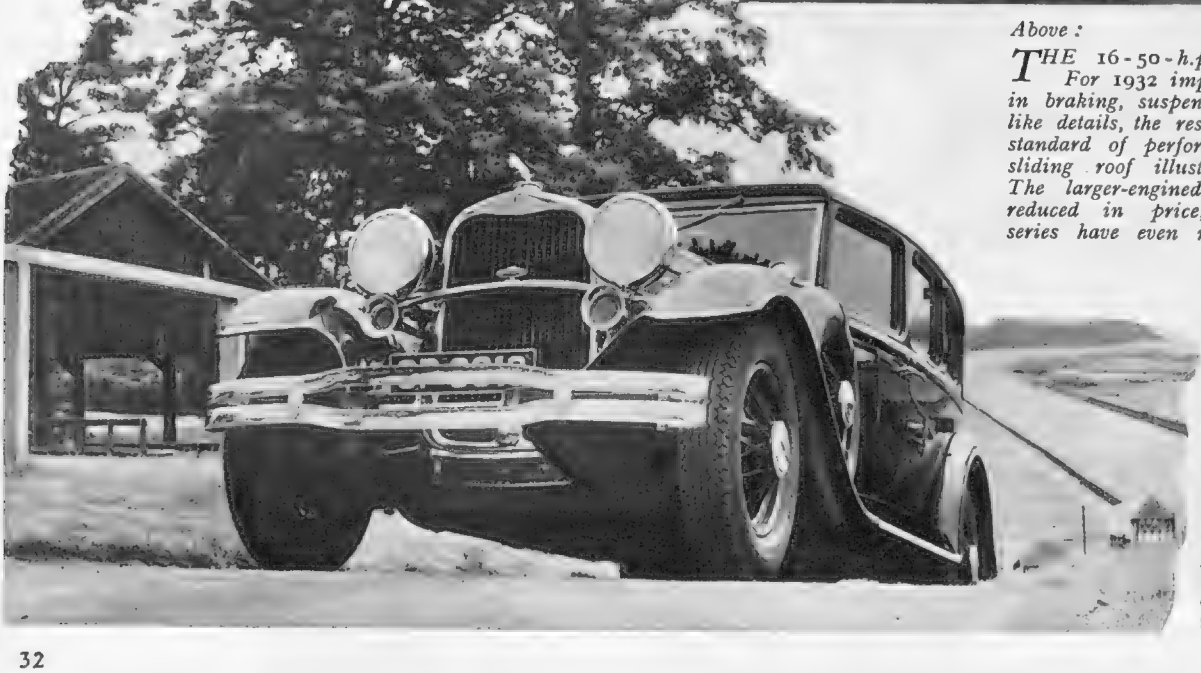




DESIGNED for world conquests, the Hillman "Wizard" is firmly established on a basis of value for money

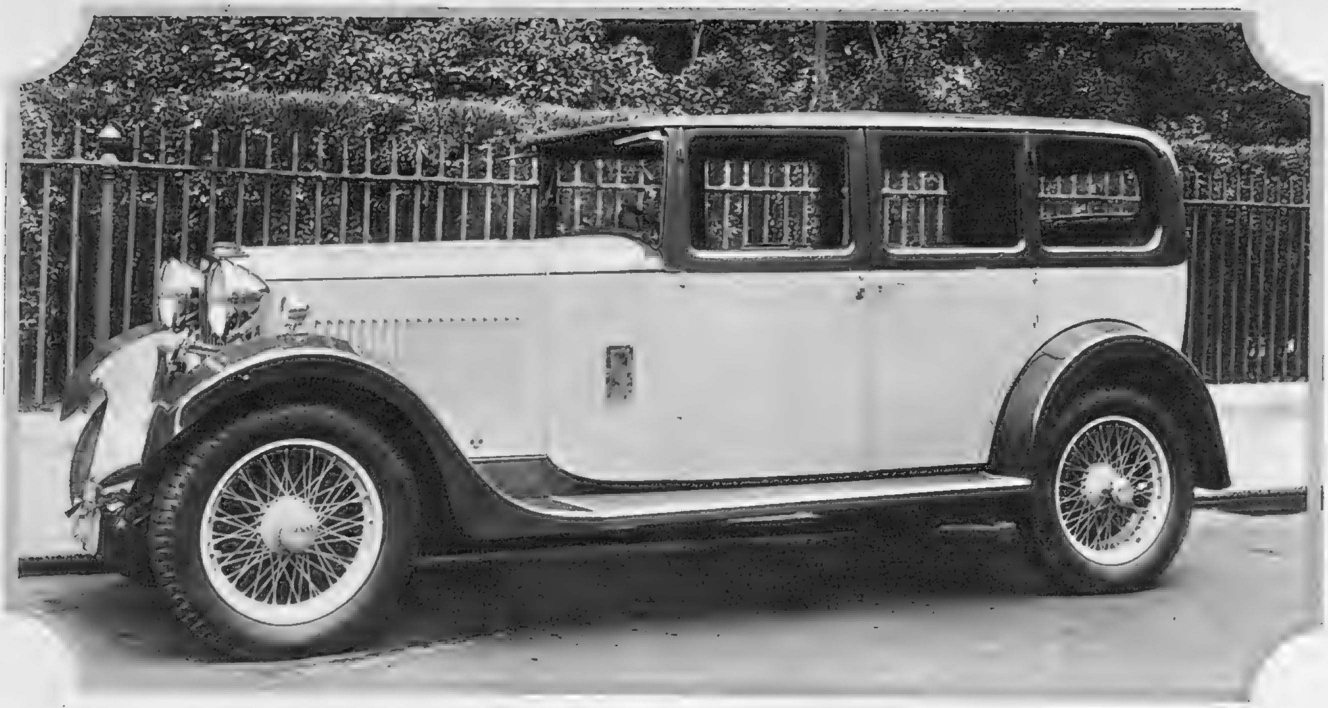
Above:

THE 16-50-h.p. six-cylinder Humber. For 1932 improvements have been made in braking, suspension, steering, and such-like details, the result being an even higher standard of performance. The saloon with sliding roof illustrated above costs £435. The larger-engined "Snipe" models are reduced in price, and the "Pullman" series have even more luxurious bodywork

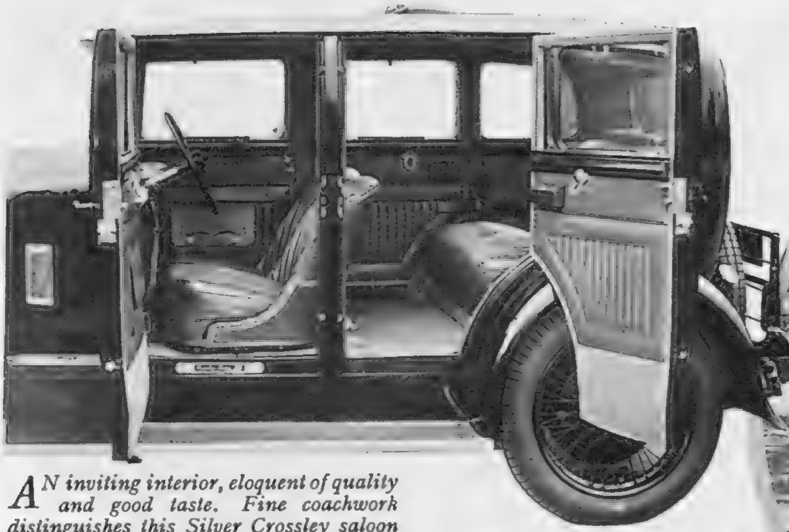


Left:

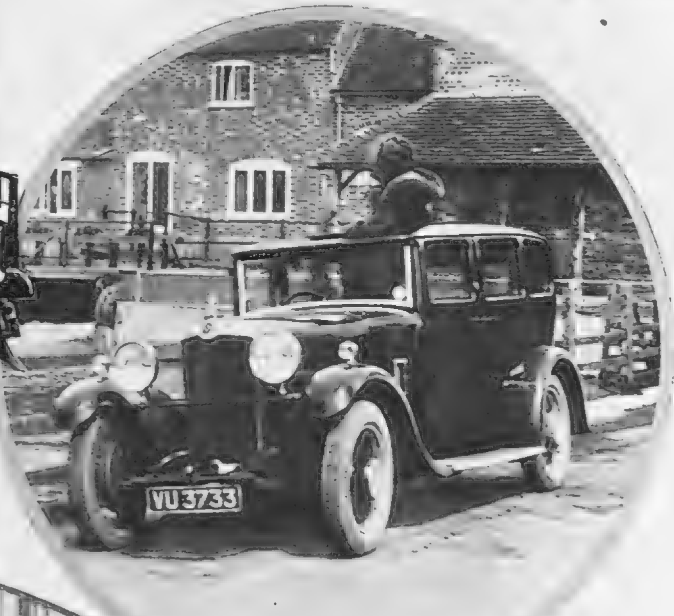
AN unusual but significant view of the new Lincoln treating the formidable test-hill at Brooklands as though it were a mere pimple! The Lincoln, as everybody knows, is a product of the Henry Ford organisation, and a luxury car built to the highest mechanical standards



SUNBEAMS have always borne the hall-mark of thoroughbred quality, and the improved 1932 models, of which this 16-h.p. saloon is a particularly fine specimen, cannot fail to enhance the reputation of a justly-famous marque

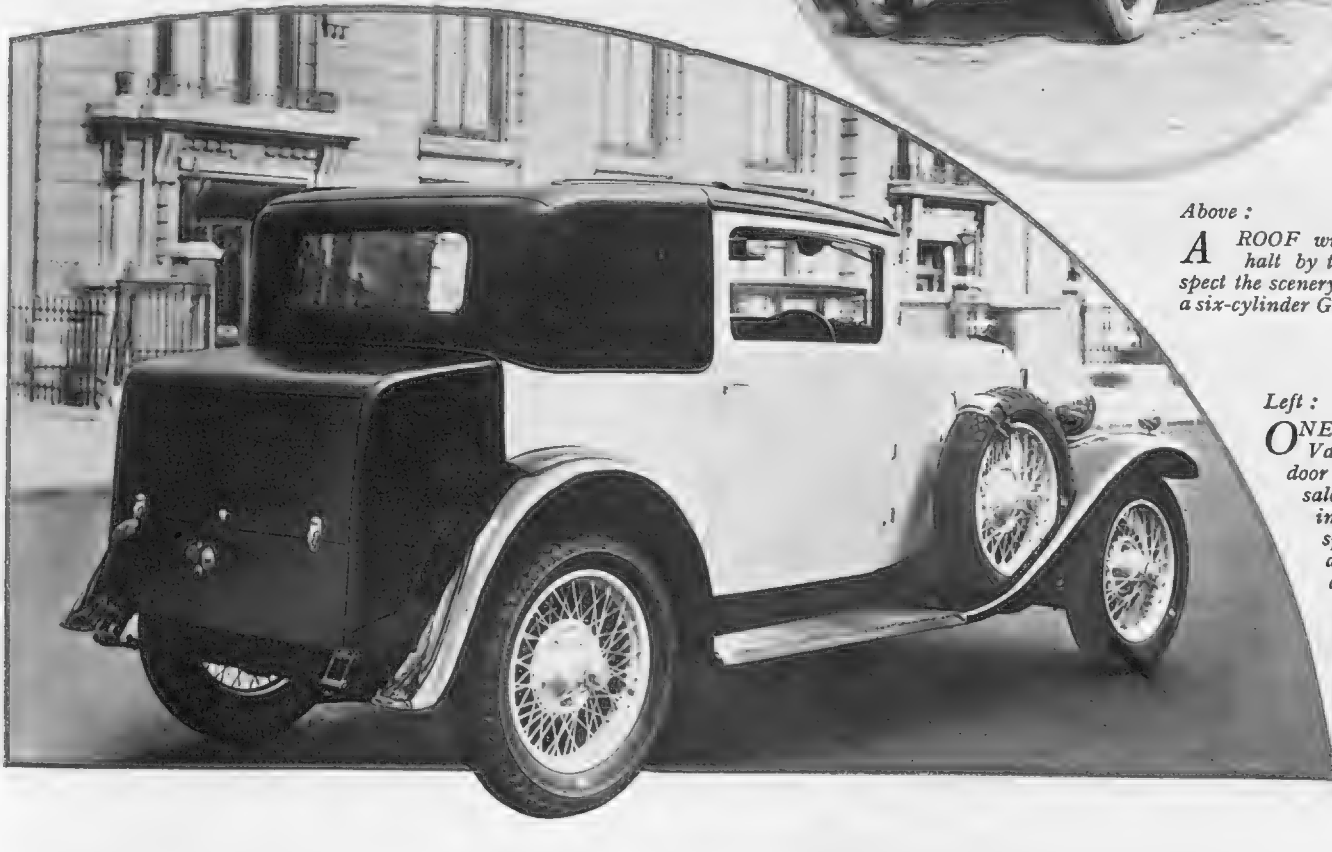


AN inviting interior, eloquent of quality and good taste. Fine coachwork distinguishes this Silver Crossley saloon



Above :

A ROOF with a view—a halt by the way to inspect the scenery. The car is a six-cylinder Golden Crossley



Left :

ONE of the 1932 Vauxhalls, a two-door close-coupled saloon with sliding roof, conspicuous for its attractive colour-scheme and built-in luggage compartment

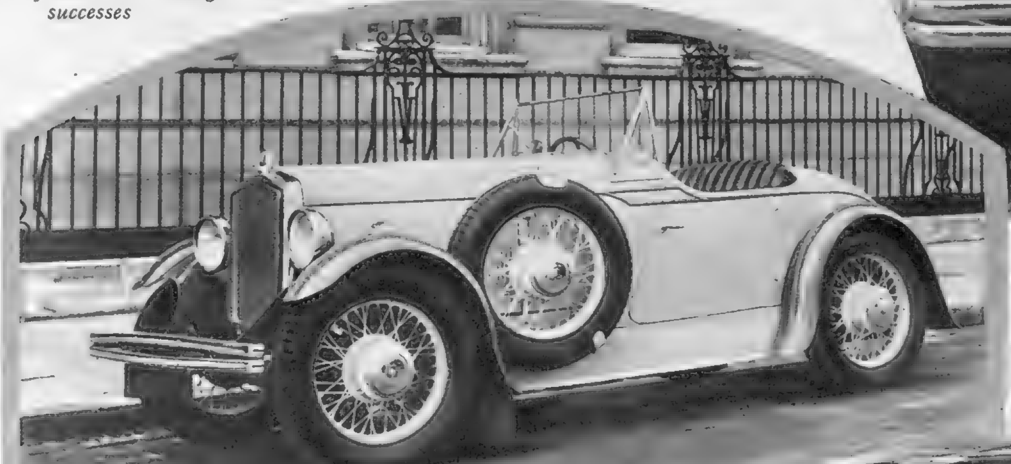
The Hey-day *of the* Small Car

Speedy and Sporting Aspects of the "Babies"

NO main road would be complete without the Austin "Seven" in the sober rôle of family pantechnicon. In speed-model form the little car has a wonderful racing record, and the power developed by the tiny engine is miraculous. This sports two-seater should catch the eye of the youthful enthusiast

THE formidable appearance of the Montlhéry Model M.G. Midget is not belied by its road-racing successes

TO the expert woman driver with an eye for smart lines, the modern small car with distinctive bodywork makes a strong appeal



Above:

WOLSELEY'S surprise-packet of last year, the Wolseley Hornet, with its compact and efficient 12-h.p. six-cylinder engine in a chassis of Lilliputian dimensions, has created a vogue in small Sixes. Several sporting bodies have been evolved for the Hornet, notably this smart "Swallow" two-seater

Right:

ANOTHER example of special coachwork, and one guaranteed to appeal to the present-day ideas of distinctive appearance, is the Austin Seven "Swallow" saloon. The lines and colour-scheme are most attractive

The Quest of the Car in 1932:

(Continued from page 30)

Since "coasting" reduces the braking power of the car, it is a good rule not to disengage the gears so long as there is any possibility of an emergency arising. Working on this basis, I should consider it an exceptional road on which I could "coast" more frequently than once in ten miles. An additional function of the free-wheel, however, is to simplify gear-changing, which it undoubtedly does.

In this connection, it will be interesting to see what further progress is being made in the development of "fool-proof" gears. So far, ever since the Ford Motor Company abandoned the epicyclic gear-box, there have been only two cars of moderate price on which the gears may be said to be literally "uncrashable." One of these has two forward speeds only, so that the man of moderate means has had to rely on one company alone to provide him with a four-speed "box" of absolute simplicity and ease of operation.

For those with a little more money to spend there has been a choice of two makes, on either of which an epicyclic four-speed gear-box is supplied in conjunction with a new device known as the "fluid flywheel." This form of transmission is the acme of simplicity, and is bound, sooner or later, to be more generally adopted. Shall we see it applied to a number of high-class chassis at Olympia this year, or confined for the present to the ambitious and progressive two?

NOW fitted with a four-speed "twin-top" gear-box, the 1932 Morris Isis saloon is an imposing car

Above:

SMART lines and a fine finish characterise the Ford Fordor saloon, which costs £215 when fitted with the 14.9 engine

A GREAT many cars, of course—possibly the majority—will be fitted with gears of the so-called "twin-top" variety. These permit of very easy changes between the top gear and that immediately below it, the result being that at least two ratios, and those which are most constantly employed, can present no difficulty even to the novice. To be able to engage even one of the lower gears with confidence and certainty must be regarded as a boon to those who are unfortunate enough to lack the "mechanical sense."

These "twin-top" "boxes," moreover, are no less acceptable to the expert driver, who will find them, apart altogether from their simplicity of operation, exceedingly pleasant in ordinary use. The ratios are generally better spaced than in an ordinary gear-box, and an exceptional degree of silence is achieved on at least one of the indirect gears.

Altogether, it should be quite an entertaining study, for those who are mechanically minded, to walk round Olympia observing the development in transmission systems alone. Great strides are being made in this department of motor-car construction, and there is good reason to think that the old-fashioned gear-box will soon be regarded as a survival from the past.

"SIXES" OR "EIGHTS"?

A MORE popular study, perhaps, will be a comparison of the various types of engine—the four-, six-, eight-, and twelve-cylinder units. The "four," except for certain purposes, is already going, and the "twelve" likewise, with a few exceptions, can be scarcely said to have arrived, so that the main battle is between the "sixes" and the "eights." At present the "six" is in high favour, but there are those who regard the eight-cylinder engine as the power-unit of the future.

According to one school of thought, the more cylinders an engine possesses, the more smoothly it is likely to run. The argument is that each individual cylinder has less work to perform, and therefore makes its presence felt to a lesser extent. Also, where eight cylinders are employed, there are four instead of two or three explosions during each revolution of the engine. These explosions, even at relatively low speeds, will be sufficiently numerous to merge into one another, thereby concealing the individual impulses and producing an effect more akin to that of the steam turbine.

Personally, however, I do not at the moment see a great future for the eight-cylinder unit. In actual practice, it will be observed that a clear majority of the world's most expensive and luxurious cars are equipped with six-cylinder engines, and I do not hesitate to say that undoubtedly the smoothest-running engine with which I am acquainted is of the six-cylinder type. I have driven some excellent "eights," but, if I were asked to name the three cars which have impressed me as being superlatively good, I should have to admit that all of them are "sixes."

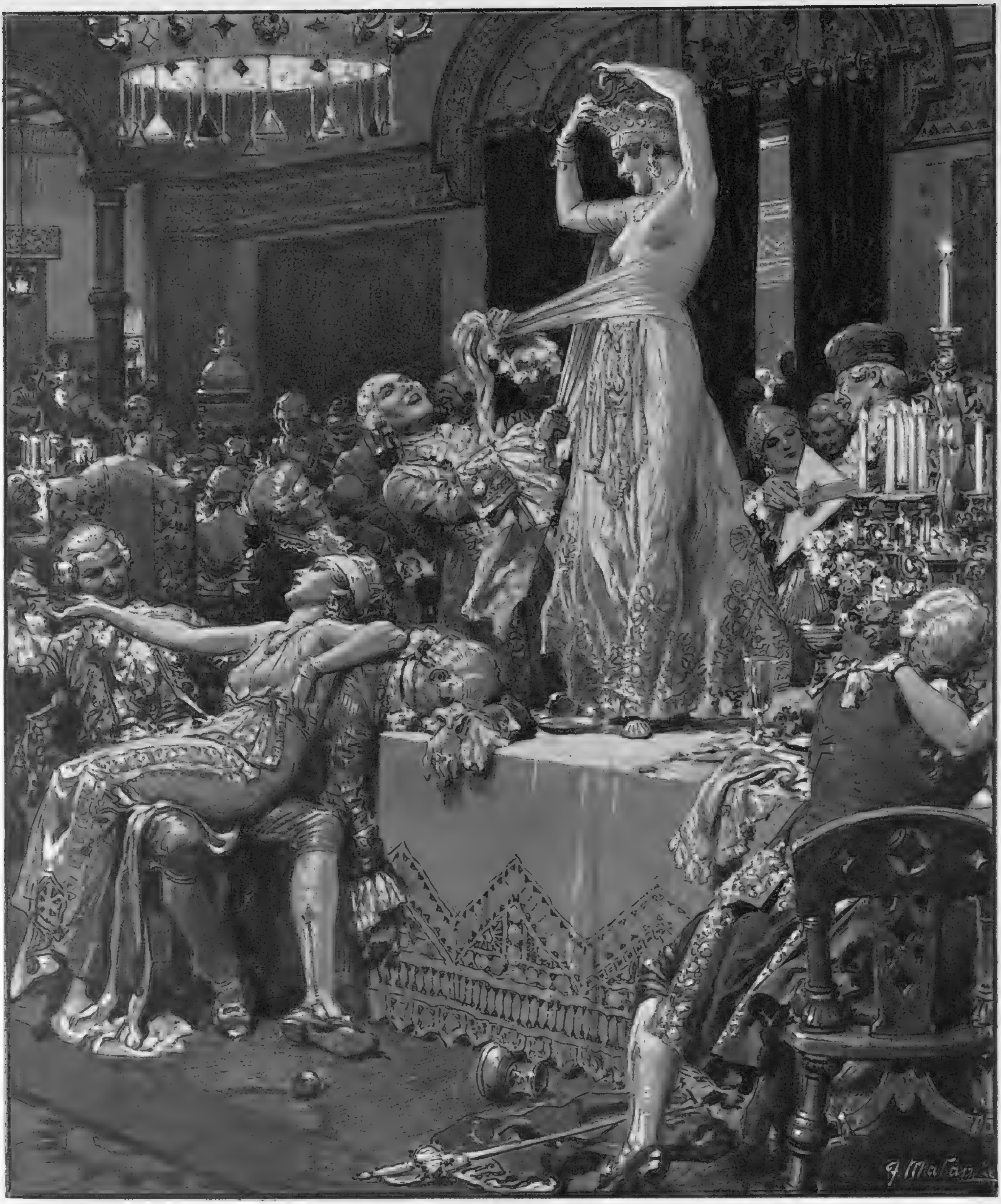
The eight-cylinder cars at Olympia will, I imagine, be mostly of the "straight-eight" type. Whether this is an ideal design is questionable, for a very long crankshaft is required—to say nothing of the extra length of bonnet. From an engineering point of view, the "'V' Eight," with its more compact design and shorter crankshaft, would seem to be preferable, and there is at least one admirable unit constructed on these lines. There are also some well-tried "double sixes," which are, as the name implies, designed in "V" formation.

For the ordinary man or woman, the small "six"

(Continued on page 92.)

Below:

THE delightfully finished interior of the new Westminster saloon (£350), perhaps the most attractive of all the 1932 Austin Sixteen-Sixes



JUVENAL in his satiric description of the women of contemporary Rome relates, as a typical instance of the cruelty and barbarism of the Latin matrons, the story of a party in a Roman villa at which the hostess produced a coffer of trinkets for her guests to admire. During the examination of the jewellery there were cries heard of a man in agony, which were dismissed by the hostess with the words, "That is nothing. It is only one of my slaves being flogged." But the Roman matrons of the Augustan age were merciful and angelic by comparison with the women who lived in Russia in the days of Catherine the Great and her demented son, the Tsar Paul the First. It was the epoch of the knout and bastinado.

> *THE women had no virtue because they understood nothing of morals. The chief qualification for a Russian gentleman was the amount of wine and spirits he could consume at a sitting*

It is difficult in these days of enlightenment to imagine the state of Russia at the close of the eighteenth century. It was a country without love and emotion. Its ruling caste was the apotheosis of cruelty, cunning, and selfishness. The women had no virtue because they understood nothing of morals. The chief qualification for a Russian gentleman was the amount of wine and spirits he could consume at a sitting. The bluer the blood, the more beastly the drunkenness.

There were millions of serfs who slaved the whole year round to keep their masters in a state of Lucullan luxury on a scale unknown in the modern

Tragedies *and* Comedies *of* History

No. 10: The Assassination of PAUL the FIRST of RUSSIA

Described by
Norman Hill

Painted by
F. Matania, R.I.

world except in old Russia. The drink-sodden, depraved noblemen rewarded the slightest inexactitude or laziness of their slaves with two hundred lashes or some equally outrageous ferocity. Men and women mixed together promiscuously at the public baths. Maiden blushes were unknown. The human body was made to possess neither secrets nor charms. Everything was sacrificed for vanity.

There is the authentic story of the old countess who carried round with her a great cage in which a shivering, deformed figure of a man could be seen through the wooden bars. He was the old hag's hairdresser. He was also a slave who possessed the secret that the aged countess wore a wig. Rather than run the risk of letting such a tit-bit of gossip be known in the fashionable world of St. Petersburg she had the unfortunate barber incarcerated in a cage, and there the unlucky wretch remained for three hideous years.

It was considered no crime to pick and steal. Every Russian of that day was a natural-born thief. It was part of the national morality that anything which was not locked up or otherwise secured could be stolen quite legitimately. And yet, in spite of the degrading conditions in which they lived, the Russian women were beautiful to look at and the men sang dreamy songs like angels.

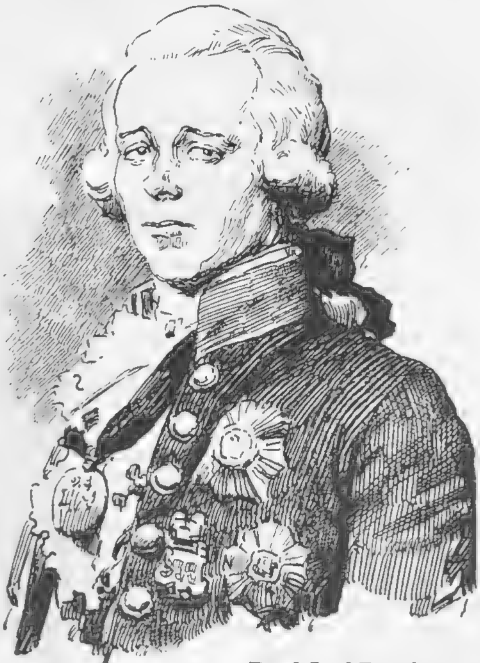
THE stage for the drama of Paul the First was set in a St. Petersburg which had cruelty for its watchword and vice for its legend.

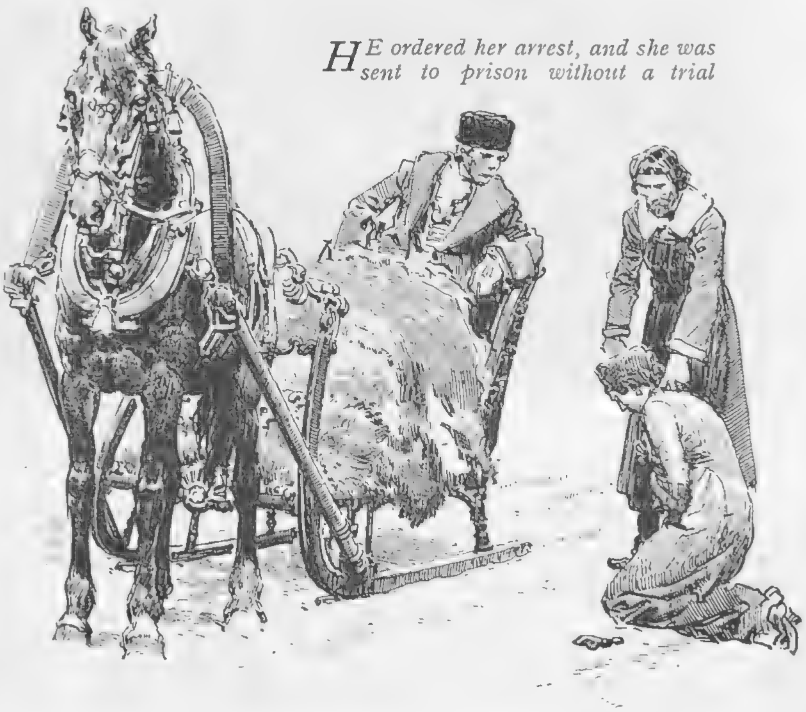
It is said that in his youth Paul was both charming and handsome. He lived to be the ugliest man in all Russia. Born in 1754, there was scandal concerning the young prince almost before the midwives had announced his delivery. His mother and father were the Grand Duchess Catherine and the Grand Duke Peter, who later reigned as Tzar and Tzarina. The gossips, however, declared that the young prince was the result of an indiscretion between his mother and a Colonel Soltykov. There was almost certainly no truth in the story, but the legend was never effectively killed even under the subsequent imperious *régime* of Catherine herself. There is no doubt that Catherine always disliked the boy, and was glad when the Empress Elizabeth, who was then all powerful in Russia, took an interest in him and arranged for his upbringing.

Young Paul did not prove a very apt pupil, and a devastating attack of typhus resulted in a soured disposition and a ruined complexion. While still a youth he showed himself suspicious and full of intrigue, and there may be a certain amount of truth in the reports that Catherine would have put the weakling to death if she had not been terrified of a scandal. Her court was dissolute enough without having the crime of infanticide added to its sorry record.

It was about this time that the Empress Elizabeth died and Catherine became Empress. Her husband, Peter III, had always hated and feared her, and after their accession offended the crude sentiments of the Russian people by openly intriguing against her. The people and the army took the side of the Tzarina, and eventually certain mutinous officers removed him from the throne. The ex-Tsar then retired to the country, where his death was officially reported after a week or two from "apoplexy." Apoplexy was a favourite method in Russia of ridding the great ones of men and women who had become dangerous or obnoxious. Rumour pointed in the direction of Catherine as the authoress of this attack of "apoplexy," and it was only her skill and power which prevailed against public scandal.

THE career of the great Catherine is well known. Few women have combined complete lack of restraint in private life with such consummate ability in public affairs. She did nothing by halves. Love, hate, intrigue, passion, all received their full measure from this extraordinary combination of hoyden, flirt, termagant, harlot and blue-stocking. She paid very little attention to her son's career. His first bride, a princess of Darmstadt, died in childbirth; but during the period of his wife's delivery Catherine had permitted her son to attend meetings of the council of state! No sooner had the unfortunate woman been buried than Catherine produced a second bride in the person of Dorothea of Würtemberg, who, on


Paul I of Russia

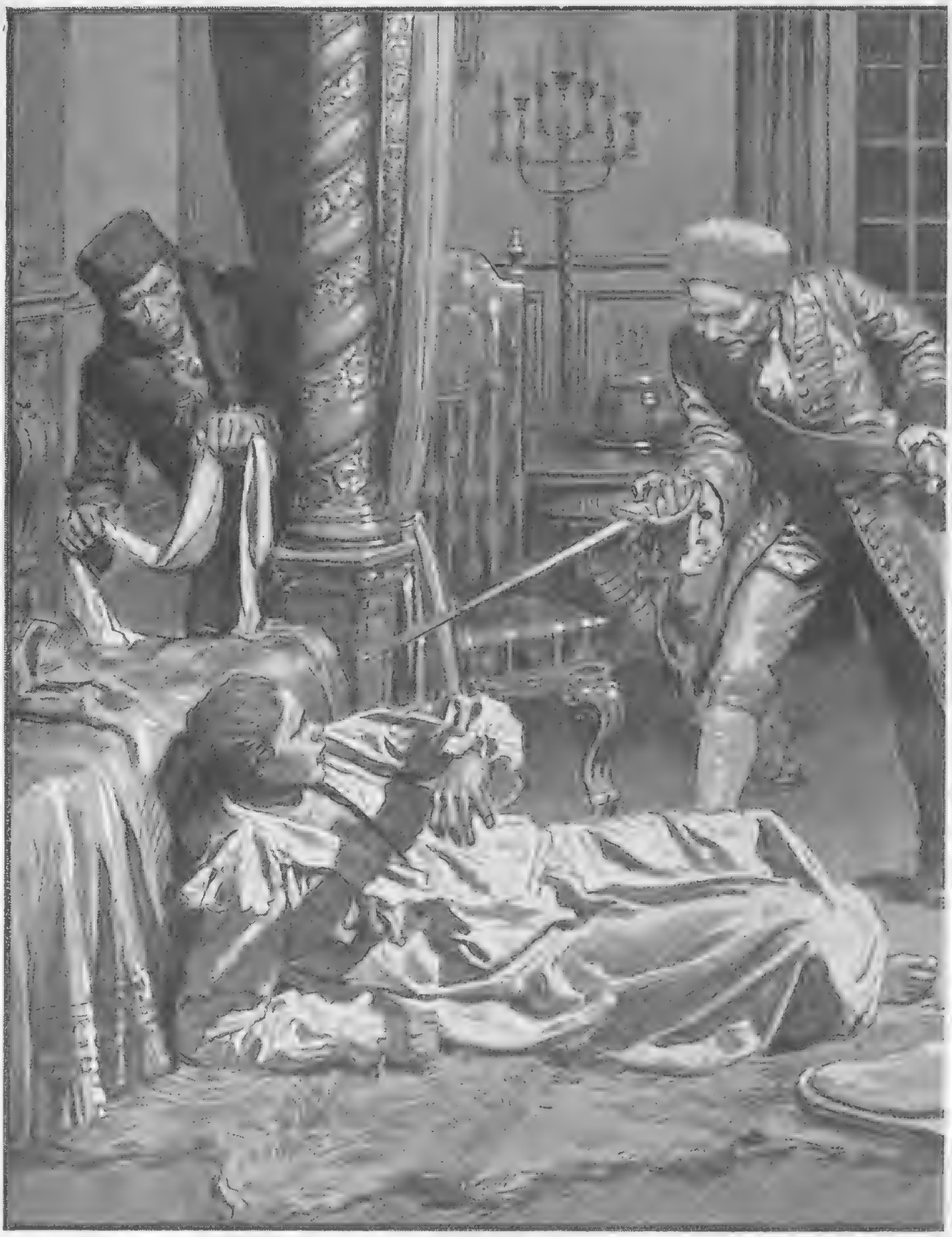

HE ordered her arrest, and she was sent to prison without a trial

arrival in Russia, was ordered to change her name to Maria Feodorovna. She gave birth to a son Alexander, and as a mark of imperial esteem the couple were given permission to make a trip through certain of the countries of Western Europe. This was almost the only concession made to the prince and princess during the Empress's lifetime, for on their return they found their personal revenues cut down, and Paul was sent to a small palace at Gatchina, where he was given a brigade of soldiers to play with.

At this time Paul began to show himself as a crafty, shiftless man without scruples or affections. He treated his wife abominably, and took a succession of mistresses, generally women of the common people without breeding or natural culture. He delighted in insulting his wife before his personal suite, and her life at Gatchina became a succession of years of humiliation and degradation. No pretty girl was safe in the presence of Prince Paul. His other principal amusement was to order his unhappy serfs to be knouted. His brigade of troops had to be on parade the greater part of the day, and the Tzarewitch himself drilled them according to the discipline books of Frederick of Prussia. His decrees and antics showed that he was on the verge of insanity, and Russia anticipated his reign with dread.

There is no doubt that if Catherine in her declining years had taken either the drastic step of conniving at his assassination or else putting him on one side in favour of her grandson Alexander, whom she liked and admired, the people would have been with her. But she hesitated in the way that great people have in their later years, and as she died —also of apoplexy, although in her case a natural attack—she shrieked in anguish that Paul was to succeed her as the Emperor of All the Russias. It was indeed a case of *jacta est alea*. Russia entered on four and a half of the most momentous and tumultuous years of her disturbed history.

The madness of Paul demonstrated itself in a curious fashion in those first weeks of his short and bloody reign. During his life of comparative exile at Gatchina he had held little communication with the court, and he came to St. Petersburg almost a stranger. He remembered that during a visit to Riga in the days of his disgrace he had been well received by Count Pahlen, a local nobleman. In fact, the conduct of this Courland aristocrat could not have been more exemplary if Paul had been Tzarewitch in fact as well as in name. He now reaped the reward of his courtesy by being called to the capital, and St. Petersburg was obliged to pay attention to Count Pahlen, who was appointed the supreme governor of the city and the Tzar's right hand. This gesture was followed by one of even greater import. He remembered that the great Polish patriot Kosciusko was a state prisoner in St. Petersburg. The new Tzar, who had himself been practically a prisoner until the death of his mother made him autocrat over a hundred million people, went in person to the room where Kosciusko, still suffering from his wounds, was held in detention. He gave the patriot his freedom and sent him into voluntary exile in Switzerland with one hundred thousand roubles in his pocket. Russia gasped. Surely here was a benevolent young ruler. The stories of his mode of living at Gatchina were obviously wrong.



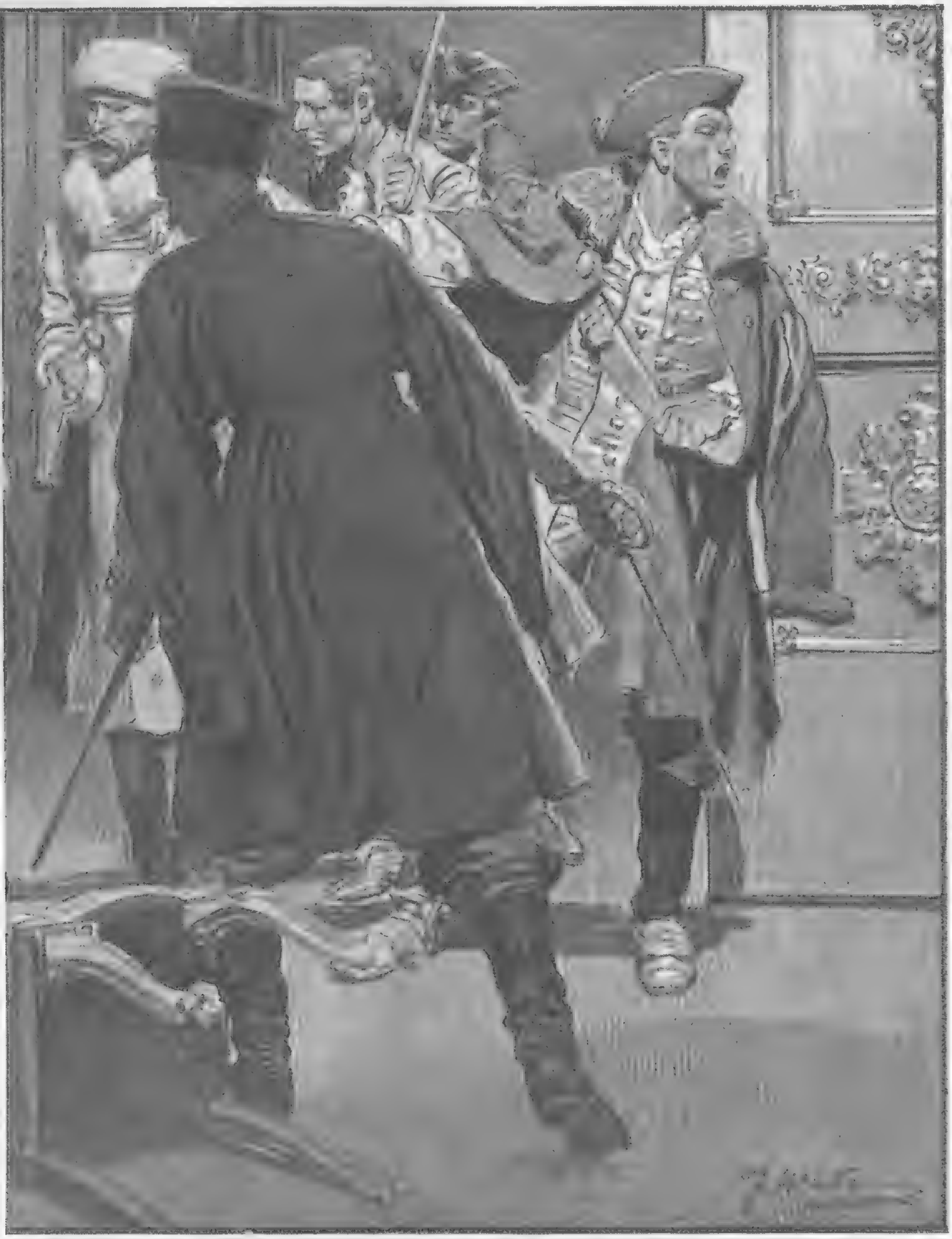
BUT by this time the patience of the
for ever unknown, seized a sash and

HIS next act was even more amazing. He decided to honour the memory of his late father, the Emperor Peter III. He had been buried with no more ceremony than that of a Russian nobleman of ordinary rank. This did not satisfy the new Tzar. He realised that for thirty-five years it had been treason even to mention the dead Emperor's name in the streets and drawing-rooms of the capital. He would change that. He would make all St. Petersburg go and worship his father's bones.

Psychologists will certainly see in this latest action the tragic working of a diseased mind.

Paul went himself to the convent of St. Alexander Nieuski, where his father had been obscurely buried. The bones were disinterred and the coffin opened. The new Emperor snatched a glove from the hand of the skeleton and ostentatiously embraced it. He then had the coffin brought to the palace with stately ceremony and the body of the Emperor was placed on a huge catafalque close to the remains of the Empress Catherine. The whole affair was fantastic, and it reached the dimensions of absurdity when the Tzar had his father's coffin solemnly crowned, because Peter III had died before there had been time for his coronation. He also sought out the only faithful retainer his father had had in his brief exile, made him a general and put him in charge of the mausoleum which he had built to harbour the imperial remains.

Paul I even found time to display a little affection for his wife, Maria Feodorovna, the woman he had treated with contumely during the greater part of their life together. He doubled her personal allowance and admitted her occasionally to his own private room.



conspirators was exhausted. One of them, wound it round the neck of the mad Emperor

IT was some little time before the true character of Paul I emerged from that ugly wizened frame. It began with the rescinding of the decrees that absolved free-born Russians from corporal punishment. Almost at the same time Paul began to strike soldiers on parade who offended him across the face with a riding whip.

At Gatchina, when he was drilling his brigade in the German style, Paul developed an insane love of the barrack square. Now he was Tzar and had whole armies to command. As the weeks went by the daily drill outside the royal palace became the most important function in the empire. The Tzar attended it personally, and often his cracked voice could be heard giving orders to the formations nearest at hand. His inhumanity expressed itself in the long hours in which he compelled the wooden-faced soldiery to march up and down executing fantastic manœuvres of a kind never known before. The Emperor seldom wore a coat, and decided that the officers and men also had no need of furs or extra covering even in the depths of a Russian winter. Dozens of men were carried from the barrack square suffering from frostbite and severe cold, but their agonised faces merely amused this human fiend. Every day he devised little variations in uniform, and if, on the following morning, any officer appeared without having changed his dress according to the latest whim of the Emperor, he was either reduced to the ranks or else sent to a disciplinary regiment in Asia.

But it was not only on the parade ground that the madness of the new Emperor found expression. He extended his insanities to the public life of St. Petersburg. There had been an old decree which forced every Russian nobleman to descend from his carriage and kneel on the ground at the passing of the reigning emperor and his sons. It had been allowed to fall into abeyance as unnecessary and impracticable. Paul thought otherwise and revived it.

He found a new pastime. He used to drive through St. Petersburg at unexpected hours, expecially if the weather was bad, just to watch unfortunate noblemen and their wives get out of their sleighs and kneel in obeisance in the snow or mud as he went by. Any omission to observe this new edict meant imprisonment, and a story is told in contemporary memoirs of a young wife of a gallant gentleman who had come to St. Petersburg after a long absence to seek the services of a physician for her sick husband. She knew nothing of the new regulations and was unlucky to pass the Tzar making one of his periodic excursions through the capital. Paul was furious when he noticed the woman's equipage go by without halting. He ordered her arrest, and she was sent to prison without a trial.

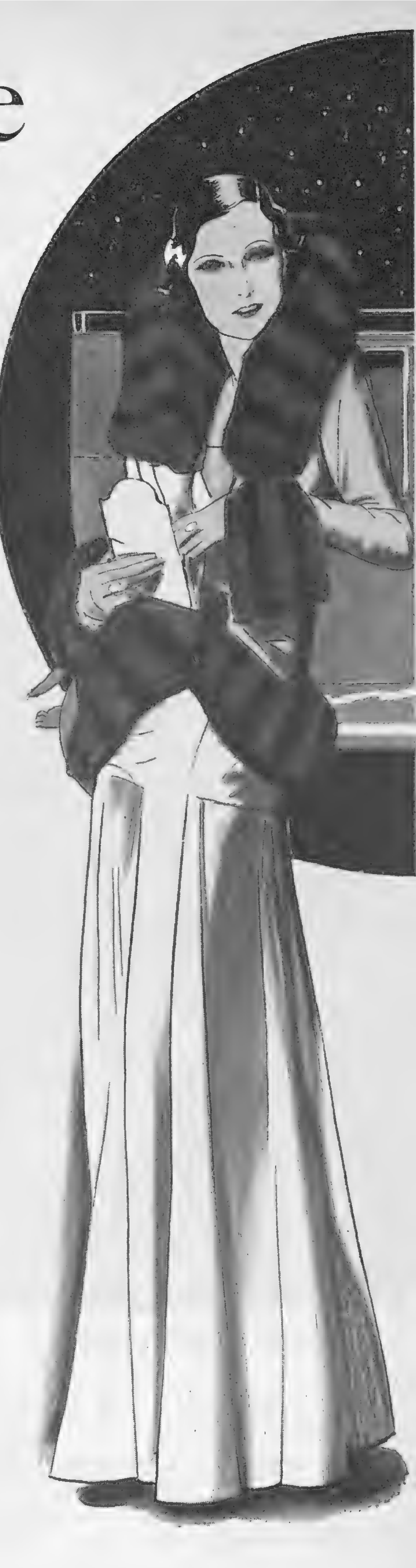
EVERY extravagance, both cruel and exasperating, was forced on the unhappy population. One day the Tzar decided that all the sleigh drivers in St. Petersburg should shave their beards. Those who refrained from obeying the order started for Siberia the following day. On another occasion an officer was seen wearing his sword in a fashion which the Tzar had forbidden the previous day. He was reduced to the ranks and given a flogging. His servant was promoted to a commission.

Count Pahlen remained a seemingly helpless spectator of this succession of outrages, sentences and executions. He knew that he alone held the confidence of the mad autocrat along with an obscure Turkish barber, Kutaisoff, who had suddenly found himself promoted to one of the principal offices at the court. Pahlen had replaced the Grand Duke Alexander as the Governor of St. Petersburg, for the boy's singlemindedness and honesty had failed to overcome the distrust of his insane father.

It was obvious there could be no love between Pahlen *(Continued on page 124)*

“Can’t we

DORINDA had to choose—between Alec, who was just “Alec,” and Teddy, who, somehow, was “the Millionaire.” The Other Woman and a Murder Case didn’t make things easier, but in the end Dorinda’s question—“Can’t we be friends?”—was the Right One for the Wrong One



WHEN the taxicab stopped before Dorinda’s flat the millionaire paid it off and stood for a moment in silence, looking at Dorinda. Her rose-coloured coat was wrapped tightly around a very slender shape. Her small, dark, curly head was set deep in the huge fur collar which obscured almost entirely her lovely throat. She fumbled for her latch-key in her little French bag and said:

“Well, thank you so much. It’s been a lovely evening. I have enjoyed myself.”

“Aren’t you going to offer me a drink?” pleaded the millionaire. “It’s hardly past one o’clock.”

She laughed: “Come in for a few minutes, if you like, but I warn you I’m feeling rather stupid and tired.”

They went in together and up the flight of stairs leading to the converted garage rooms in a Mayfair mews. The one maid, before going home to her husband, had put the letters by the last post in a little pile on a table. And at sight of the topmost envelope, Dorinda’s heart seemed to leap and plunge. How long was it since she had stopped looking for that familiar hand?

She was instantly mistress of herself. Why shouldn’t she be, since she was thirty and, so she frankly asserted, on the make? She gave no second glance to her post, but went and got the drinks, directing the millionaire to switch on the electric fire. They sat down opposite each other, their knees nearly touching, one each side of the hearth, in the deep, soft colour of the rose armchairs. She fumbled in her bag again and examined her charming face in a tiny mirror. From that she gazed across at the hardly less charming face of the millionaire. He was almost as presentable as he was rich, a man of 35, tall, well made, well featured, amusing and strong.

“Gosh! It’s nice to be sitting here with you!” he said. “Let’s have a cigarette together.” And he held out his case. She smiled and took one. He lit it for her.

“Thank you, Teddy.”

“Have you enjoyed this evening? Because I have—so much.”

“Oh! I’ve loved it.”

“Do you like coming out with me?”

“Well now, guess. What do you think? Of course I do! You take one out so well—and—and—you’re so awfully kind to me, do you know?”

“Dorinda, anybody would be kind to you!”

She laughed. “Would they! What a lot you know! Well, for all that, people aren’t always as kind as you think at first, and there have been people who have not been kind to me.”

She said this rather matter-of-factly than otherwise, but to him there seemed to be both courage and pathos in the words. And she looked very lovely leaning back in the chair, her rose-coloured coat still wrapped about her, but slipping away from her white, smooth shoulders, her white, close-fitting, daring dress; her mysterious flower face lit up by the rose-shaded lights. He drew his chair a little closer, leant forward and clasped her hand. She gave his a little squeeze, then swiftly withdrew her own to play with her cigarette.

“You mustn’t start being sorry for me. I’ve got nice friends, a nice father, nice clothes, a nice flat. Why shouldn’t I be happy—why should anyone be sorry for me?”

“My dear, you’ve had such a hard life.”

“Well, I don’t know.”

“Your husband’s death——”

“But I didn’t love him.”

“The man you were engaged to——”

“But I don’t love him now.”

He said reproachfully, “But you did.”

She laughed again. “Why bring that up? That was a year ago.”

SHE did not seem preoccupied; her eyes did not stray to the topmost letter of the last post. But all the time she was asking herself: “Why has he written? Why has he written? After a year? Is it possible that he has heard about the millionaire and is jealous that I didn’t just stay put?”

She thought suddenly that she wished she could get out of the habit of thinking of Teddy as the millionaire. It sounded so cynical and sordid. Of course he had been just the millionaire to begin with; that had been the point of him. That was why she had taken the trouble to start with him. He was a millionaire, yet he was creditable and attractive. He was a millionaire, yet he was unmarried and attracted. But now it was different. He was such a dear, such a charming companion, so sweet. Really she ought to think of him as Teddy!

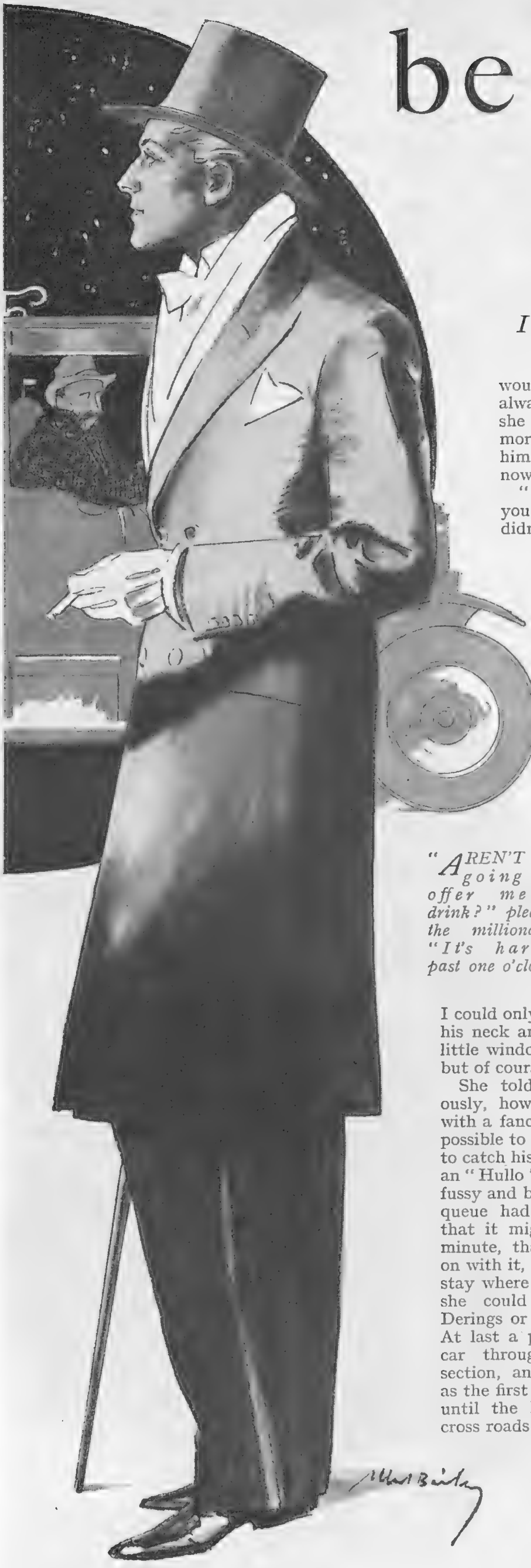
“You’ve not seen him since a year ago?” asked Teddy, a little jealously.

A great desire to talk about Alec came over Dorinda. Teddy was only just the right amount jealous. He

be Friends?"

By Theodora Benson

Illustrated by Albert Bailey



"*AREN'T you going to offer me a drink?" pleaded the millionaire. "It's hardly past one o'clock*"

wouldn't be stupidly so. . He always understood. Besides, she didn't love Alec any more. She could talk about him and enjoy it quite safely now.

"Only once, Teddy, and you'd hardly count it, for he didn't see me. I caught a glimpse of him at a race meeting about three months ago. I was with Jack Hepburn, and as we were leaving, there, stuck still in the queue, was Alec—in the car in front. It was a big limousine, and he was sitting in the middle of the front seat between Kitty Duveen and Kay Dering, with Charles Dering opposite—at least I suppose he was, for he'd been with them at the races and he was sitting between two women. I could only see the back of his head, his neck and shoulders through the little window at the rear of the car, but of course I knew it was he."

She told Teddy frankly, humorously, how she had been obsessed with a fancy to attract his notice, if possible to speak to him, at any rate to catch his eye. Why not exchange an "Hullo"? But Jack had been all fussy and bothered. Every time the queue had stopped he had urged that it might go on again at any minute, that he would have to go on with it, that she had much better stay where she was, and that surely she could write to the Charles Derings or ring them up that night. At last a policeman let the Dering car through as the last of one section, and halted Jack's Bentley as the first of the next. Afterwards, until the Bentley had passed the cross roads where the Derings would turn off, she had hoped in vain to overtake Alec and wave.

As she told all this to Teddy, frankly, humorously, she felt again as she had felt that day. She experienced again quite vividly the curiosity, the longing, the sensation—hunger; the experimental desire to waken the old wound or test its healing; the reaching after emotion, nearly any emotion, for its own sake, almost independently of kind or quality, which is, perhaps, particularly feminine. She felt restless again with that tantalised obsession, but she finished airily: "And that's all I've seen of Alec for a full year. A splendid view of the back of his neck—I can bear him witness, it was beautifully clean!"

Teddy said, very gently, a little vaguely, "My poor darling!"

"Well," replied Dorinda with a touch of asperity, "it's not very polite to speak as though you thought I loved him. You might at least pretend to believe that it was mutual consent!"

And they both laughed. She thought to herself, "Mutual consent! Ye gods, mutual consent!" And he resumed gravely:

"There are two reasons why I feel sure you don't love him. *One*, that I cannot imagine any man wanting to leave you before you had finished with him. *Two*, that I have been so daring as to hope ——"

She interrupted. She had indeed planned that Teddy should propose that night, but that had been before she had seen Alec's letter. Now, after all, she was not ready. She could not concentrate until she had read that letter. She cried: "But you mustn't be daring at nearly two o'clock a.m.! Remember, I have to be at the shop by half-past nine as usual tomorrow!" And she jumped up and pulled him to his feet and called up a taxicab rank. And he promised to ring her up at her shop in the morning and arrange when she would see him, and she gave him a gay, sweet good-night and let him out into the street.

AFTER Dorinda had closed the door on Teddy she stood for perhaps five seconds looking at it and thinking of him, of his kindness, his gentleness, his reliability, his fine looks and his good-humoured charm. Why, she demanded almost bitterly, couldn't Alec leave her alone now that at last things were going well with her? So with that thought she turned to her post, hesitantly now—she who had been on fire for it before. She laid that topmost letter aside and went through the rest. Then she turned it over in her hands, staring at it, reluctant to break the spell of speculation and suspense.

She remembered that Alec too was sometimes very kind, not firmly stable like Teddy, but kind for all that. He had been kind to her once; he had been so sorry for her, and all he could ever think of to do for a woman he was sorry for was to make her love him, and then love her himself for a little while. Well, Louise could manage him; Louise had kept him marking time ever since. To think that she herself had produced, extolled Louise! But in a way rightly so. She was too good for him, but if she would only make up her mind at last to divorce her husband, she would suit him very well. Louise, Dorinda told herself, was the only really fine person who had ever attracted him. She had such undefeated courage and integrity, such fineness of perception and taste and that boundless sense of humour, so much better than Dorinda's own, which especially appealed to Alec. But how she must have suffered before she had learnt to be witty about her husband, herself and her home!

Turning the letter over in her hands, Dorinda thought no longer of Louise. She thought of herself putting on a new dance dress and dancing shoes for Alec. She thought of herself sitting in flowery meadows with Alec's head in her lap.

THIS softened, melting mood was no mood in which to deal with him. These were not the reminiscences with which she should steel her heart to read the letter that shattered a year's silence. She would first recall her old indignation, the humiliation she had felt. And with this thought in mind she laid down the envelope still unopened and fetched the marquetry box where his old letters lay. For she wanted to banish the softened, melting mood with his very last letter—the last but for the scrap he had enclosed with the presents which she had returned him and which he had sent back again, just saying, "Don't be silly, darling. These were simply trifles from a friend to a friend. Au revoir.—A." twelve months ago!

It lay on top, his last letter. She picked it up and read it through. She could remember still the icy shock of the opening words.

"Dorinda, dear," he had written, "can't we be friends? I never shall forget how sweet you've always been to me, but it's no good spoiling a thing, is it, by dragging it on when it's done? I meant to tell you last night, but you were so tired with your headache and all, I wanted to cheer and comfort you instead. But, beloved, I'm in love with Louise—one can't help oneself, can one? And this time it's the real thing. I like to think how much you like her too. I've sometimes felt lately that you yourself were tired of it and would be glad to end it if you knew how. So, Dorinda sweet, can't we be friends? Bless you, my dear. Alec."

"P.S.—I don't know at all what Louise will have to say to me, but I had to be honest with you."

His idea of being friends had been never to see her again. Well, rightly enough, perhaps. And with this she opened that night's letter and read as follows.

"Dorinda—Why have you never done anything about me all this long while? Why can't we be friends? I could have sworn you were a real friend, but they're few and hardly come by, it would seem. If I sound cynical it's that I've been rather agin the world lately. I know really you're the most loyal, generous person alive.

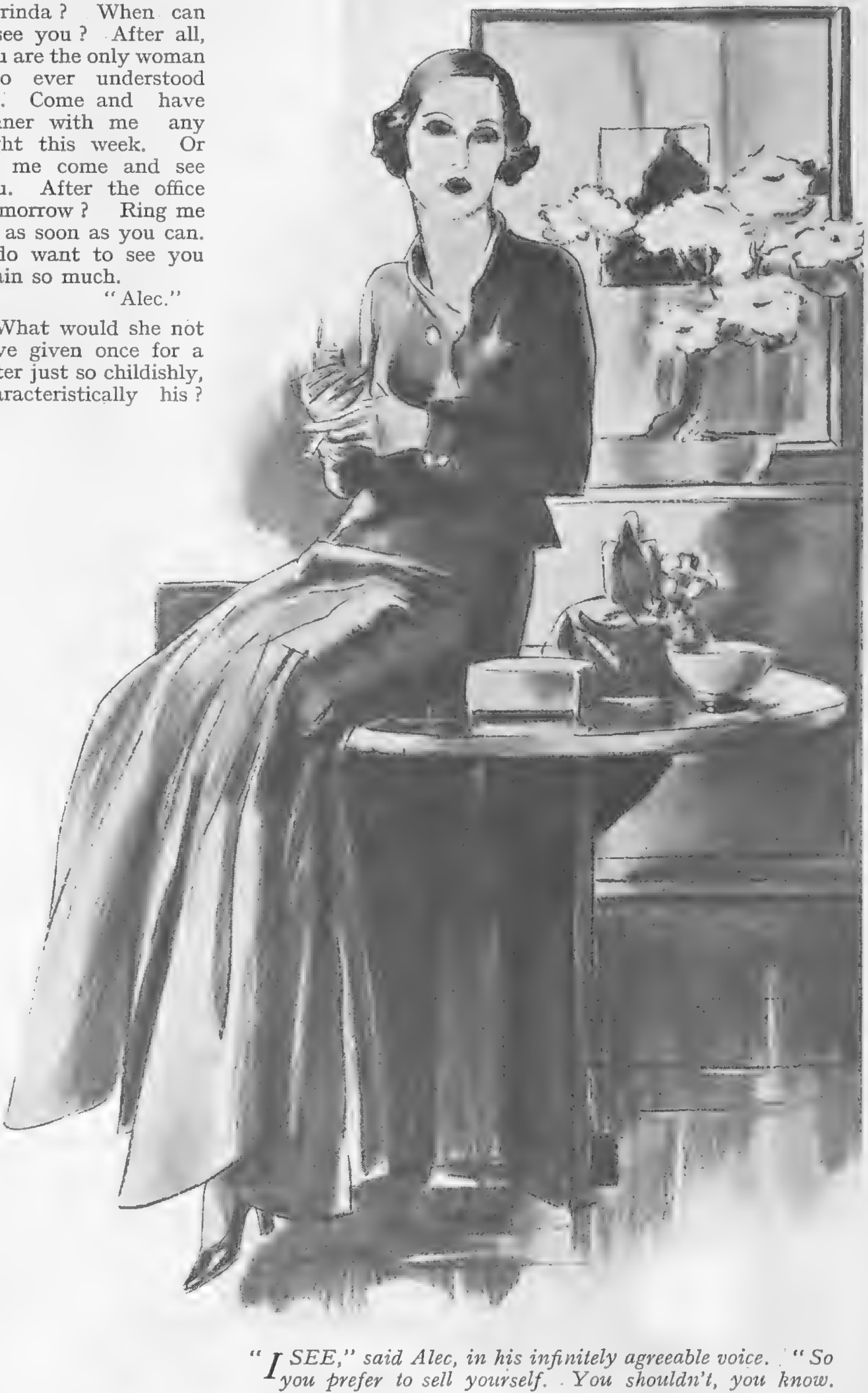
"Well, here's my news, if it still interests you. I've had no luck since we said good-bye. Louise and I have had row after row lately. Her husband won't let her divorce him, the swine, when she could have done it three times over earlier, and took him back three times to begin again—and now she's definitely and finally decided she won't be divorced herself because of keeping the child. Well, we can't go on like this, and we've said good-bye. It's got to be one thing or the other now. A lot she cares for me anyway if she won't marry me. And Juan's lamed himself, and the mare's taken to refusing (it goes with the sex!), and not a gamble has come off this year, and I've had 'flu, and my friends only like me because I'm well-off and gay, and I'm 35, and I've wasted my life and opportunity never comes twice.

"Can't we be friends, Dorinda? When can I see you? After all, you are the only woman who ever understood me. Come and have dinner with me any night this week. Or let me come and see you. After the office to-morrow? Ring me up as soon as you can. I do want to see you again so much.

"Alec."

What would she not have given once for a letter just so childishly, characteristically his?

And now on a great surge of relief she realised that it was nothing, nothing at all. Though she had loved him, far more than she would ever love Teddy, she would never love him again, and it was Teddy she loved now. She saw herself as Teddy's wife, so happy, so safe and happy. And in her relief and gratitude that he could never hurt her any more, she felt a new and different tenderness for Alec. Dear, absurd, attractive Alec, so intelligent—such a fool. What promises of eternal fidelity had she not made him once! All, all now to be broken. Well, then, for the sake of the past—for it had once been a lovely past—she must break these promises gently. No need to be revengeful now that the world was going so very well with her. She would see him (was that kindness



"I SEE," said Alec, in his infinitely agreeable voice. "So you prefer to sell yourself. You shouldn't, you know. You're not the type. You'll be sorry all your days"

or curiosity ?) and make it clear in whatever way seemed least hurtful to his vanity that she would not start up the old affair again. Then, if he really did still want to be friends, she would rather like that! She felt very fond of him in the joy and triumph of finding that she was free of his power forever and loved him no more.

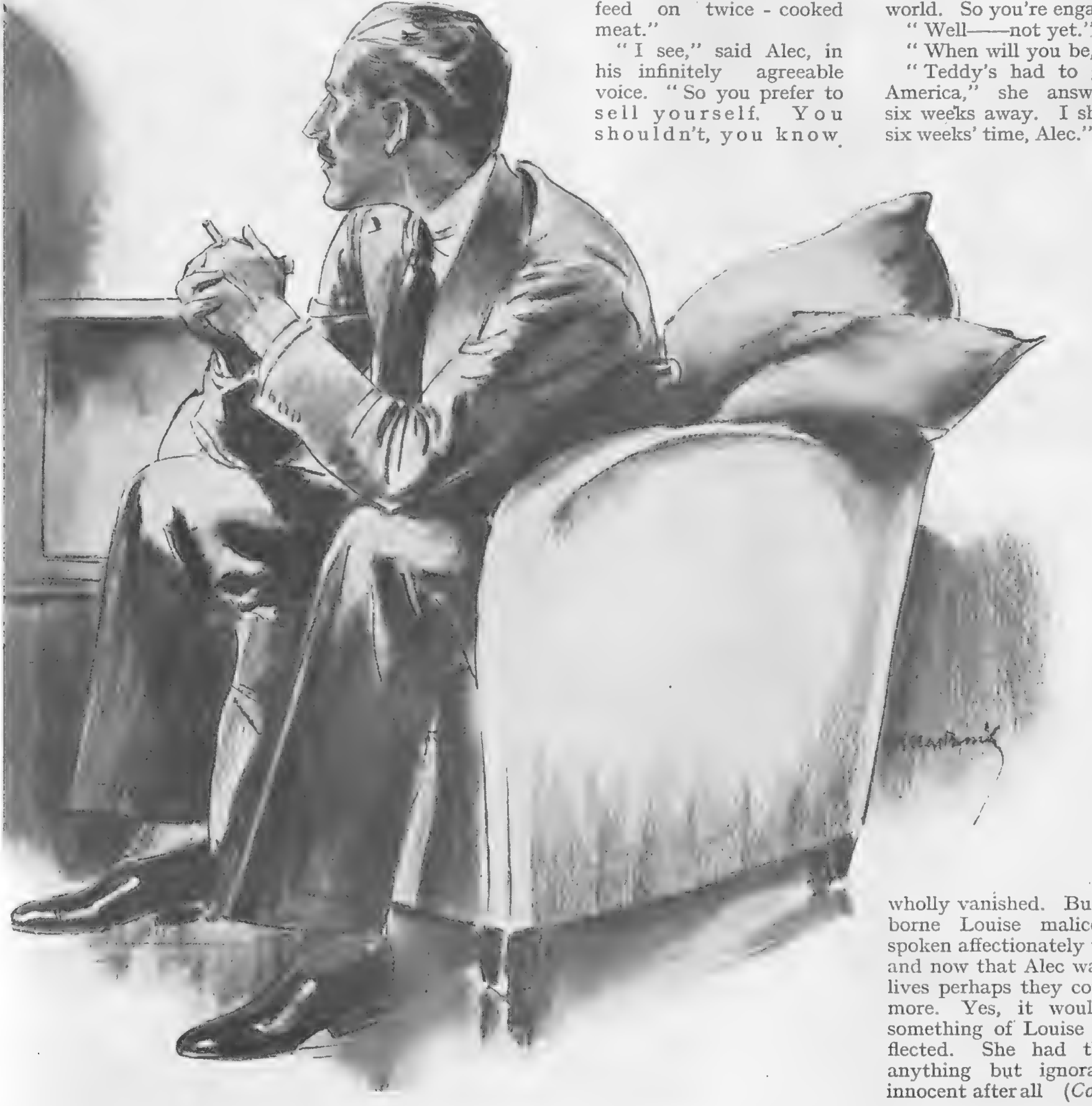
SO Alec came to see Dorinda. She was not prepared for his immediately taking her in his arms, still less for finding how at home she felt there, how naturally she yielded her mouth to his. There was still a pleasant thrill about his kiss, and as she pushed him quickly away she reflected that it was now too late to be angry at his outrageous (and as it happened perfectly justified) assumption that he could so greet her on his casual return after the silence of a year. It was humiliating that it was so, and yet it was nothing. He assumed far, far too much with the kiss. It was her instinctive yielding to the strength of an old habit, from which all manner of meaning had long ago fled. And she laughed with relief and pleasure and triumph, that even when he kissed her she didn't want Alec. Really, truly and altogether, she belonged to Teddy now.

It took Alec quite a little time to realise that. Her ready consent to see him, let alone her kiss, had prepared him for an easy conquest. Besides, though he would never have dreamt of saying it even to himself, he thought that no woman with whom he had flirted had ever wholly got over him! "But, Dorinda," he urged, "I do love you. It was all a mistake. We ought never to have parted. You know I made you happpy. You know you were happy with me. Don't be feminine and vindictive, darling. We were made for each other, you know we were."

She thought coolly that he was neither so strong, nor so tall, nor so handsome as Teddy, let alone so wise or so good. She thought that there was little real reason for his attraction, that it was all his uneven eyebrows and his husky voice. She did want to be kind, she did want to be generous, now that the world was agin' him and so heartily on her side. She did feel tender towards him for the starry days of their mutual love. But nevertheless, as she made him understand that she would really never marry him, or love him again, it was with very real pleasure that she watched the incredulous dismay upon his face.

"No, Alec. We can't start all that over again. We won't rekindle dead coals, or feed on twice-cooked meat."

"I see," said Alec, in his infinitely agreeable voice. "So you prefer to sell yourself. You shouldn't, you know. You're not the type. You'll be sorry all your days."



So he had heard about the millionaire, and it was partly the possessive instinct that had interested him in her again ?

"Sell myself ?" she laughed. "Are you so vain you think no one could desert you, except for the payment of a million down ?"

She thought how once he had been her dream and her vision, and how Louise (who was always right) wouldn't leave her child for him. and how his mare (it went with the sex) had taken to refusing, and how in his disappointment he looked like a small boy. So she took his hand and said: "Alec, darling, it was terribly insulting of you to say I'm selling myself, but I couldn't resent your saying it, because I thought of doing it once. But it isn't true. I love him now, Alec. I love him with all my heart. And I should awfully like you to wish me happy."

"And to think," cried Alec, almost laughing, "that for twelve months my second dearest wish has been to dance at your wedding!"

She smiled with satisfaction, suppressed the smile at once, and resumed.

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear. But I'd like you to wish me luck."

"I do. If anyone ever deserved luck, you do. You deserve all the luck in the world. So you're engaged ?"

"Well——not yet."

"When will you be, angel ?"

"Teddy's had to go on business to America," she answered. "He'll be six weeks away. I shall get engaged in six weeks' time, Alec."

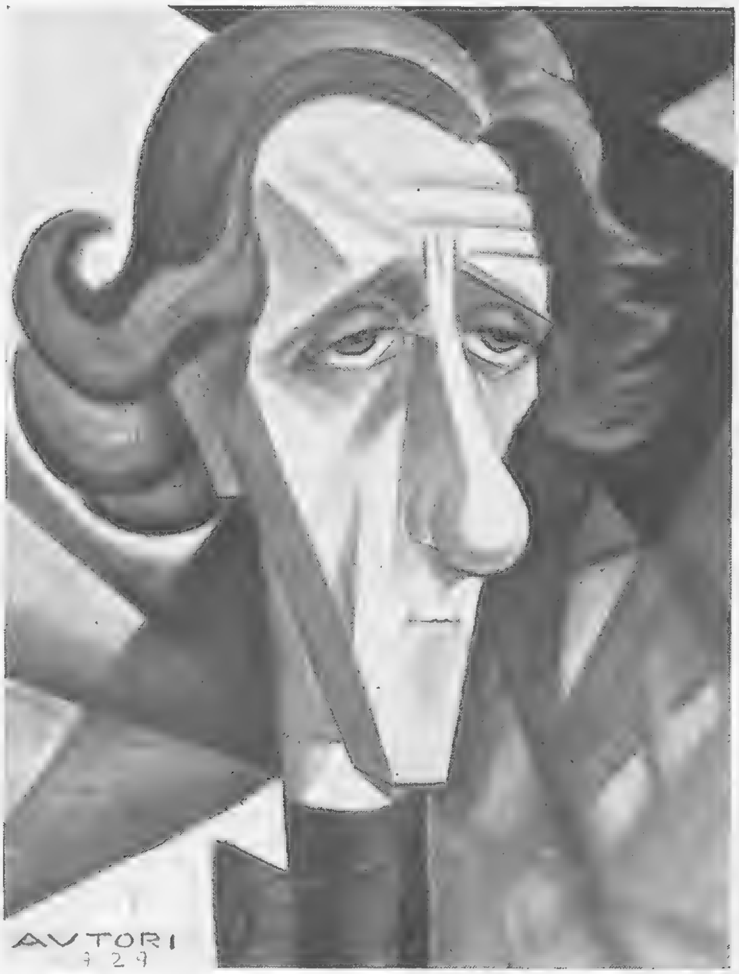
BUT during the six weeks something happened. Three days after Alec's visit to Dorinda, Louise was murdered.

Dorinda read of the tragedy in her morning paper over breakfast before the shop. She had been thinking much of Louise only the night before. Alec's recent reappearance had brought her to mind, so this was not a very strange coincidence, but it was a chilling one.

She had been recollecting how fond she had felt of Louise during their brief, mushroom-growth of a friendship. It had of course been natural that they had seen little of each other in the course of the last year, that the sudden intimacy had wholly vanished. But yet she had never borne Louise malice; they had still spoken affectionately when they had met, and now that Alec was out of both their lives perhaps they could be friends once more. Yes, it would be nice to see something of Louise again, she had reflected. She had thought of Louise, anything but ignorant, yet curiously innocent after all (*Continued on page* 119)

“Shoot *those* Crooning Tenors”—*says* Hannen Swaffer

Below. An impression of the author of this article by Autori, the operatic star caricaturist



And let's Get Back the Old Bold Spirit of Variety

OH, I am so tired of those crooning tenors.

Where do they learn it? Who teaches them? Are they born like it? Or does someone keep pushing their faces in until they cannot help it?

A so-called civilisation that would stand that would stand anything.

If you go to a music-hall, you hear them. If you walk into a cabaret, they go on, even after midnight, disturbing the cats at play. If you turn on the wireless, Heaven help you! There they are, waiting for the moment you turn the knob.

They are killing the music-hall. They are making the night hideous.

Then who was it told these imitation American bandsmen that they were humorists? The moment they leave off making their silly noises on the saxophone, several of them shove on bowler hats, and begin to clown. I have never yet seen one who was funny. But all the bandsmen laugh, behind, just like people laugh in the B.B.C. studio when the alleged comedians say silly things.

Who on earth is it that laughs on the wireless? Are they paid to do it? Are they the B.B.C. officials' wives, who act in those amateur charades sometimes? Are they the cleaners? Or are they the comedians themselves?

I am inclined to the latter point of view, because only comedians would know that it was not funny.

What a treat it is, every now and then, to go into a real music-hall and see things as they used to be, before we became Americanised and Robotised by music-hall trusts and music-hall cliques and music-hall gangs—and American song-plugging!

It was not the bricks and mortar that made the old music-hall, but the atmosphere inside. That atmosphere was taken in by the artists themselves.

The other night, hearing that there was an old-fashioned music-hall in a modern public-house, I went down to Grove Park, near which, on the Downham Estate, built by the L.C.C. for 33,000 people, there is the Downham Tavern, which, managed by two old "pros," has, twice a week, a music-hall entertainment—yes, with beer on the tables and a general friendliness around.

I have already been bitterly attacked by my Temperance friends for praising this tavern, but the truth is that, not only is it cheaper than an ordinary music-hall, but it is much better than a public-house, with its spitting and sawdust and stand-up bars.

The manager goes on the stage, sometimes, and tells the audience that they don't have to buy alcohol, and, indeed, they sell chops and steaks and chipped potatoes and hot pies, and they will even sell you a full meal during the show, if you order it.

Now this is more in keeping with family amusement than leaning up against a bar on a sawdust floor. You would not believe that the L.C.C. would allow it, but the L.C.C. does allow it, and, more than that, encourages this kind of thing.

They do not give the artists much, but that they cannot expect, for the highest-priced seat is a shilling, while the

George Leyton, founder and originator of the show "Vintage Variety"

Fred Russell, the ventriloquist, is still as fine an artist as he was thirty years ago

Arthur Reece, who still sings "Sons of the Sea" as in the days of bold patriotism

Fred Barnes, whose songs make the girls laugh and cry just like their mothers.

cheap ones are threepence. But still, they do enjoy themselves!

The night I was there was a special night, for Datas, Jock Whiteford, and Tom Costello were all on the bill; while Lottie Lennox was down to appear, although, having a chill, she had to send a telegram of apology.

Well, it was a treat to see old Tom Costello, crude though he was, and a bit raw in his humour. Dressed as a dame, he stared challengingly, like George Robey, and a girl burst out laughing at some innuendo. It was reminiscent of his old days as a descriptive vocalist when, in ordinary clothes, he sang "I've Made Up My Mind to Sail Away."

"I'm singing it for the first time for thirty years," he said, and then added, "It has been brought up to date."

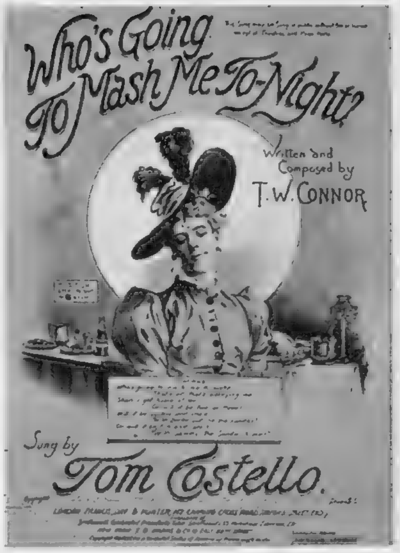
The only change I noticed was in the spoken words in between, when, kissing a khaki coat, he referred to how good it had been to him in France amid the mud and blood. He also sang a song about a skirt, on which he blamed all Man's troubles.

"If anything beats Carnera, it will be this," he declared, and provoked screams that reminded me of our pre-war hilarity.

When they shouted for "Comrades" and "Trinity Church" he promised to come back in October and sing them. They all knew them, you see.

All the young people—and hundreds of them were seated all around me—sang the chorus of "Sail Away," in that strange way in which they sing all the old songs, although I never know where they heard them. Modern songs die in a month!

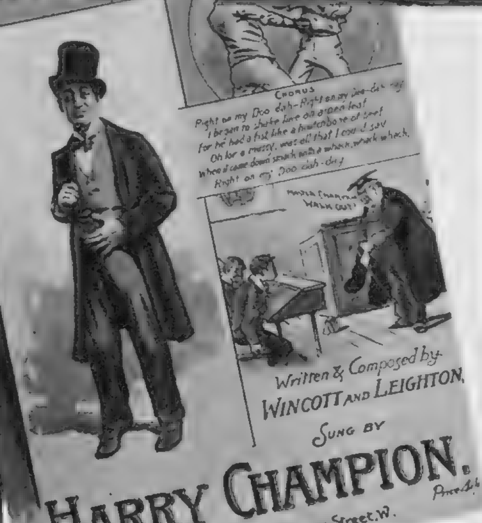
They knew the tune, and they knew all the words, just as well as (Continued on page 94.)



FROM Tom Costello's répertoire. He has revived "I've Made Up My Mind to Sail Away"—after thirty years

ADA CERITO singing one of the old-time songs in the old-time way

Left:
EDWIN ADELER as the chairman in George Leyton's "Vintage Variety"



Right:
ONE of Harry Champion's successes in his Tivoli days

Left:
HARRY BEDFORD is still at the top of his form when singing "A Little Bit Off the Top"

Right:
VESTA VICTORIA, whose songs "Waiting at the Church" and "Now I Have to Call Him Father" are part of history

Marion Lorne

and Others

"Take *a* Chance"

The Road to Romance

IAN Hunter and Barbara Hoffe as the eloping lovers in a realistic motoring interior. They are being pursued at night by "Bill," the girl from the garage (Marion Lorne), in a battered "Baby" Austin. Bill has drawn the favourite in the Irish Sweep. The owner threatens to scratch the horse because his wife's lover has backed it to win a fortune

"Ally Pally"

OTHERWISE Alastair Pallavant, the broken-down detective (Hugh Wakefield) employed to watch the owner's wife and horse

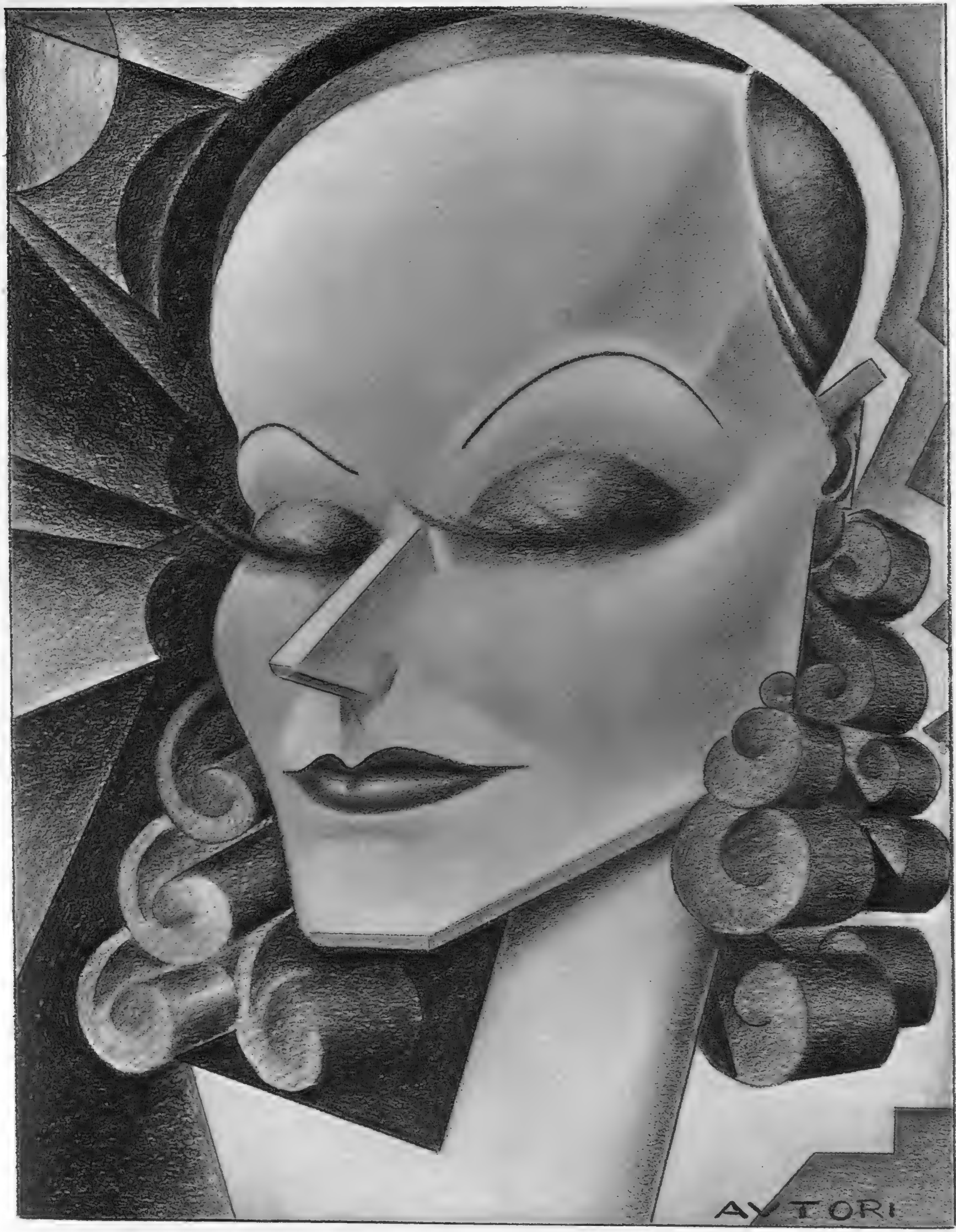
MARION Lorne, in mechanic's overalls, telling her fortune from the cards

Left:

THE pursuer pursued: the detective (Hugh Wakefield), who has been glued to the seat of the garage chair, escapes, minus his damaged trousers, and rejoins the chase.

Above:

BILL (Marion Lorne) greets her garage partner (Ruth Taylor) and the bookmaker (Charles Quartermaine). "Take a Chance," at the Whitehall Theatre, is Walter Hackett's latest vehicle for his wife, Marion Lorne



"The Garbo"

A Caricature by Autori, the famous Italian Operatic Basso

GRETA GARBO, the green-eyed blonde Swedish goddess of Hollywood, was twenty-five last month. At fourteen, her father died penniless. She was a clerk before she went on the stage. Stiller, the Swedish director, discovered her, and "The Atonement of Gosta Berling" discovered America for them both. The glamour which surrounds her enigmatic presence is acutely enhanced by the studied simplicity of her private life. Off the stage, exotic clothes, jewellery, make-up, parties, unpunctuality, and flash motor-cars are taboo. She prefers old clothes and a béret, solitude, long walks, and simple food. She reads voraciously, saves her money, gets reckles in summer time, and whistles when she feels pleased!

In the World of the Film

Truth *is more exciting than* Fiction

Above:

JOAN CRAWFORD, the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer star, appears with Neil Hamilton and Clark Gable in "Laughing Sinners"

Below:

MARION DAVIES, whose latest picture, "Daughter of Luxury," a story by Fanny Hurst, will soon be seen in England

This month our Film Critic forsakes those legendary beings, the "Stars," some of whom you see here (because, after all, they are supremely worth looking at!), for the saner but none the less exciting paths of Actuality

THEY talk of the slump in the film industry, but the new and enormous Paramount Theatre in Paris opens its doors at nine in the morning and does not close until 2 a.m., and is crowded all the time. A Frenchwoman told me that she went there after shopping *instead of to a café* to fill in the time before she had to go home, and got hemmed in a queue for over an hour, quite unable to get in or to get out again. I am told that in the large industrial towns in England and Scotland (Glasgow was particularly mentioned), the cheap seats are filled, *especially in cold weather*, from noon to closing time. Many of the people in them are out of work. This need not raise indignant outcry. They find it cheaper to sit in the cinemas than to stay at home. They have light and heat free, and their interest in the pictures keeps them from wanting so much to satisfy their hunger—or thirst! It also keeps their minds off their anxieties.

It is now a platitude to say that the "movies" provide an escape from reality, but it has not been so generally realised—at least, not by the industry—that this escape need not be made by means of unreality. It is effected by the vision and sound of realities more interesting, more exciting, more adventurous, and less customary than the Labour Exchanges, the gas - meter, and international finance. While the realities of personal life are limited or grim, and the imagination and curiosity of man persist, there can be no ultimate slump in the film industry (until it is superceded) as long as it realizes its opportunities—I would also say its responsibilities.

The people used to escape from everyday life into the churches. On Sundays, their ordinary tasks in abeyance, their workaday clothes put aside, they emerged from their homes different creatures socially and sartorially; the young men in their blue suits and trilbys, the girls in their muslins and beflowered hats, the matrons in bugles and bonnets, the

Left:

LILIAN BOND, a British actress who has appeared for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in "Stepping Out"

By Sydney Tremayne

By means of the latest "Travelogues" the Man from the Street can escape his own humdrum realities in the Light and Sound of Real Things and Real People the wide World over

JAMESON THOMAS and Constance Cummings in an incident from "Lover Come Back," a Columbia picture

CICELY COURTNEIDGE as Miss Bourne in the screen version of "The Ghost Train"

LAURENCE TIBBITS and Esther Ralston in a scene from "The Prodigal"

farmers and tradesmen in hard hats and the professional men in silk ones—strange how headgear typifies a class and generation! (No, I am not raising the awful question of the bowler, the boater, or the tricorne for fashionable womanhood!) They gathered at the church, some for purely devotional reasons, some in the hope of a sentimental encounter, some to investigate their neighbours' condition or parade their own; and after the service they forgathered and were sweet or grand or mean to one another, but all very "*endimanché*"—it was their only escape from the every-day in the country places before the coming of motor buses and the cinema. Man cannot live on the same plane continuously. The Pictures are, to-day, the ultimate opportunity of escape for those who have not unlimited means and leisure or the philosophic mind. They carry their patrons farther and faster than anything has before. They give them adventure, knowledge of strange things and people; they titillate their emotions, their capacity for amusement, and, illimitably, widen their experience.

This is not the place to discuss the world-wide political influence of the screen and the effect on subject Eastern races of seeing the uses to which white men and white women put their riches and their "civilisation"—as depicted by some of Hollywood's "sexy" films. But there is a funny story told me by a participator about the reaction of the natives of a village in Honolulu to a screen performance by Josephine Baker. The cinema consisted of an enclosure with a screen at one end. There were no walls, and the natives were allowed to forgather outside at the back of the "theatre" and witness what they could of the show on the back of the screen. They were so shocked by the scantiness of Miss Baker's stage dresses and the abandon of her dances—and she a black lady, not even a white woman!—that they hurled every available missile, including over-ripe and malodorous fruit and vegetables, at the offending star. These broke through the screen and deluged the occupants of the "stalls."

But to return to my point: I do not believe that public taste can be formed, but it can be informed, and at the present stage of man's mental development he is a glutton for information, and, though it may seem paradoxical, if he is escaping reality, he wants the truth, because he has discovered that, if it is not stranger than fiction (nothing could be stranger than some of the fiction the screen has given us), it is more exciting.

There will always be an audience for love romances. To many, probably to everyone at some stage of their life, love and passion are the great truths. The settings for the love stories are merely a matter of fashion: the garrets and sewers of Paris, Courts and palaces, speakeasies, the Wild West—all have had their turn. There will always be a demand for comedy, for man is a two-legged animal who laughs at misfortune—the misfortune of others. But the appeal of films about real life and real people

(*Contd. on p. 104*)

Rooms that are Two-*in*-One

By Winifred Lewis

WHEN it happens that a room is required to serve two purposes it seems as well to disguise the fact, in which case these suggestions are perhaps worth remembering

AMONG the several kinds of folding beds that are obtainable, the one above is to be recommended for its comfort and appearance during the day

WHATEVER other values continue to sag in these despondent times, the value of space increases every day until one is inclined to suspect it of becoming one of the most significant factors of our daily lives. Certainly from the domestic viewpoint it shows a decided tendency to eclipse all other considerations, while from a purely feminine point of view space—or should one say the lack of it ?—is the subject upon which interest is universally riveted.

A hundred reasons, quite apart from the more fundamental ones, are bringing us to live within a tiny space, and the days when a room for this and a room for that were considered correct are receding ever more hurriedly into the past, leaving us to engage in the not so gentle art of cramming a quart into a pint measure without too obviously revealing the fact.

To extract all the comfort and convenience of a six-roomed house from a three-roomed flat is no easy task, and yet that is what the majority of us are doing these days, while others are managing—be it said quite adequately—with even less. It is, after all, a matter of adjustment and to a large extent of elimination.

TAKE the case of the bed-sitting-room, for instance. The name itself is apt to inspire awesome pictures of the dismal apartments that have borne that description in the past, yet I know of many young people who are temporarily passing the most normal and happy lives in similar quarters.

Just a corner of an attractive room of this kind has been illustrated on the opposite page, where, although the owner has been content with an arrangement that is a fairly obvious compromise between bedroom and sitting-room, the possibilities of emphasising the sitting-room element are easily discernible. There is a lesson here, too, in simplicity and discreet decoration.

SIMPLE cooking in the bed-sitting-room begins with fresh concentrated coffee which is brewed in three minutes

Shelley China

BANTAM
COFFEE

Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd.

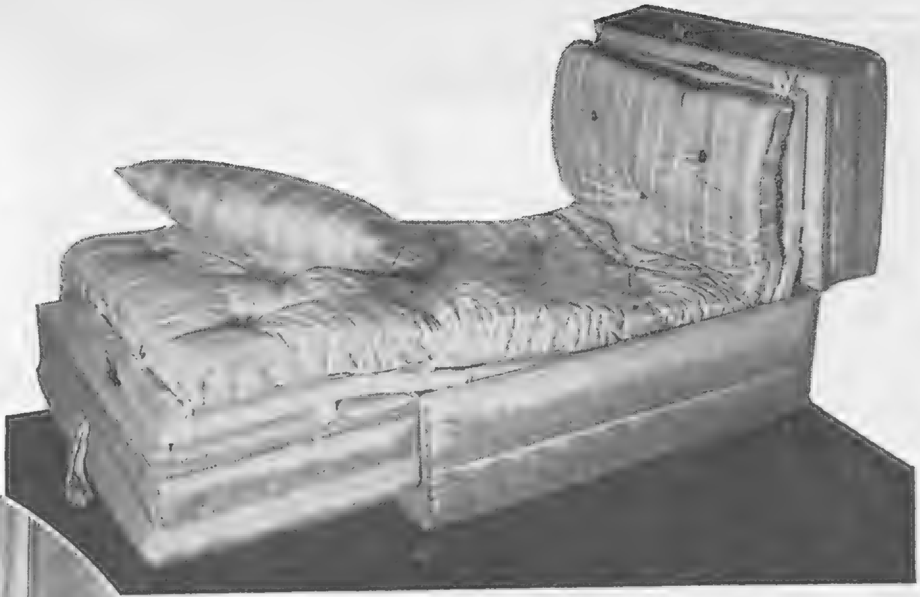
PROBLEMS of storage in the one-room flat are simplified by this under-bed wardrobe which costs 24/6

The wallpaper, which is carried on above the picture rail to increase the apparent size of the room, is in soft, cheerful colouring with a faint modern design. This adds a stimulant to the general scheme without being too aggressive for such a small room or conflicting in any way with the more mellow character of the furniture. The neatly covered divan bed is tidiness itself—such an important factor in a room where one's possessions down to the uttermost egg-cup have to be stored—while the simple silk curtains and the wool rug with its clear-cut design are entirely restful.

The graceful dressing-table is easily recognised as a flap table of the cottage type, an inspiration worth noting, since it can be brought into use on occasions when a meal for several people is to be served. While on the subject of furniture it is as well to remember that antique and second-hand pieces are now at their very cheapest, and are often eminently suitable for use in the bed-sitting-room mainly on account of their ample drawer accommodation. A Victorian

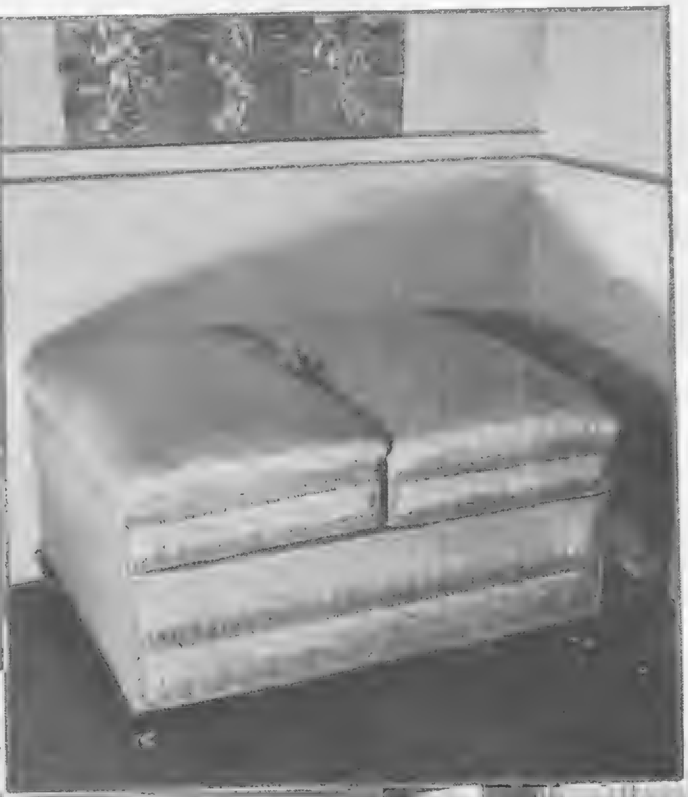
(*Continued on p. 55*)

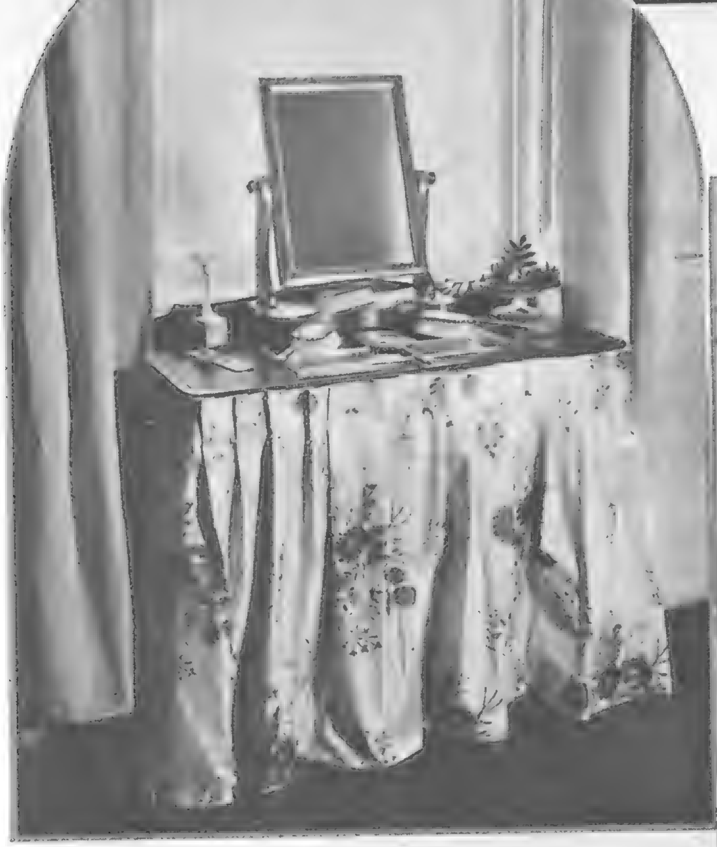
The Bed-*sitting* Room



IN the really small room the Fold-A-Way divan, shown above and below, is ideal since clothes can be stored away inside. It is fitted with a loose cover and supplied with one pillow for £6 : 15 : 0

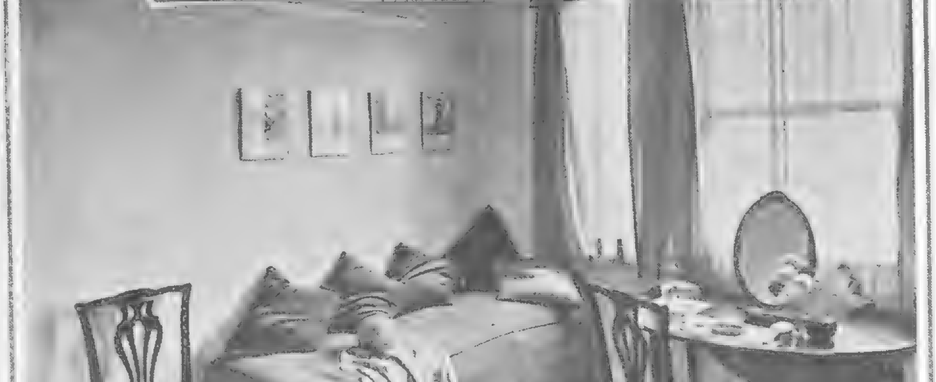
William Spriggs & Co., Ltd.





Fabrics by Williamson & Cole, Ltd.; Table appointments by Wilson & Gill

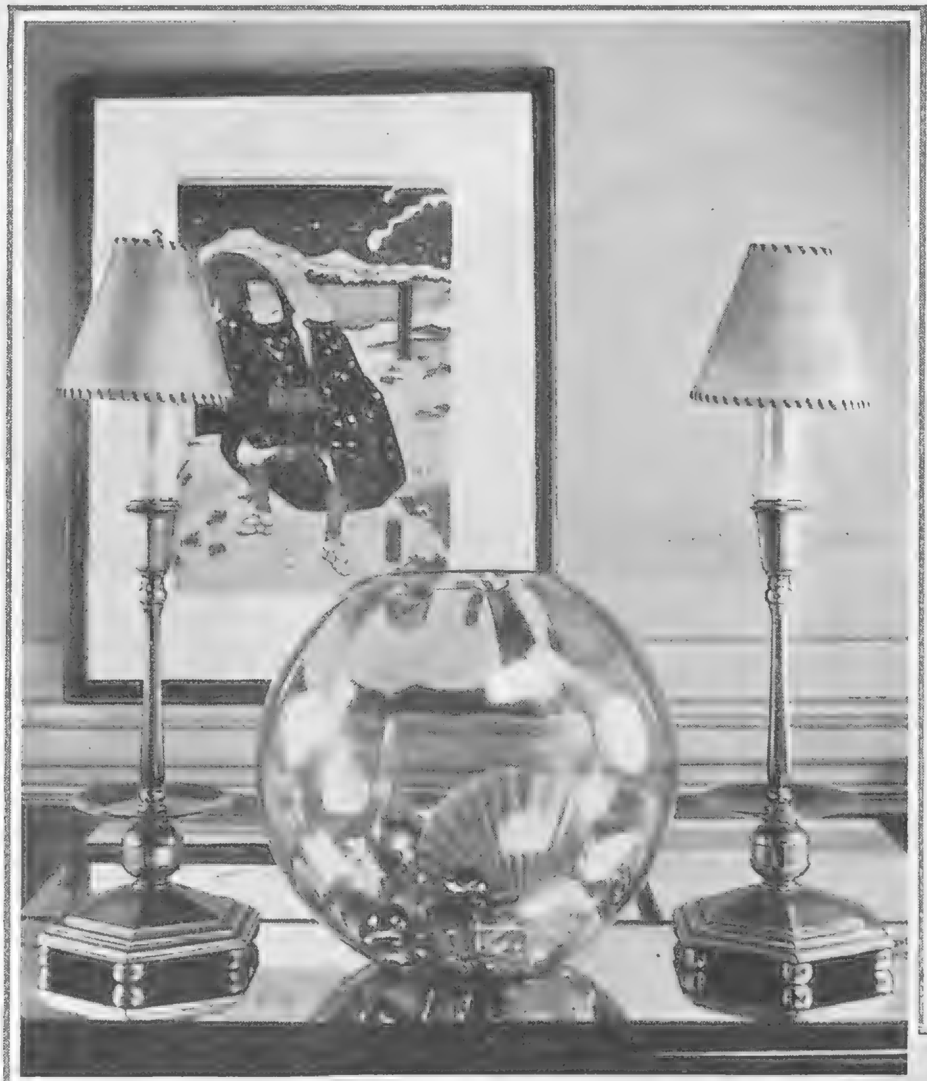
A WINDOW recess affords some saving of space as well as of money if one is resourceful enough. Here, a simple Victorian table, daintily skirted with chintz, occupies the recess to great advantage and dispenses with the more conventional and costly dressing-table



NEATNESS and comfort characterise the attractive bed-sitting room designed by Howard Robertson, F.R.I.B.A., of which a corner is shown on the right. The folding oak table has its advantages both as a dressing as well as a dining table, while the general decoration is particularly well planned in its cheerful simplicity and accomplishes its purpose with charm and restraint

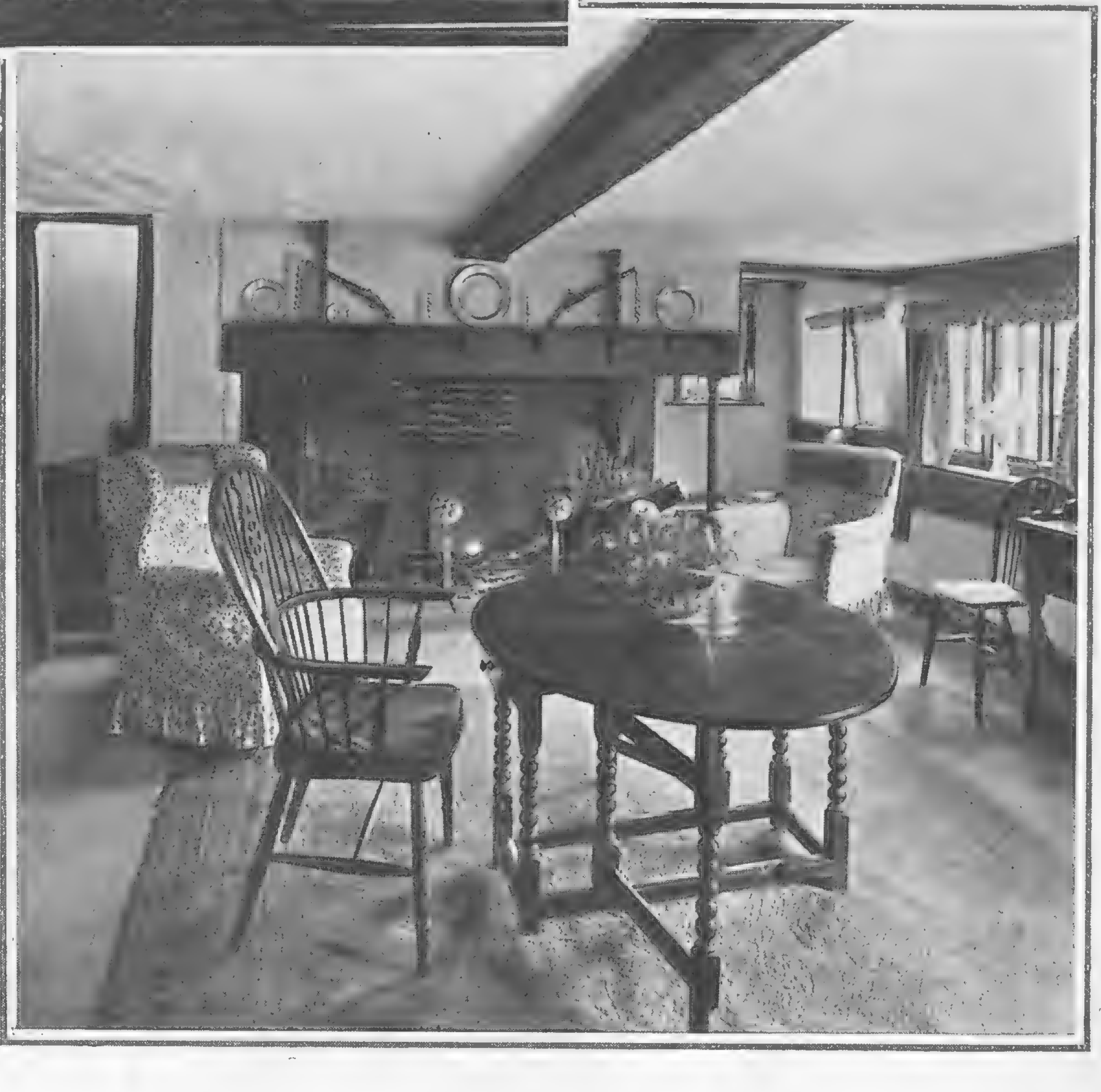
The Dining-

To mould two purposes into one definite character is the aim in planning a dining-lounge, and in the process these suggestions are to help you . . .



LIGHTING is a subject of vast importance in the two-purpose sitting-room, and portable fixtures are specially suitable since they are adjustable to several needs. For the table, electric candle lighting is practical and lends itself to innumerable variations. The oxidised brass electric fittings on the left cost £2-5-0 each. From Harcourts Limited

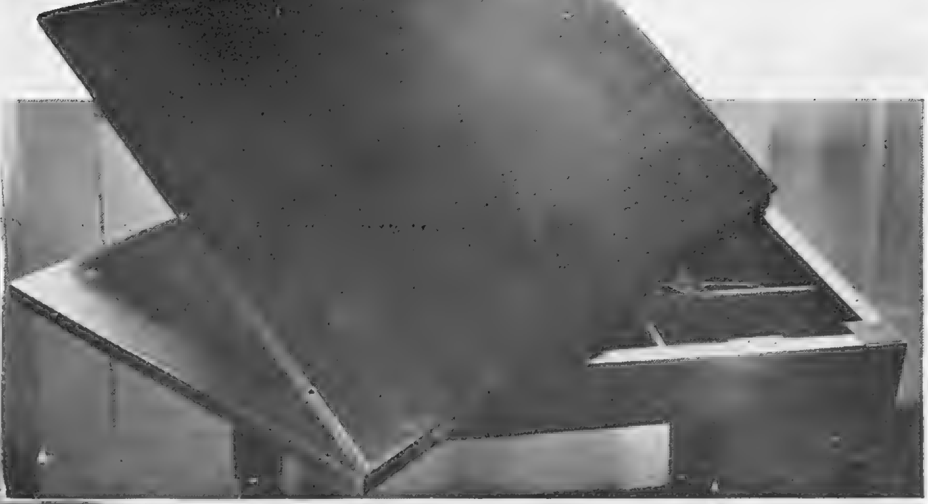
Photograph by Helen Macgregor



Right:

ALTHOUGH this room has an antique character of its own, there is a lesson to be learnt from the admirable blending and arrangement of the furniture as well as from the simplicity so largely responsible for its appeal

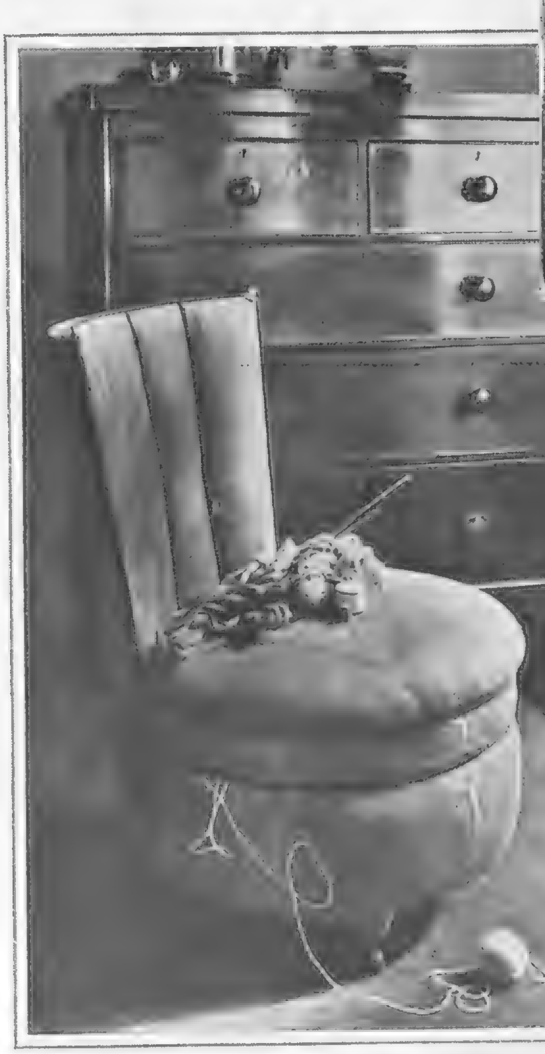
Lounge



Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd.

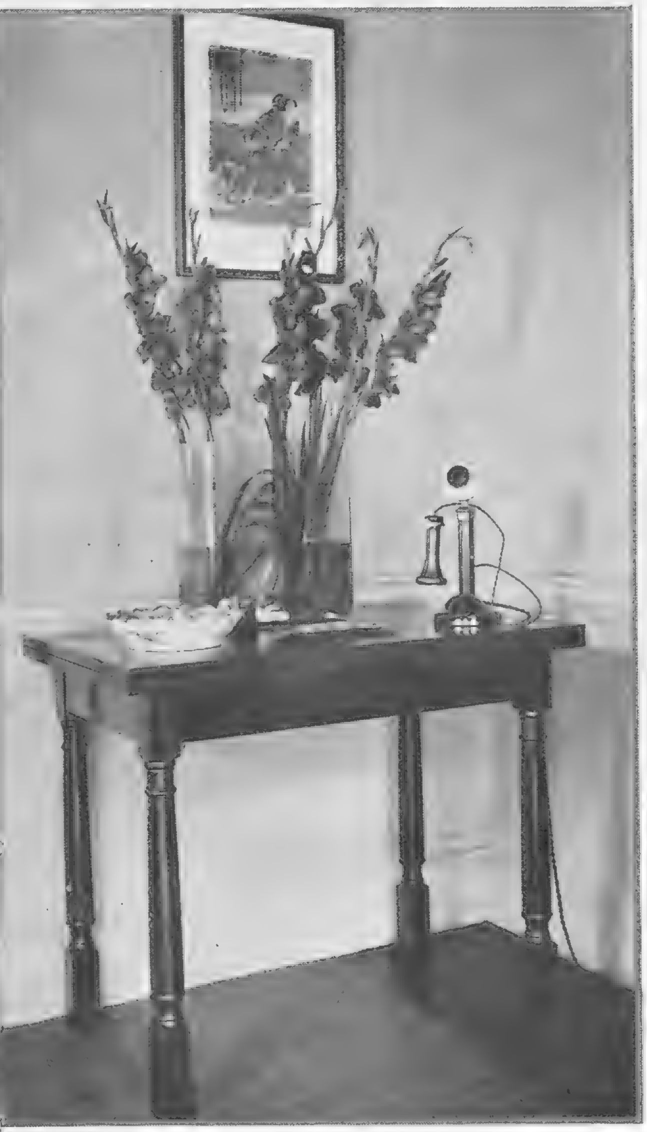
Above

SHOWING how the table photographed below unfolds to practicable proportions and revealing the useful recess for cutlery



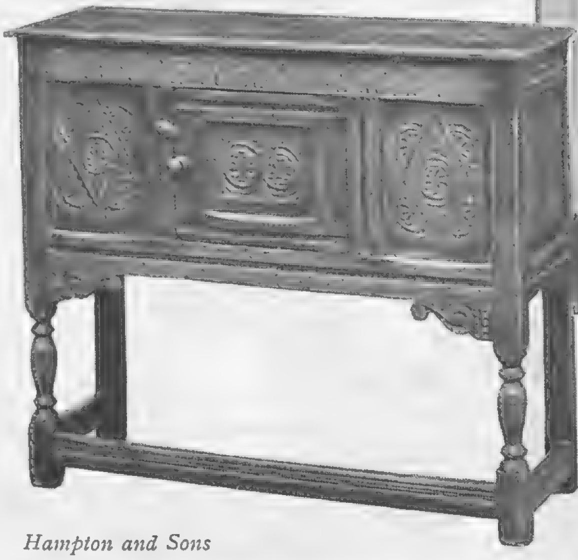
Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd.

SOMETHING in which to keep oddments of needlework without the necessity for an extra piece of furniture will be most welcome. The seat of this upholstered chair lifts, to reveal a roomy compartment for the purpose, and costs £2 : 19 : 6



Photographs by Helen Macgregor

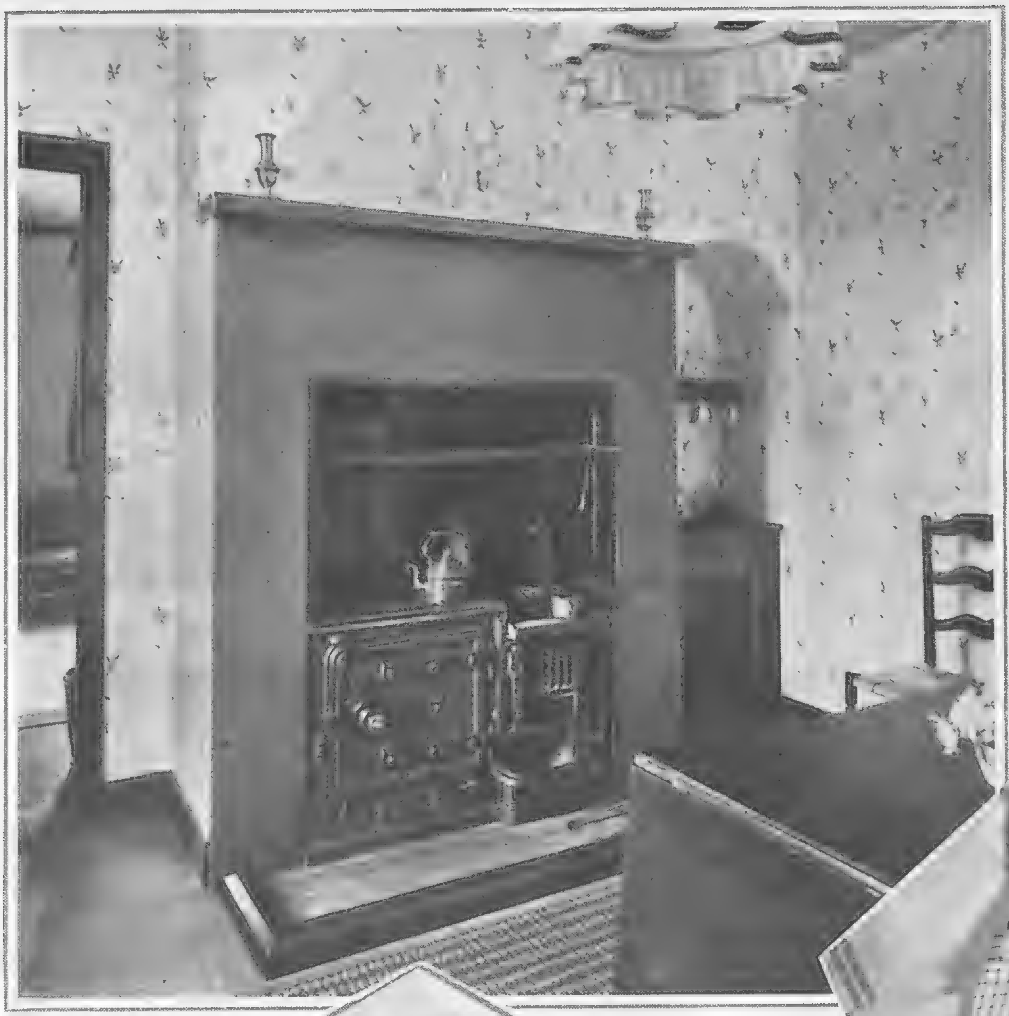
INGENIOUSLY planned to fold into a small space as well as to store cutlery, the oak dining-table pictured above is designed for the lounge-dining-room. When not in use for meals, it occupies a corner unobtrusively, yet with a certain charm. The price is £5 : 10 : 0



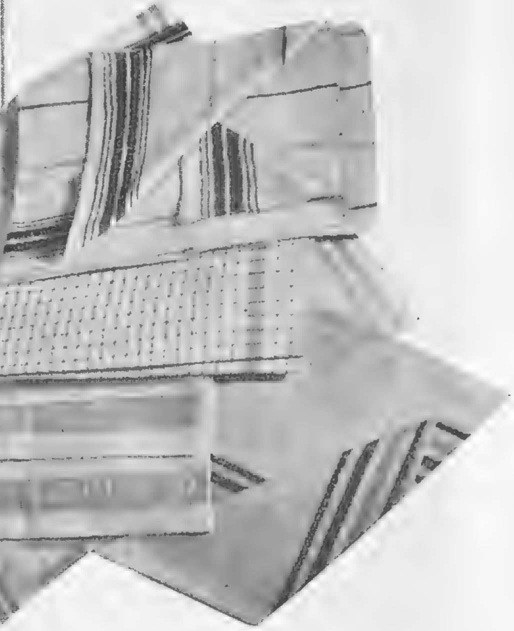
IT seems wise in such a room to substitute something less comprising yet as useful for a sideboard—this small oak credence, for instance, costing £8 : 2 : 6

Hampton and Sons

The Kitchen-Breakfast Room

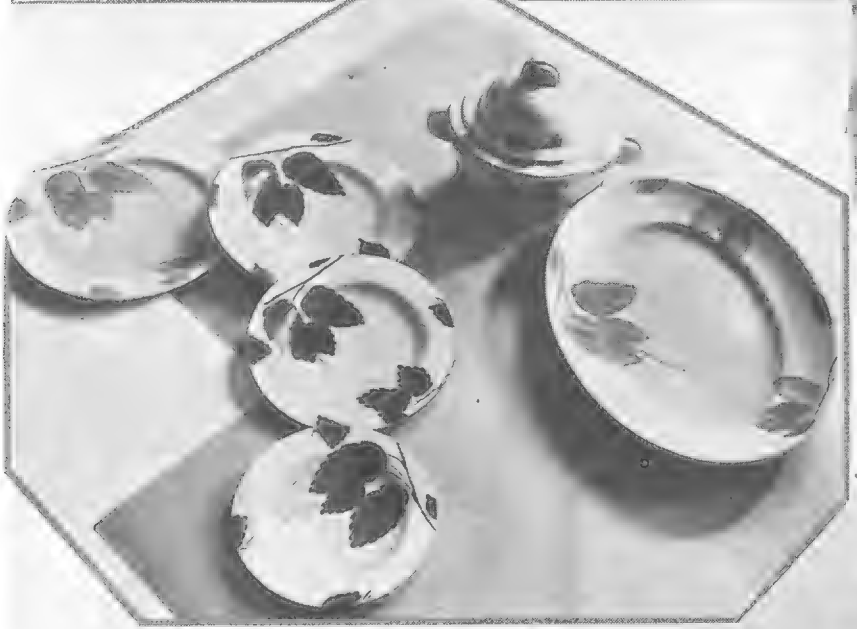


Left:
MIRACLES are possible in the smallest kitchen if colouring is carefully handled and unsightly utensils are concealed. An amusing wallpaper and some attractive but practical furniture have made this room worthy to be used for meals

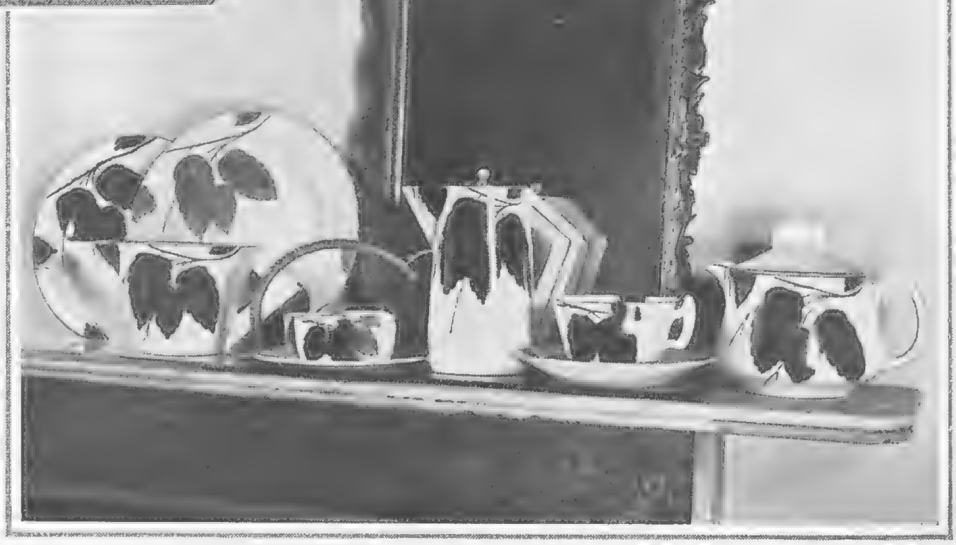


Walpole Brothers

Above:
EVEN dusters and towels should bring their note of colour to the scheme, and cost little more for being charming



Helen Macgregor



WITH so much colour and variety in pottery there is no excuse for drabness in the kitchen. This Newport Pottery, of which dinner and breakfast pieces are shown, is made in cream with a design in autumn colouring, and would be a gay addition to the kitchen dresser. A dinner set for six persons costs 52/-, a tea set 16/9, and a breakfast set 26/3

Rooms *that are* Two-*in*-One

(Continued from page 50)

chest of drawers in walnut or mahogany can be a thing of beauty as well as a blessing to the dweller in one room, while there is always the inducement that Victorian furniture is even now regarded in the light of an investment.

ON the other hand, pieces of cheap deal furniture can be blended with the rest to great advantage. For instance, a small dresser, which can be bought in plain white deal for as little as twenty-five shillings, may sound a little out of place in the bed-sitting-room, but a coat of paint of some vivid colouring will entirely divest it of its homely appearance and provide a gay background for china and decorative ware, while the drawers and cupboards have their obvious advantages.

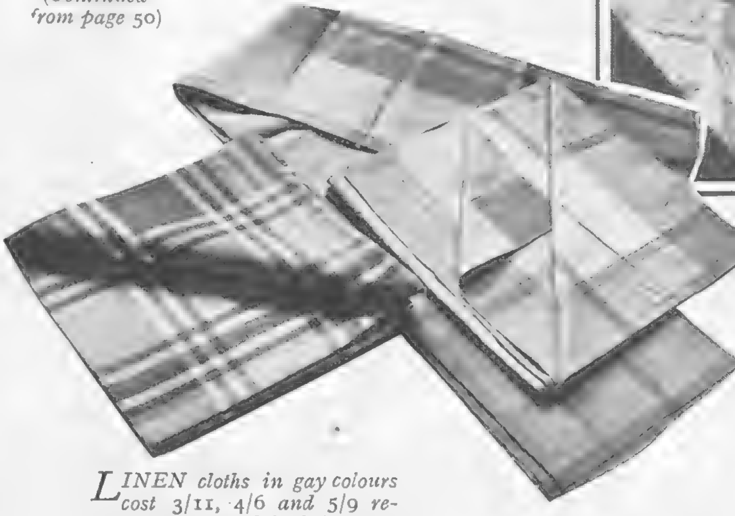
This brings us to the subject of cooking, ever a problem in the one-roomed flat unless a kitchen is available. At the same time, there are some very excellent devices for use when everything has to be done in the same room, and not least among them is the gas fire which has a small oven attachment and a boiling ring as well. There is also the simple two-way burner over which an ordinary tin oven can be placed with most satisfactory results, and finally, when cooking accommodation is provided elsewhere, the new portable gas fire will be found a most useful thing, providing as it does a choice between a gas and a coal fire at all times. This portable stove can be brought into use or discarded at any moment as choice dictates.

System, which is after all the basis of success in the management of the very small house, applies especially in the bed-sitting-room. A place for everything and everything in its place is a necessary rule to keep confusion at bay and, incidentally, when put to the test one is astonished to find how many supposedly indispensable items can be eliminated without discomfort.

Much the same methods of approach can be adopted when planning the dining-room which is also to serve the purpose of a lounge. The great necessity is to make sure that in combining the two purposes the room does not entirely lose its individuality and become a mere shadow of both. It is as well perhaps to emphasise the sitting-room element, since meals, after all, are brief, so in choosing furniture for the dining-room portion one should be careful to find something adjustable and rather off the lines of the conventional which conceals its own identity. A sideboard, for instance, can be easily dispensed with if a roomy cabinet of serviceable character can be found to take its place, while the folding table which, when not in use, can be banished to some corner whilst still having the capacity required of it as a dining table is ideal.

Walpole Brothers

MUCH in the way of interest can be added to the kitchen with linen and china that match. This linen cloth with coloured stripes costs 8/6, and the breakfast set 37/6



LINEN cloths in gay colours cost 3/11, 4/6 and 5/9 respectively from Walpole Brothers

BUT of all the rooms most likely to be called upon to serve a dual purpose the kitchen offers the most scope, and is for some reason, in this country at least, exploited very little.

In America and in Germany, too, the kitchen-breakfast-room is an institution in almost every small house, and a very sensible and convenient arrangement too. A window recess is invariably brought into use as a breakfast nook by being fitted with painted forms and a trestle table, made gay with coloured chintzes. It is a delightful scheme, but one, of course, which calls for some certain constructional changes and there are infinitely more simple ways of making the average small kitchen fit and even attractive enough for breakfast or the occasional meal.

THIS useful two-way burner, which can be attached to any gas fire, will also support a small oven

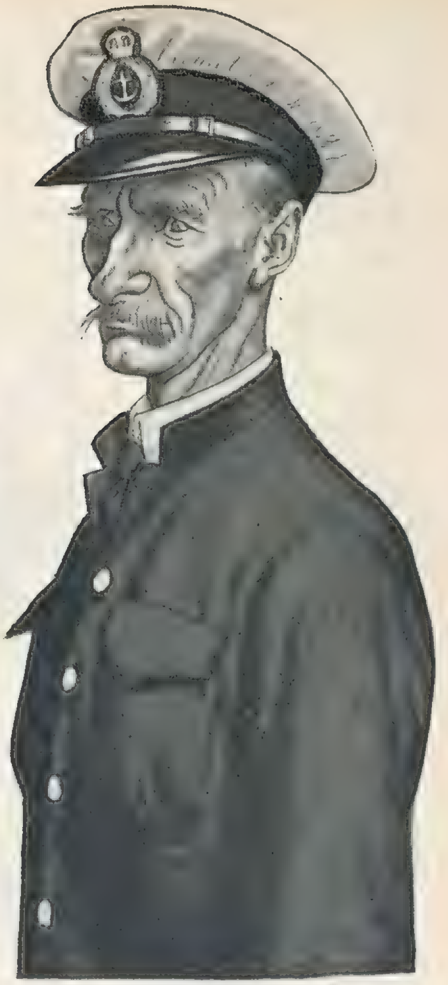
A pretty and practical colour scheme in the first place will go a long way to achieving the right atmosphere, and the next step is to conceal as far as possible the more practical features of the room. A sink that is set into a recess is easily concealed by a screening curtain of rubberised cretonne or American cloth, and even one that is not thus situated can be successfully hidden by a screen made from similar material. There is little reason in these days of porcelain and enamel why a cooker should be unsightly, but if it should be so, a similar treatment to that of the sink will suffice. A neat dresser with pretty china, a gay rug that can be taken up when the more practical operations are in progress, and a gaily painted table laid for breakfast with a cheerful linen cloth are among the details which will make a world of difference. Even such things as saucepans and cooking pans should be selected with an eye to the general scheme. A motley collection of pots is far less attractive than orderly ones of the same colour, while jugs and basins for kitchen use can be had in cheerful designs very far removed from the things of the past which made of the kitchen a mere clutter of drab necessities. The sight of a coloured duster is so much better than a ragged, rather grubby one if it happens to have escaped from its place of concealment, while kitchen towels and tea-cloths can be the most attractive things in these days if one is disposed to choose them carefully. In fact, the whole secret of this "potted" home-making lies in attention to detail and a ruthless elimination of all that is clumsy and colourless.

The Glasgow Smasher

Being a further ADVENTURE of that remarkable Scot, Mister Glencannon, Chief Engineer of the "Inchcliffe Castle"

By Guy Gilpatric

Illustrated by Illingworth



Mr. Glencannon

CAPTAIN BALL crumpled up the telegram which had come from the *Inchcliffe Castle's* owners, and tossed it through the saloon porthole into the River Clyde. "Hmph!" he grunted. "Well, I fancy that means we've seen the last of Mister Ogilvie. That is—well, I mean to say—Hmph!"

"Aye," agreed Mr. Glencannon, tilting back his head and carefully tucking his napkin in around the edge of his shore-going celluloid collar, "I get yere point exockly, Captain, i'deed I get yere point. Ye mean that Muster Ogilvie has foreever gone fra' amongst our happy midst. But then, o' coorse, there's nowt that can be done aboot it."

"I know there ain't," said Captain Ball. "And that's just the hell of it. It's time them ruddy meddlers in the office would let my ship alone, for once. Why don't they take men out of the *Hardcliffe,* or the *Marlecliffe,* or the *Thorncliffe,* or some of them other ships, hey? But oh, no, they're always got to pick on me!" And seizing his spoon, he attacked his soup as though bailing out a sinking lifeboat.

"A-weel," said Mr. Glencannon, as audibly and with evident relish he groomed the fringes of his moustache with his lower lip, "Muster Ogilvie's leaving us is vurra unconveenient, beyont a doot. But betwixt oursels, Captain, I'd just as soon we had a mon wi' more streength o' character to montain the deescipline. Wi' that Yonkee bruiser Radway and the rest, there's a tough crowd i' the stokehold. Ne'ertheless, I conseeder Ogilvie's promotion a pairsonal compliment to mysel'. Why, come to think o' it, Captain, he's my fourth or fufth seecond or theerd to become a feerst or seecond!"

"'E's your which and your wot?" inquired Mr. Montgomery, glancing up from a copy of *Beelzebub's Broth,* official organ of the International League of Militant Teetotalers. "That is, 'oo is? Good lawks, I do wish you'd talk sense for a chynge, instead of like a blooming parable!"

Mr. Glencannon considered him haughtily. "I was just remarking," he said, "that Muster Ogilvie, our worthy Theerd Engineer, who has been promoted to Seecond of the *Swalecliffe Castle,* is by no means the feerst mon to benefeet by my training and emeerge full-fledged fra' my engine room to embark on a braw career o' his ain. But aside fra' that, Muster Mate, and overlooking the rudeness o' yere tone, I must inform ye that the talking bird ye refeer to is no' the parable, but the parakeet, the whuch doesna' talk onyway."

"Heh, well, my word! there's where you're both wrong!" declared Captain Ball, puffing out his cheeks scornfully. "Paraclete is a sort of a fancy inlaid floor. I shouldn't wonder if it's probably mocking-birds that you chaps are trying to think of. Mrs. Ball has a cageful of 'em—perky little beggars. They go tootle-tweetle-twee, sort of, except in the mating season, when they say 'twee' twice. But—er, let's see now—oh yes, we were discussing about a Third Engineer. Well, have you got anybody in mind to take Ogilvie's place, Mister Glencannon?"

"Nary a soul," said the Chief. "Nobody at a', sir. But thanks to the foortunate ceercumstance o' our being here in Glesga, I onteecipate no slichtest deeficulty i' finding a lad to fill the berth. Engineers in Glesga are thicker than sneak-thieves in London."

"M'ybe yer right," observed Mr. Montgomery. "But, for my part, I 'adn't never noticed that Glasgow Scotchmen was any thicker than the rest of 'em—only drunker. But look, 'ere's a ray of 'ope fer yer disserlute city. Just read this!"

He unfolded a copy of the *Glasgow Sentinel* and pointed to a headline:—

"SMASHER" WRECKS THREE MORE BAR ROOMS
NO CLUES, SAY POLICE, AS FANATIC CONTINUES RAIDS

"Now that," said Mr. Montgomery sententiously, "is wot I calls a step in the right direction. I'd like to see 'im smarsh hevery blinking bar and booze shop in the British Isles, I would! It says 'ere in the pyper that the International League of Militant Teetotalers, of which I 'ave the honor of being a charter member of, is advertising their fymous standing offer to pay fer this Smasher chap's legal defense if 'e gets nabbed, along with a bounty of five pund apiece fer heach and hevery devil's den 'e may 'ave wrecked meanwhile."

"Oh, fuddlesticks!" said Mr. Glencannon. "Please, please, Muster Mate, spare us further o' yere boorish interooptions." And, turning again to Captain Ball, "Noo that Spring is i' the air," he explained, "there's mony a new ship sliding doon the ways oot o' the yards between here and Clydebank. A muckle o' keen young lads wi' their Board o' Trade junior certeeficates who ha' been working i' the yards all Winter ha' bruck oot i' a rash to go to sea again. I was thinking I'd tak' a stroll through Vickery's Yards, and also MacCandless, Todd & Shelbourne's, this vurra afternoon."

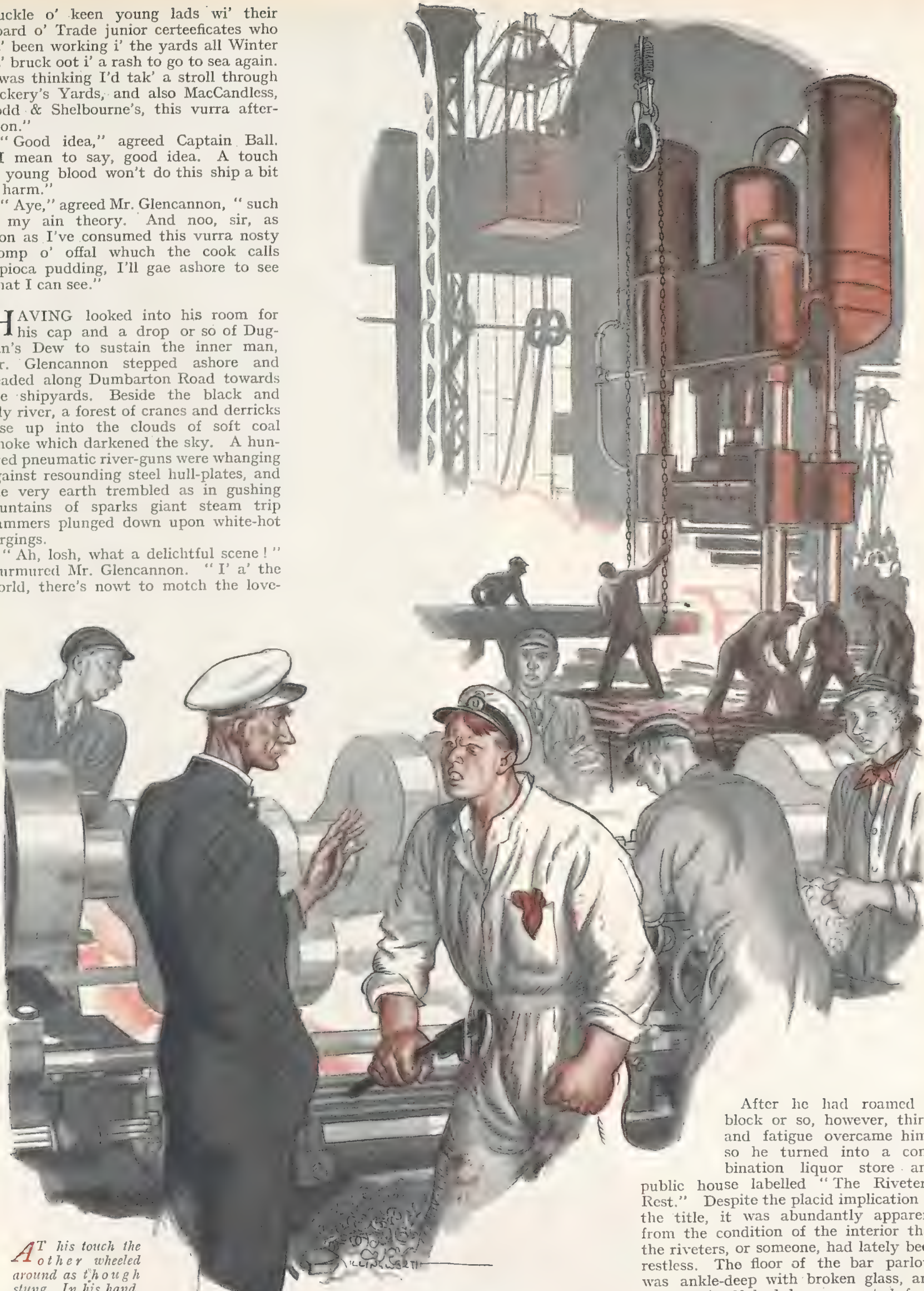
"Good idea," agreed Captain Ball. "I mean to say, good idea. A touch of young blood won't do this ship a bit of harm."

"Aye," agreed Mr. Glencannon, "such is my ain theory. And noo, sir, as soon as I've consumed this vurra nosty loomp o' offal whuch the cook calls topioca pudding, I'll gae ashore to see what I can see."

HAVING looked into his room for his cap and a drop or so of Duggan's Dew to sustain the inner man, Mr. Glencannon stepped ashore and headed along Dumbarton Road towards the shipyards. Beside the black and oily river, a forest of cranes and derricks rose up into the clouds of soft coal smoke which darkened the sky. A hundred pneumatic river-guns were whanging against resounding steel hull-plates, and the very earth trembled as in gushing fountains of sparks giant steam trip hammers plunged down upon white-hot forgings.

"Ah, losh, what a delichtful scene!" murmured Mr. Glencannon. "I' a' the world, there's nowt to motch the loveliness o' Clydebank!" And as he strolled along he hummed:—

"Roaming i' the gloaming, by the
bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Oh, it's lovely roaming i' the glo-
ho-ho-ho-ming!"



AT his touch the other wheeled around as though stung. In his hand, poised for action, he held a 14-in. spanner

After he had roamed a block or so, however, thirst and fatigue overcame him; so he turned into a combination liquor store and public house labelled "The Riveters' Rest." Despite the placid implication of the title, it was abundantly apparent from the condition of the interior that the riveters, or someone, had lately been restless. The floor of the bar parlour was ankle-deep with broken glass, and the bar itself had been uprooted from its foundations and toppled upon its side. The publican, a portly gentleman whose left eye stuck out like a door knob and was rapidly assuming a cerulean hue, was pouring forth his woes to a policeman.

Mr. Glencannon turned a table right side up, retrieved a chair which dangled from the shattered chandelier, and settled himself. He sniffed appreciatively the fumes which wafted from the floor.

"Ahem!" he said. "May I interrupt ye, sir, to ask for a spot o' Duggan's Dew o' Kirkintilloch?"

"Ye may," said the publican gloomily. "But ye'll ha' a fat chance o' getting it unless ye gae doon on yere knees and collect it wi' a spoonge."

"Why, whate'er do ye mean?"

"I mean," said the publican, "that the Glesga Smosher, a raving manioc, came in here at noontime and bruck every last bottle o' whusky I had i' the place, to say nowt o' what other domages ye can plainly see."

"Oh, dearie me, how vurra deeprussing!" said Mr. Glencannon. "And what did he do it for?"

"That we dinna ken, sir," said the policeman. "Some say he's a teetotaler and some says not. He's running amuck and smoshing up pubs throughout the city o' Glesga."

"Ah, and sae it's as bad as that, is it?" asked Mr. Glencannon in alarm. "Weel, I'd better hasten on my way before he smoshes them a'!"

Further along the road he came to the Tailshaft Tavern. One of its windows was boarded up and a card on the door announced that the place was "Closed For Repairs."

On the opposite corner a crowd was standing in front of a place which bore a sign, "The Guage and Gasket Bar: Wat MacTavish, Proprietor (Wat Knows Wat's Wat!)" From the ruins of this establishment streams of whisky were trickling dismally across the sidewalk.

"Foosh!" said Mr. Glencannon in amazement. "Ne'er did I think I'd live to see the day when I cudna get a drink i' Glesga. These temperance fanotics will cause the doonfall o' the Empire yet! But noo, I micht as weel fight back my theerst and gae along aboot my business."

Messrs. Vickery's yards were a short distance down the street. The keel of a liner was in the cradles, and the place was seething with activity. Mr. Glencannon strolled into one of the engine shops and paused beside a lathe on which a Diesel crankshaft was slowly turning. The building reeked of rancid lard-oil and was filled with the throb of mighty machinery and the agonised scream of metal beneath the tool. Three or four mechanics were at work on the crankshaft job, and supervising them was a young man who at once took Mr. Glencannon's fancy.

He was a short, beefy youth with very red hair, and pale blue eyes fringed with a sparse growth of white lashes. Somehow he gave the impression of having recently been boiled. So broad and square were his shoulders that he seemed to have no neck. About midway down from his elbows, his forearms suddenly flanged out into hands of approximately the size and shape of ping-pong bats. His front teeth were prominent, and such was their conformation that their owner was enabled to spit between them in a most spectacular manner. It was apparent that he had his crew of machinists thoroughly cowed.

"Losh!" said Mr. Glencannon, observing that the red youth was wearing a suit of sea-going dungarees, and that an oily white officer's cap was perched on the back of his head. "Yon's a likely lad, a likely lad i'deed!" And, stepping forward, he touched the youngster upon the shoulder. "A vurra guid day to ye, young mon," he said. "And what micht be yere name?"

At his touch the other wheeled around as though stung. In his hand, poised for action, he held a 14-inch spanner.

"A vurra guid day to yersel', ye meddlesome old walrus," he answered, measuring Mr. Glencannon with a suspicious eye. "And as for my name, what the heel do ye want to know it for?"

"Ah, noo," said Mr. Glencannon, piqued at this rebuff. "Do ye be

a bit more coorteous, ye oaf, or I'll raise a hand to ye. Fra' the look o' yere ugly snout, ye'd be a copious bleeder."

"Pairhops I wud and pairhops I wudna," was the sullen answer. "But ye show bad judgment, muster, when ye sneak up behind a body and tap him on the shoulder lik' a dom policeman. Noo, what is it ye want?"

"I want what I asked ye for i' the feerst place. What micht be yere name?"

"Weel," said the youth, "it micht be Lloyd Geortch and it might be Maurice Chivvaleer, but it's no' the one nor the other. My name's Duncan Glencannon, if that means onything to ye."

"Duncan Glencannon!" exclaimed the engineer, "Duncan Gle—weel, weel, my ain dear lad, how are ye, how are ye?"

"Tak' yere hands off me!" said the beefy one, backing away. "I dinna foncy yere whuskery mug, and I willna be pawed lik' a terrier. Who are ye, onyway?"

"Swith, lad!" beamed Mr. Glencannon, spreading his arms in a welcoming gesture. "Dinna ye ken me, Duncan? I'm yere uncle—yere ain dear Uncle Colin!"

"Oh," said Duncan, taking the news calmly enough, but becoming a bit more civil. "Weel, I suppose I micht ha' reecognised ye fra' yere breath. I dimly remeember ye dondling me on yere knee when I was a bairn in Taychreggen, and me howling because I thocht ye were a deevil or a warlock. Weel, come to look at ye noo, I dinna wonder! How are ye, Uncle Colin, how are ye—I mean, aside fra' being in yere cups?"

"Tush, lad! tush!" said Mr. Glencannon in mild reproof. "I've had nowt o' steemulant save a nip or twa aboard ship after lunch. Ye're confusing me wi' yere late lameented fother, a pious and scholarly mon whose failing, alos! was alcohol."

"Aye, and bross-polish, linament and whate'er else he cud find aroond the house," agreed young Duncan, his pale eye kindling with resentful reminiscence. "Mother always said that if there was ever mon i' Scotland who cud drink more than a Glencannon, it was another Glencannon. And then she'd always mention you, Uncle Colin."

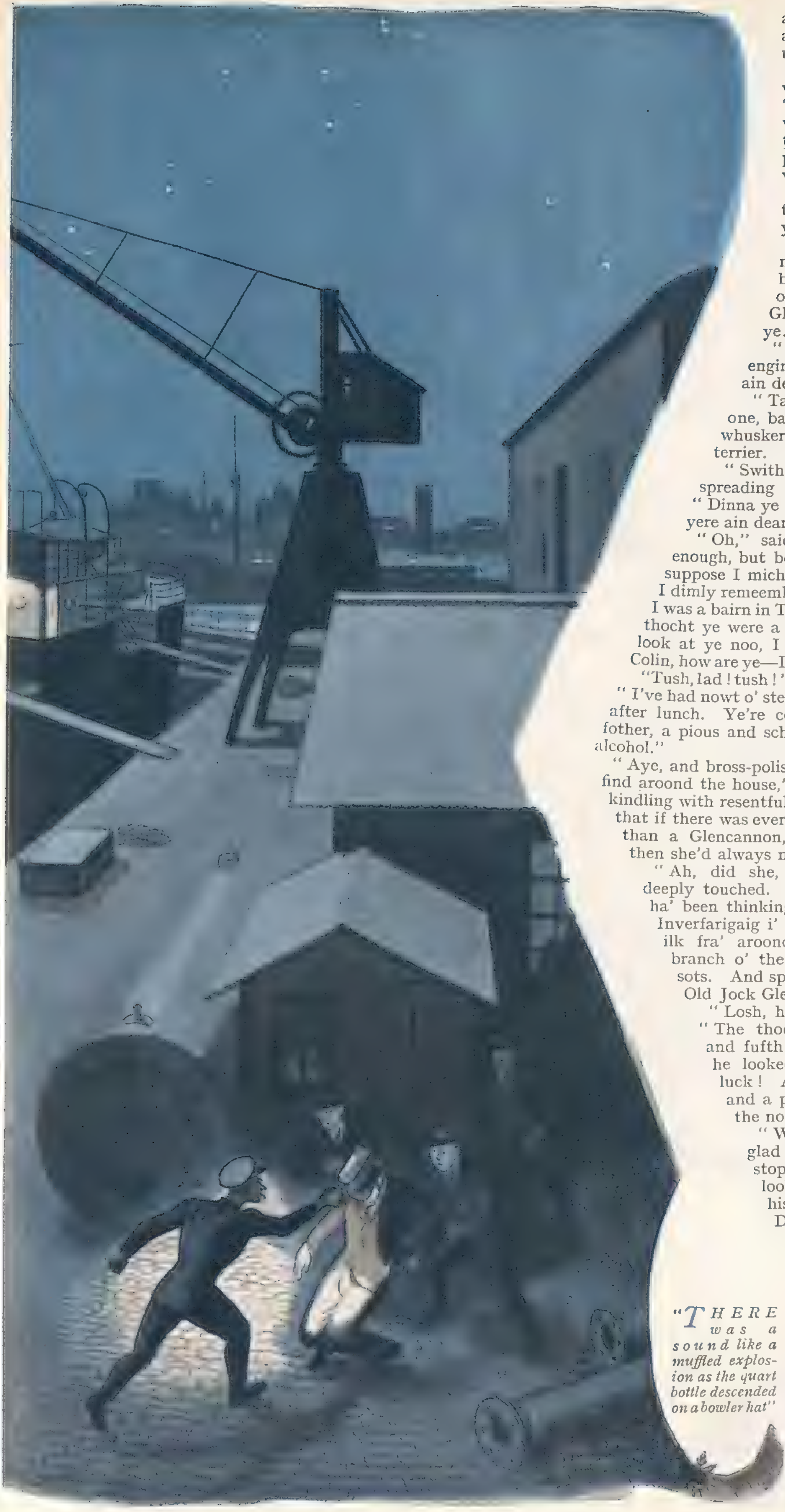
"Ah, did she, noo?" inquired Mr. Glencannon, deeply touched. "Weel, the puir guid woman must ha' been thinking o' the MacFeergus Glencannons o' Inverfarigaig i' the Monadhliadths, or pairhops our ilk fra' aroond Ballachulish and Achnacloich, a branch o' the clan conseesting almost entirely o' sots. And speaking o' whuch, what is the news o' Old Jock Glencannon, o' Milngavie?"

"Losh, him!" answered Duncan disgustedly. "The thoondering old rip had his hoonderd and fufth beerthday aboot a month ago, and he looked tough and braw as ever, worse luck! A quart o' oatmeal, a quart o' whusky and a packet o' snoof a day, that's his diet the noo."

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon, "I'm glad to hear that the old patriarch has stopped deesipating and is beginning to look after his health. But what aboot his will and teestament, Duncan lad? Do ye still stond as his heir?"

"I do," said Duncan. "And a heel o' a lot o' guid it does me! Why, bless ye, Uncle Colin, I do believe Old Jock'll carry on for another theerty years at least. And wi' whusky costing what it does, ye can easily feegure that there won't be a farthing left to inherit.

Why, on his vurra beerthday, be dom, if he didn't walk on foot clean in here fra' Milngavie and back—eight weary miles each way—to buy three cases o' Duggan's Dew because they wudna



"THERE was a sound like a muffled explosion as the quart bottle descended on a bowler hat"

deeliver it to him on mail order."

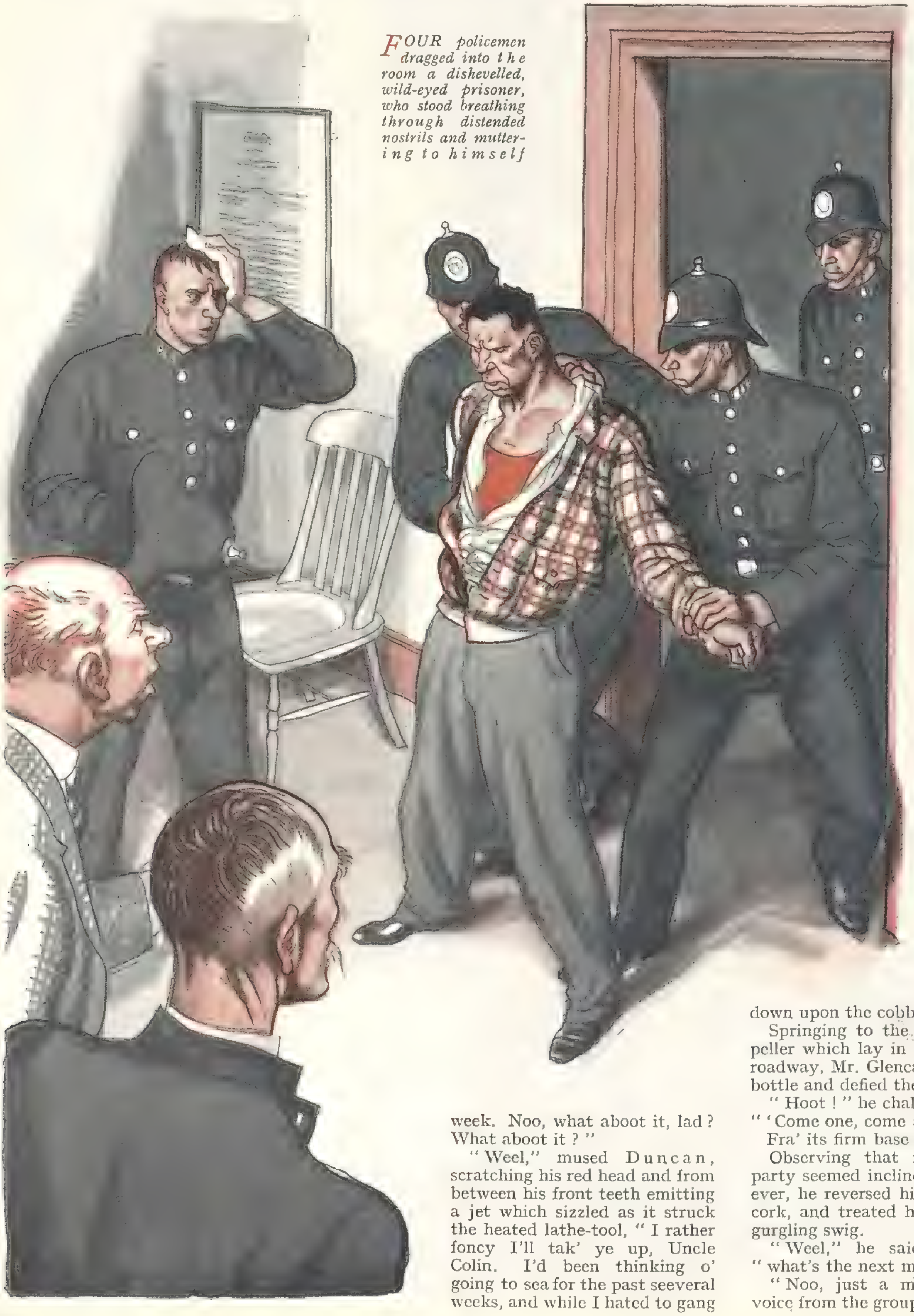
"What did he walk for ?" asked Mr. Glencannon.

"To save the tram-fare, o' coorse," said Duncan. "And then, besides, he knew vurra weel that a' the neighbours alang the road wud invite him in for a beerthday snort. By the time he got back hame he thocht he was an owl, so he tuk off his breeks and spent the entire nicht hooting i' a tree."

"Och, a grand old choracter !" said Mr. Glencannon reverently. "I'deed, he's the last o' the braw geeneration that made Scotland what she is to-day !"

"Aye, pairhops," agreed Duncan, but without enthusiasm. "But noo, Uncle Colin, what is it ye've come here to the shop aboot ?"

Mr. Glencannon explained his mission. "Ye can get yere time fra' the paymoster when ye quit here to-nicht," he suggested, "and to-morrow morning I'll meet ye at the Shipping Office, where we'll sign ye on. We're ha'ing some refitting i' our boilers, and we sail aroond the middle o' the week. Noo, what aboot it, lad ? What aboot it ?"



FOUR policemen dragged into the room a dishevelled, wild-eyed prisoner, who stood breathing through distended nostrils and muttering to himself

"Weel," mused Duncan, scratching his red head and from between his front teeth emitting a jet which sizzled as it struck the heated lathe-tool, "I rather foncy I'll tak' ye up, Uncle Colin. I'd been thinking o' going to sea for the past seeveral weeks, and while I hated to gang awa' and leave Old Jock to drink up all my foortune, I think I've took the proper steps to prevent him. There's one or two little motters I must attend to to-nicht, but I'll meet ye at the Shipping Office feerst thing to-morrow."

A LATE hour that evening found Mr. Glencannon homeward bound in a state which might be best described as scrambled. He had fallen in with friends, and in their company quaffed deeply; but during the course of the quaffing he had managed to lose nine pounds and some odd shillings at cribbage. As in the misty moonlight he picked his way between the burst boilers, rusty cylinders and other massive junk that littered the shipyard in which the *Inchcliffe Castle* lay, he felt that his body was floating and that his soul was heavy as lead.

"Nine poonds !" he was repeating mournfully to himself. "Nine poonds ! Ah, the swundlers !"

Suddenly he became aware of several figures lurking in the shadows of a shed. Instinctively his hand dropped to the neck of a quart bottle which chanced to be in his coat pocket.

"Ah-ha, 'tis the Afghans !" he muttered. "Clear yersel' for action, Glencannon, and smite them where they look the biggest !"

The beam of a flashlight darted into his face. Instantly there was a sound like a muffled explosion as the quart bottle descended upon a bowler hat.

With a thin whispery moan, he of the flashlight and bowler wilted down upon the cobble-stones.

Springing to the hub of a giant propeller which lay in the weeds beside the roadway, Mr. Glencannon brandished his bottle and defied the enemy.

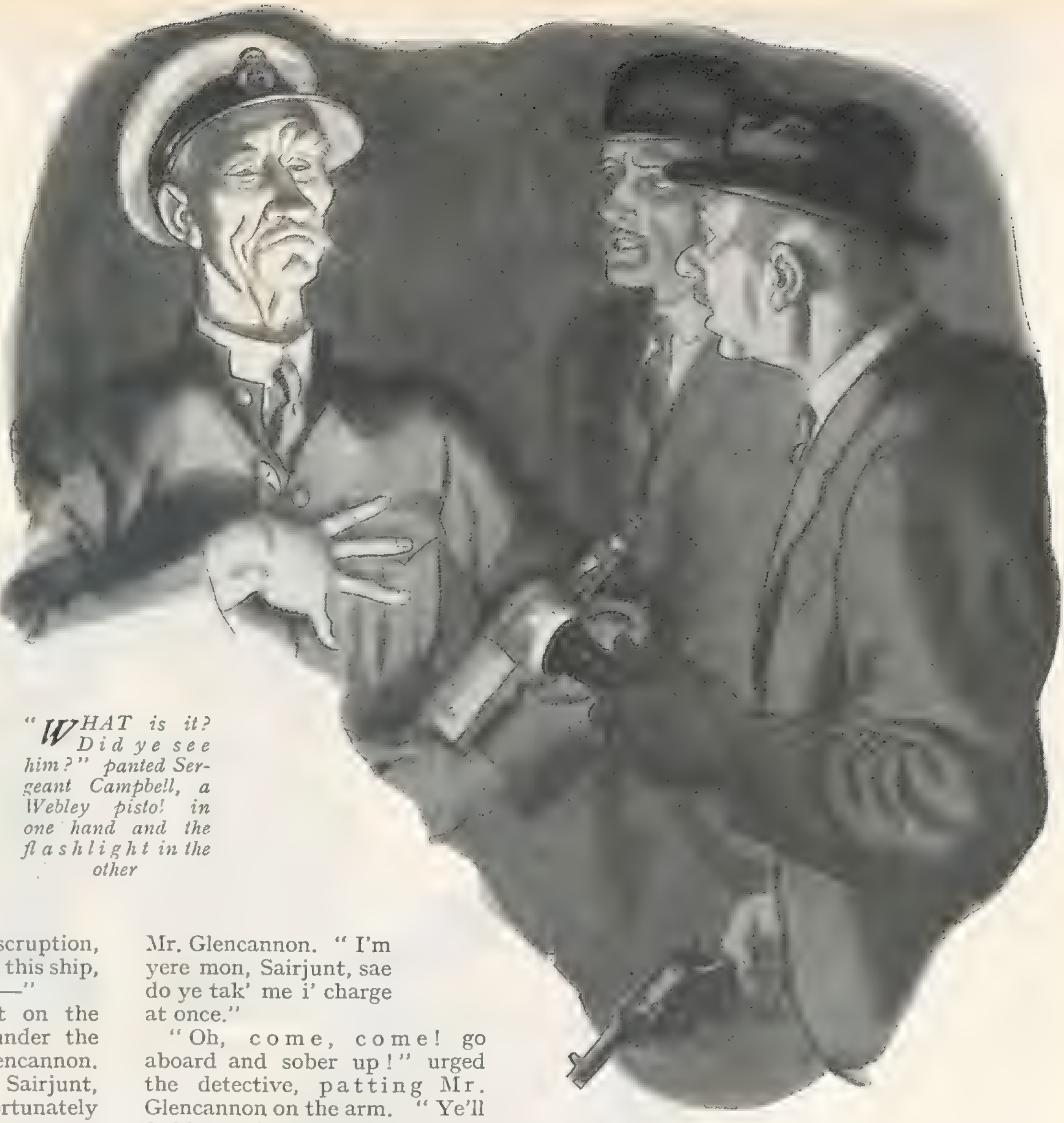
"Hoot !" he challenged.

"'Come one, come a', this prop shall fly
Fra' its firm base as soon as I !'"

Observing that none of the hostile party seemed inclined to rush him, however, he reversed his weapon, pulled the cork, and treated himself to a long and gurgling swig.

"Weel," he said, wiping his chin, "what's the next move, ye roofians ?"

"Noo, just a minute, sir," came a voice from the group gathered around the



"*What is it? Did ye see him?*" *panted Sergeant Campbell, a Webley pistol in one hand and the flashlight in the other*

fallen figure. "I'm afraid we've made a mistake, and we beg yere pardon. But if ye'll just hold on a bit till the Sergeant regains consciousness, we'd be greatly obliged to ye."

"The Sairjunt!" repeated Mr. Glencannon. "D'ye mean ye're policemen? Swith, I mistook ye for cut-purses!"

"We're deteectives fra' C.I.D., Victoria Street Police Station. How's it noo, Sergeant Campbell? Can ye stand up?"

"Umph," said the Sergeant, staggering to his feet and tugging at the remains of his bowler. "Oh, my head! MacBride, just put the light on yon gentlemon again—that is, if he has no objections."

"None whatsoeever!" said Mr. Glencannon, thrusting his hand into the breast of his coat and striking a Napoleonic attitude. "But wud ye mind telling me the cause o' all this midnicht manœuvering?"

"We're looking for a dangerous lunatic," explained the Sergeant. "A chap who has busted up eleeven booze shops i' the past week. We've got his deescruption, and we had a tip that he was off this ship, the *Inchcliffe Castle*. And so——"

"And so ye got yersel' hit on the head fra' shining yere light under the wrong bushell," said Mr. Glencannon. "Weel, mistakes will happen, Sairjunt, mistakes will happen! Onfoortunately fer yersel', I had finoncial reverses earlier this evening, sae my temper is none o' the best. Aye," he sighed, "nine poonds, nine poonds deeparted!"

Thus having reminded himself of his losses, he nodded a gloomy good night to the policemen and started up the *Inchcliffe Castle's* gangway. He was perhaps half across it when an idea struck him.

"Losh!" he exclaimed. "Eleeven smoshed saloons! Muster Montgomery's Teetotal Society paying a five poond bounty for each! Eleeven times five mak's fufty-five poonds! . . . Ho, police!" he shouted, dashing back through the yard in pursuit of the officers. "Police! Police!"

From out of the gloom whistles shrilled threads of sound, and there was the tatoo of running feet.

"Here, sir! Here!" shouted a detective. "This way, Sergeant!"

"What is it? Did ye see him?" panted Sergeant Campbell, a Webley pistol in one hand and the flashlight in the other. "Which way'd he go?"

"He's standing richt before ye, Sairjunt," proclaimed Mr. Glencannon, with a dramatic gesture. "I confess! I—I am the Glesga Smosher!" And steeling himself to the sacrifice, he shattered his bottle of whisky upon the cobble-stones.

Sergeant Campbell grinned, chuckled, and then laughed aloud. "Ye'd better go back aboard your ship and sleep your jag off, muster," he advised. "Ye don't look, smell or act like no temperance fanatic to me!"

"Weel, I am just the same!" insisted Mr. Glencannon. "I'm yere mon, Sairjunt, sae do ye tak' me i' charge at once."

"Oh, come, come! go aboard and sober up!" urged the detective, patting Mr. Glencannon on the arm. "Ye'll feel better in the morning."

"Noo, dinna attempt to wheedle me," Mr. Glencannon warned him. "I'm no a mon to be cajoled, as the loomp on yere head will teestify. I demond that ye arrest me, Sairjunt Campbell. As a British subject, I firmly assert my rights. Put the hondcuffs on me this vurra minute, or there'll be enough eggs on yere head to feed omelettes to the whole dom Glesga police force!"

"Noo, see here, m'lad," said Sergeant Campbell, "I'm a patient mon, but don't start flinging your weight aboot. Just what micht be yere name, anyway?"

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon, striving to recall and repeat the neat sarcasm of his nephew Duncan, "it micht be Glencannon, and it might be Glencannon, but it's no' Lloyd Geortch or that other fellow."

"Glencannon!" exclaimed Sergeant Campbell. "So yere name's Glencannon, is it? By Gad, men, take him along! I do believe we've got the Smosher after all!"

ARRIVED at the Victoria Street Police Station, Mr. Glencannon was hustled up to the second floor and into the presence of Inspector MacNab.

"Well, we've landed him, sir!" announced Sergeant Campbell proudly. "Here's Glencannon, and by his ain confession he's the Smosher!"

"Aye!" declared Mr. Glencannon, swaying a bit unsteadily, and endeavouring to disguise a hiccup as a defiant toss of the head, "I am he? Doon wi' the Demon Rum!"

Inspector MacNab stared in amazement.

"What?" he asked. "Another Glencannon? Why, heaven bless us, Sergeant, we've had two Glencannons in here already. The young one admits writing the anonymous letters to the pub-keepers, threatening to smash their places because they'd delivered whisky to the old one. The old one admits threatening to smash their places because they didn't. But both of 'em deny doing any of the smashing, and the pub-keepers say that neither of 'em looks anything like the Smasher."

"And neither does this hoodlum, come to look him over," admitted Sergeant Campbell, fingering the lump on his head. "I say, is this the mon who wrecked your place, Mister MacTavish?"

"Who, him? Lord, no, sir!" declared the publican, glancing at Mr. Glencannon. "The mon who smoshed my little snoogery was no' i' the least lik' yon besotted jockoss. What do ye say, Cameron?"

"I say the same," declared Mr. Cameron. "The Glesga Smosher, the real Smosher, I mean, is a mon of aboot my ain height, and . . ."

From the corridor came sounds of scuffling.

"I am the spirit of Carrie Nation!" a voice was shouting. "I am Volstead! I am Vengeance! (*Continued on p.* 104)

BOOKS:

Our *own* Brand *of* Humour: The Works of Anstey

Left: *SETON PEACEY, a newcomer to the ranks of novelists*

F. ANSTEY, whose novel "Vice Versa" will enter on its jubilee this year

JAMES HILTON, author of "And Now Goodbye," which is recommended in the accompanying review

AUGUST and September used to be empty months in the publisher's year—a foolish practice, I always thought, since the public is a steady reader and newspapers and magazines, with their literary pages, do not cease to appear and booksellers do not close their doors. This year, the rate of publication has been far more even than before. In May and June the spate of books was (it seemed to me) less, and in the holiday months the stream has not run dry. From this change, one important result should follow. Every book has a better chance of being opened, and is in less danger of being swept away before public and reviewers can grab it as it goes. Poor work will not benefit; but meritorious volumes are more likely to reach sympathetic readers when they are allowed a reasonable time in which to do so. The problem of publishing, as of all production, consists in bringing the manufactured article to the notice of that fraction of the public for which it is intended. An avalanche was always, in my opinion, a rather crude way of solving the problem.

I want to discuss some of these late novels; and it is worth noting once again that, had they been published three months earlier, when all the great ones were appearing, I should not have had time or space in which to refer to them. First, then, I recommend *And Now Good-Bye*, by James Hilton (Benn, 7s. 6d.), and I do so without the faintest qualm. I cannot imagine the man or the woman who is not pleased by this novel—so quiet, so sensitive, so well constructed, so full of meat. Mr. Hilton's performance is satisfactory from every point of view. He has invented an excellent, ironic story; he has worked on it until he has made it as lean and fit as a stage play; and then he has told his story without haste or waste. Perhaps he has shown a little too much restraint where his two principal characters are concerned. I think he has. But restraint is one of the salient qualities of this admirable novel, and if one could wish it away, one would destroy a book which is very well worth reading.

MR. HILTON'S restraint is that of a man who knows the power of understatement. The restraint of the author of *Crutch* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) is of a different order. Mr. Seton Peacey is a newcomer and a very young man. Even without the publisher's statement it would not have been difficult to guess as much. Mr. Peacey's restraint is that of the self-conscious young man who wishes to be thought older than he is. Reviewers are familiar with this sign of youth, and learn to discount it. The phase will pass, leaving Mr. Peacey much, much younger than he is now, and much more likely to write a good book. The chances that he will do so are considerable, for he has balance and a sense of style—which is a more valuable asset than mere "style." *Crutch* is very pleasant to read. Unfortunately, it is impossible for anybody (including, it seems, the author) to believe a word of it. When Mr. Peacey ceases to be obsessed by an imaginary audience of supercilious friends and can lose himself in his story, he may become a creator.

MR. THOMAS MOULT'S *Saturday Night* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) and Mr. Stephen Graham's *A Modern Vanity Fair* (Benn, 7s. 6d.) are both stories of contemporary London. Mr. Moult is sometimes amateurish to the point of clumsiness, but he has insight and vision (two overworked words overworked by unscrupulous writers, and it is my bad luck, not my fault, that they are the very words I need to express Mr. Moult's quality), and so his book has beauty. Souls, like flowers, will bloom in the most improbable surroundings—that, I think, is how London

SISLEY HUDDLESTON

Montparnasse

"BACK TO MONTPARNASSE," by Sisley Huddleston. (Harrap, 15s.)

THERE are many English and American journalists resident in Paris. The experienced reader learns to discriminate between them, and, at moments when French politics are peculiarly confused or Anglo-French relations are illuminated with a particularly fierce light, he turns to certain papers and looks for certain signed articles before reaching an opinion. Doubtless we don't all seek the same signatures; but one or two names appear on everybody's list, and among them is Mr. Huddleston's. He knows Paris intimately. He knows it far better than he knows London. On the rare occasions when his judgment seems to be at fault, the trouble can generally, on analysis, be traced to a delusion about English life and opinion. His references to English writers reveal his strength and his weakness, for they show how completely his outlook is Parisianised.

In his new volume he is at his best, for it deals entirely with Paris, and for the most part with the Anglo-Saxon colony in Paris. It is full of good stories, especially about Mr. Gilbert White, and few people will read the book without retaining an urgent longing to meet this American gentleman. But Mr. Huddleston does more than amuse. He takes us up and down the Boulevard Raspail and the Boulevard Montparnasse, and—with the usual assertion that the place is ruined—pauses with us at the junction of these thoroughfares and tells us what he knows. How much he knows about everybody! One thought one knew the street; but Mr. Huddleston knows the history of every second passer-by. He is stronger on writers than painters, on American writers than English writers. He is best of all on Mr. White.

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

affects him, and why he wrote just this particular novel. It is not quite a first-rate book, but it is a first-hand one, the work of a man who has preserved himself and uses his art to express that self as simply and fervently as possible. Mr. Graham's story had the opposite effect on me. The very first page made me uncomfortable, not because of its frankness, but because of its origin. Mr. Graham has set out to write a brilliant novel in the modern manner. As if we wanted another! Disraeli, on seeing a man use an ear-trumpet in the House of Commons, exclaimed: "Look at that fellow flinging away his natural advantages!" When I think of Mr. Graham's earlier work, I want to echo Disraeli's cry. Lest anybody, by that, thinks that I wish to confine the author to fishermen and Russian peasants, I should like to explain that I mean nothing of the kind. An author is like a spider—he can spin his web anywhere, but it is his web, it comes from his inside. Mr. Graham's latest web is spun from a cheap silk not his own.

ANTHONY WYNNE, *whose latest book, "The Silver Arrow," is an unusual and ambitious thriller*

THOMAS MOULT, *whose novel "Saturday Night" is a story of contemporary London*

STEPHEN GRAHAM *author of "A Modern Vanity Fair"*

These last reflections have been wonderfully apt, for I find myself about to refer to George Moore, and he proclaims, or used to do, that every novelist should be able to say of his work, "Ça sort de mes entrailles!" I forget the name of the French master from whom he learned that; but he learned the lesson as well as the tag, and has never departed from it. His *Aphrodite in Aulis* (Heinemann, 6s.) is not strictly a new book, for it was published last year in the Limited Edition. But the present edition is revised as well as new, and the beautiful volume, even when allowances are made for the profits of the special edition, is extraordinarily cheap. As a certain number of my readers will have read the book already, I shall not review it here. In any case, reviews of Mr. Moore's book are superfluous, since the public has long divided itself into two groups—those who always read him and those who never read him. I will pass on to another novel which, though it deals with ancient Greece, has nothing else in common with Mr. Moore's. *The Greek Slave*, by Douglas Sladen (Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d.) is a story of the slave traffic and harem life of Greece and Persia under Alexander and Darius. A great deal of information, perhaps a little too much, has been crammed into these pages, and they do not make light reading. But those who persevere will be rewarded by a very full historical picture of the times.

THOSE in search of excitement should include in their library list *The Silver Arrow*, by Anthony Wynne (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), a high-class, even a highbrow, thriller. The explanations, when they come, are a trifle "steep." One may guess the identity of the criminal, but it is a sheer impossibility to guess the means; and thus the story falls short of perfection as a mystery. Nevertheless, Mr. Wynne tells his tale with such an engaging and impressive air and clothes his characters with such life and plausibility, that one overlooks his weaknesses. The key to his mystery, as far as it has a key, must be sought in the character of the victim. A man is murdered as early as page 17, and during the rest of the book his character is being unobtrusively but steadily filled in and examined until it is strong enough to bear the weight, the considerable weight, of the climax. An unusual and ambitious thriller.

And, for light reading of another kind, *Humour and Fantasy* (Murray, 8s. 6d.), an Anstey omnibus containing "Vice Versa," "The Tinted Venus," "A Fallen Idol," "The Talking Horse," "Salted Almonds" and "The Brass Bottle." Really, the occasion must not be allowed to pass, and a word, several words, must be said about the writer whose pen name is F. Anstey. In three months' time, *Vice Versa* will enter on its jubilee year, for it was published as long ago as 1882 . . . and the author is still an active writer. I wish that he told us how many copies of *Vice Versa* had been sold, and into how many languages it has been translated. But the imposing figures (and they would be imposing!) would be out of tune with the graceful little introduction he has contributed to the volume; and they are not given. Still, it is probably safe to assume that, of "educated" people over thirty, alive in England to-day, more than half know the (*Continued on page* 94)

LADY TROUBRIDGE

Manners and Morals

A NEW edition of Lady Troubridge's *Book of Etiquette* (Assoc. Book Buyers' Company, 12s. 6d.) deserves comment, not only because the book is now making its first appearance in one-volume form, but also for the reason that this is the sixth occasion in five years on which a reprint of this monumental work has been called for. Do all books of etiquette sell at this pace? Probably not, for all books of etiquette are not written by Lady Troubridge. Hers is certainly a model, in scope and common sense. It seems to be accurate, too, but its wealth of detail makes one feel such a ghostly, ignorant bounder that one is shy of pronouncing an opinion.

The trouble with most books of this kind is that they are all very well as far as they go. Lady Troubridge, on the contrary, goes much too far, and fails to discriminate between conventions, nice feelings, and morality. Here are three of her recommendations.

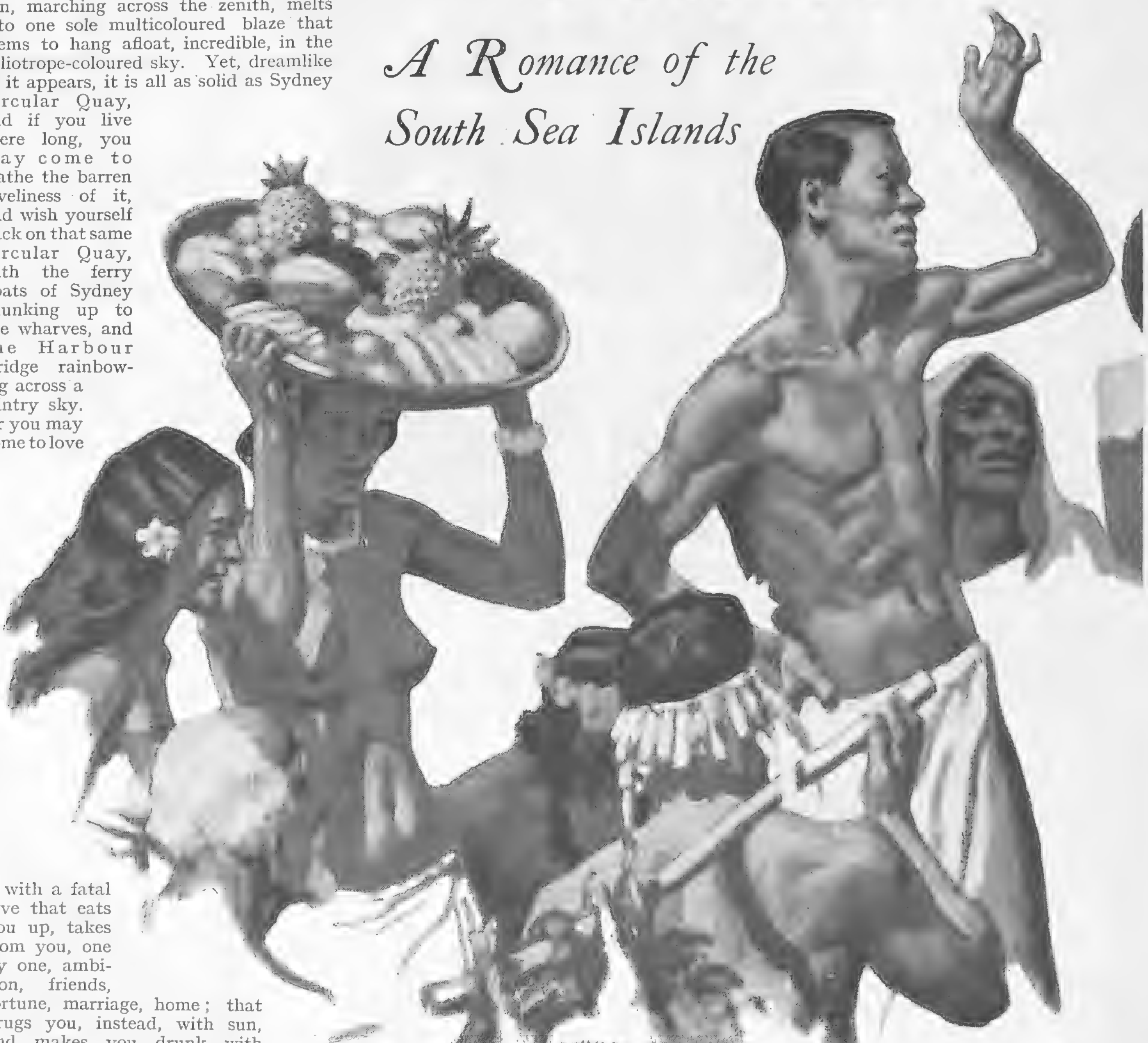
1. A soft collar with morning-dress is very bad form, so are brown boots or shoes.
2. A man's [visiting] card . . . should never be more or less than 3 inches long by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches broad.
3. Incorrect: to gossip ill-naturedly.

These three pieces of advice belong to separate worlds. The first is important in that it concerns a convention which, though quite arbitrary, is very strictly observed. The second deals with a detail about which, until Lady Troubridge came along, nobody outside the stationery trade had ever bothered to be precise. As for the third, it may be a passport to Heaven; it certainly won't help you to enter Mayfair. As an aid to rapid social advancement there is nothing to touch a reputation for bein' amusin'. And everybody knows what that means.

"Can a Man be more than happy?" . . . The
a Man who found the Answer amid the glitter

The Golden VIRGIN

A Romance of the South Sea Islands



ADELAIDE ISLAND has the glassy sparkle, the fairylike insubstantiality, that mark with a beauty all their own certain islands near the Line. There is no mystery about it. The overhead, intensely vivid sun wipes out all shadow, raising every light to highest power. Light of varnished leaves that flash beneath the fingers of the wind; blank fiery stare of sands; innumerable sparkling laughter of the sea—all these the sun, marching across the zenith, melts into one sole multicoloured blaze that seems to hang afloat, incredible, in the heliotrope-coloured sky. Yet, dreamlike as it appears, it is all as solid as Sydney Circular Quay, and if you live there long, you may come to loathe the barren loveliness of it, and wish yourself back on that same Circular Quay, with the ferry boats of Sydney chunking up to the wharves, and the Harbour Bridge rainbowing across a wintry sky. Or you may come to love it with a fatal love that eats you up, takes from you, one by one, ambition, friends, fortune, marriage, home; that drugs you, instead, with sun, and makes you drunk with beauty; gives you freedom that is too free, and love that burns like fire, but lasts no longer. You may find yourself, on Adelaide and her thousand sister islands, asking yourself throughout a lifetime the Celtic peasant's question, "Can a man be more than happy?" and finding no answer—until too late.

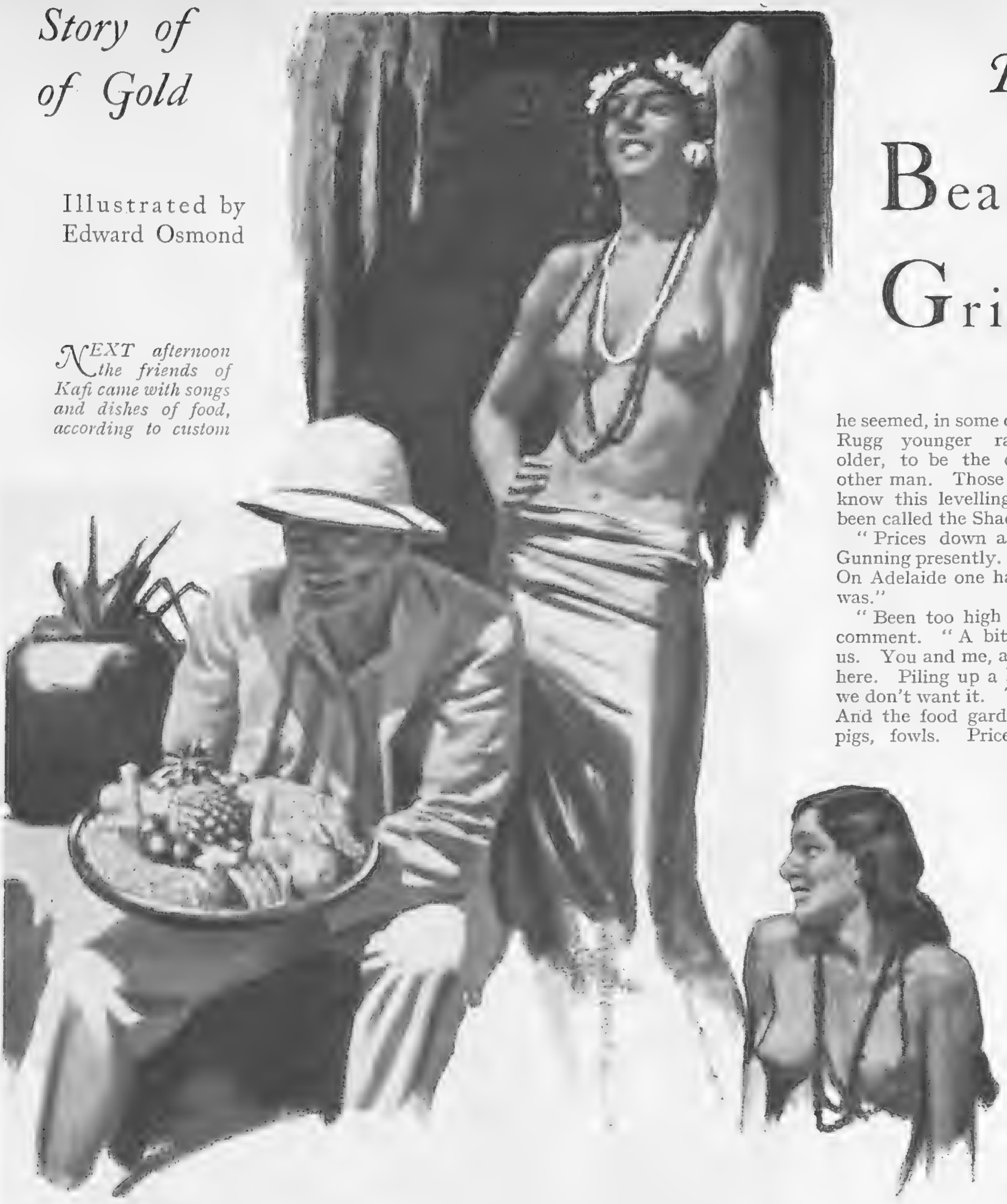
This is the tale of a man who found the answer.

JEROME GUNNING, like all men who live long in the Islands, had acquired the habit of talking for talk's sake. There were no picture shows, no radio, no mails save thrice a year, on Adelaide. There were no other white men except Eneas Rugg. Liliwai, Jerome's native

Story of
# of Gold

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond

By
Beatrice
Grimshaw



NEXT afternoon the friends of Kafi came with songs and dishes of food, according to custom

wife, was brown and soft and sweet; a gay singer, a light dancer in the endless dances of the moonlight nights; a carefree thing who had never so much as heard of cold or hunger or sorrow, save the inevitable rare sorrows brought by death; who knew no world beyond Adelaide, and desired to know none. One could love her, but not talk to her. When the need of talk became dominant, one put on one's shoes—for ceremony, not because feet made horny by fifteen years of bare padding about needed protection—called to Liliwai for a clean shirt, belted one's "pareu" tighter, and set off along the shores of the inner lagoon for the far side of the island. Eneas Rugg would be there, sitting cross-legged on the verandah of his brown thatched native house. "Let's close the stores," one would suggest, and Eneas would nod, and it was understood that for a day or two, maybe more, trade upon Adelaide, in the two stores of the two white men, was at an end. The wives would get up a picnic next day, and there'd be singing and dancing until night, and after, on the long beaches where the coconuts hung over. But to-day one talked. . . .

"There'll be a boat in this week," Eneas said, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and dusting a fluff of ashes from his grey beard. The south-east Trade was blowing hard to-day; palms were like fountains playing silver rain; the plum-blue lagoon in the midst of the island was chipped all over with white.

"Plenty of copra ready," Jerome answered.

There was an easy silence. Jerome lit a cigarette. His clean-shaved face, lean and well-bred, with sea-blue eyes set in its leathery tan, contrasted strongly with Rugg's heavy features; yet he was like Rugg. His years were by sixteen or seventeen less than Rugg's fifty-five, yet he seemed, in some curious way that made Rugg younger rather than Gunning older, to be the contemporary of the other man. Those who know the Islands know this levelling, this mark; it has been called the Shadow of the Palm. . . .

"Prices down a bit, I expect," said Gunning presently. There was no hurry. On Adelaide one had "all the time there was."

"Been too high to last" was Rugg's comment. "A bit of a fall won't hurt us. You and me, all these years. Sitting here. Piling up a little and a little, but we don't want it. The fish in the lagoon. And the food gardens. And coconuts, pigs, fowls. Prices don't hurt'm. I reckon we're pretty well off. I reckon we wouldn't be no better off, not if we found the Golden Virgin."

IN that quarter of the Pacific, less than six hundred miles from the Cocos, where the undiscovered treasure lies, talk of the Golden Virgin was as common as talk of the Calcutta Sweep in India. Nobody hopes to win the sweep, though everybody wants to. Nobody in the great empty area centred by Adelaide and her sister islands hopes (or hoped, in the days of which one tells) to find the mysteriously found, mysteriously lost Golden Virgin of the Cocos. But it is a pleasant diversion, on idle south-east mornings, to talk of what one would do if one did find her.

Jerome Gunning said "Ah!" thirstily, and looked out across the blue shield of the middle lagoon, over the intervening coral beach and the ruffling coco palms, over the apple-green of the outer lagoon that melted, by way of a white, tumbling reef, into the darkly brilliant ocean—as if he could see, a long way off, the isle of Cocos and the treasure hidden beneath its concealing landslides.

"You know," he said presently, still with that sense of long warm leisure upon him that made him lean his back against a verandah post and draw his words out one by one, "you know, I've always thought there was something, maybe, in the tale that she got to these islands."

Eneas had heard it before. He had

heard, before, everything that Jerome Gunning had to say; Jerome, a man of another class, was fluent with his tongue, ready to express ideas. Talkative, in fact. Eneas, the tough old salt, who had been on Adelaide years earlier than Jerome, was not much of a talker, but he didn't mind hearing things over and over, any more than you or I mind hearing the same tune a second, a twentieth time, if it happens to be pleasant. He liked the sound of talk about gold. He settled down now, sucking at his pipe, to hear it all again.

"In that expedition that they ran from San Francisco somewhere about the 'seventies," Jerome went on, "it was said they got nothing, just the same as the ones that went before. Just like the ones that came after; some of them we read about in the papers from Sydney, you remember."

"Ay," nodded Eneas Rugg.

"Everyone knows there was a statue of the Virgin all in solid gold among the treasure."

"It's always bin allowed there was."

"Well, six or seven years after that expedition had failed and gone back, there was a sort of a rumour got up among the Islands that the Golden Virgin had been found and taken away." He stretched out his long legs, bare under the gaudy cotton kilt of the pareu, and looked at the toes of his "sneaker" shoes. "And you know as well as I do there was talk of her being on Adelaide, years before Adelaide was inhabited again, when they'd all died off with the smallpox from the Chincha Islands boat, and the place was empty."

"If she'd bin on Adelaide," commented Eneas hoarsely, "which I wouldn't say, for or against, you or me would have found her. The place is as hopen as your hand. No, Jerry m'lad, you're runnin' your 'ead up against that copper woman in the old church again."

"Bronze," corrected Jerome. It was an old argument.

"No matter. Bronze or copper, or Muntz metal either, isn't gold."

"I'd like to break her up," Jerome said, as he had said a hundred times.

RUGG did not answer. He had told Jerome, countless times, that the Virgin in the little ruined church—the church built of sawn coral from the reef, half a century ago; deserted when the sickness came, and unroofed by a hurricane after—wasn't life-size, wasn't gold, hadn't anything to do with the lost treasure. But the queer thing was that he did not quite believe this himself. He could not have told why the question hovered, fly-like, about his mind; why, at times, he was convinced the island held a clue to the colossal treasure won and lost on Cocos; why, at other times, he was equally certain it didn't. Nor did he trouble to find out, being entirely content to know nothing about his own mental processes.

"I reckon," he said presently, with cheerful repetition, "that you and me are on a pretty good thing here; I reckon we wouldn't be better off, not if we found the gold virgin. Are you staying to kai-kai?"

For a moment Jerome looked as if he were about to accept the invitation; then he shook his head. "I think I'll kai-kai at Kafi's mother," he said, staring straight ahead of him at the dazzling sand of the beach.

Rugg threw him a keen side-glance. "Kafi there?" he hazarded.

Jerome nodded.

"They do say," went on the other, knocking out his pipe, "that you're thinkin' of her."

"And if I am?" demanded Jerome somewhat warmly.

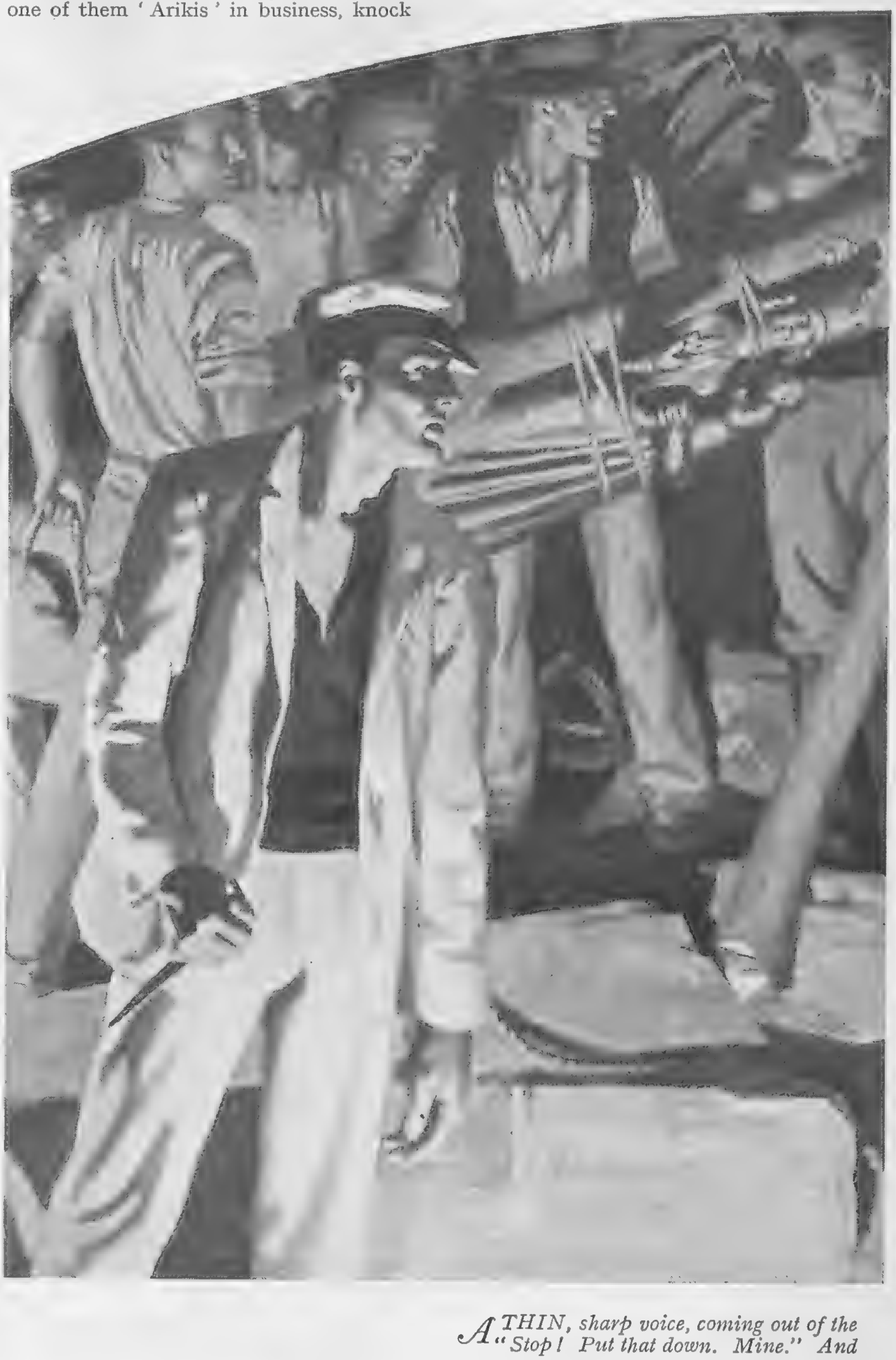
"Then you're in for big trouble," was Rugg's decisive comment. "A white man can't carry out them native customs and get away with it, not in these islands, he can't do it. I been here forty year, and I never was married to more than one at a time. I been here when a man would have 'ad 'is 'ead cut off with a bamboo knife, just for talkin' of it. They was always a very mono—monotonous people, even among themselves, except it was a big chief maybe——"

"Well, if I'm not a big chief, I don't know who is!"

"You're not, son. You're not no more a chief than me. You might take down one of them 'Arikis' in business, knock 'm out with your fists; you might do any damn thing you liked to 'm, and he'd still be your superior officer when it comes to natives. I been reading Shakespeare. I mind where 'e says 'That in the cap'n's but a choleraic word, which in the sailor is damn blarsphemy.' If you go to marry two native women, you not bein' native and not bein' a chief, there'll be trouble, as sure as God made little apples, and Eve ate 'm."

"Kafi's in love with me," said Jerome. He rose to his feet, pulled in his belt a trifle, and squared his shoulders, cocked his hat sidewise, and fingered his short moustache.

Eneas, looking somewhat sourly upon these antics of the preening male, said, "Have it y'r own way; go and jump 'ead foremost into trouble if you like, and then come to me to get you out of it, and I won't." To himself he thought, "You're proud, you are, but I was a better



A THIN, sharp voice, coming out of the "Stop! Put that down. Mine." And man in ninety-four; I could've broke you with my 'ands; I could've took ten girls away from you." Eneas, elderly widower, little looked upon by girls of any kind, in nineteen twenty-nine was not yet past admiring a thing of fire and dew like Kafi; Kafi, the livest, prettiest thing on Adelaide; wild dancer, wonderful singer, swiftest swimmer, most daring canoe paddler among the dangerous breakers of the reef; Kafi, who had rejected every basket of fruit and fish brought her by languishing island wooers; who would do anything, dare anything, it seemed, save the woman's great adventure. . . . Sixteen, ripe for love, as love goes in the islands; it was sure she would throw the handkerchief some day—and she had thrown it to Jerome Gunning.

ENEAS bit off a plug of tobacco, began to cut it in his horny palm. "G'wan, with you!" he said. He had never come nearer quarrelling with Jerome.

Alone on the verandah of his "rau" thatched house, with the dance of the shadows for all company, he fell to dreaming. All dream in the islands, some of the future, many more of the past. There's time and time for dreaming; there's balm in it, for old, hot scars. All dream . . . till the dream breaks in the night that leads to day.

When Eneas lifted his eyes, he saw a woman standing on the white, blue-shadowed sand. Liliwai, Jerome's wife. She was a tall creature, nobly made; amber-brown - skinned, with the true island eye that sailors liken to "a ball of water." Chief blood was in Liliwai; she showed it by her height, her dignity, the beauty of her long slim feet and hands. By her demeanour, too. Another woman would have been shrieking, complaining, calling on heaven and earth to witness the disgrace that had fallen on her. Liliwai, though her eyes were swollen and her lips trembling, kept hold upon herself.

"Ene-a," she addressed the sailor, "I coming to you, because my heart very sick. You my man's friend. I want you talk to him. He say——"

"I know wot he says," Eneas curtly replied, "and it's a damn shame. I can't help you, Liliwai; he's set."

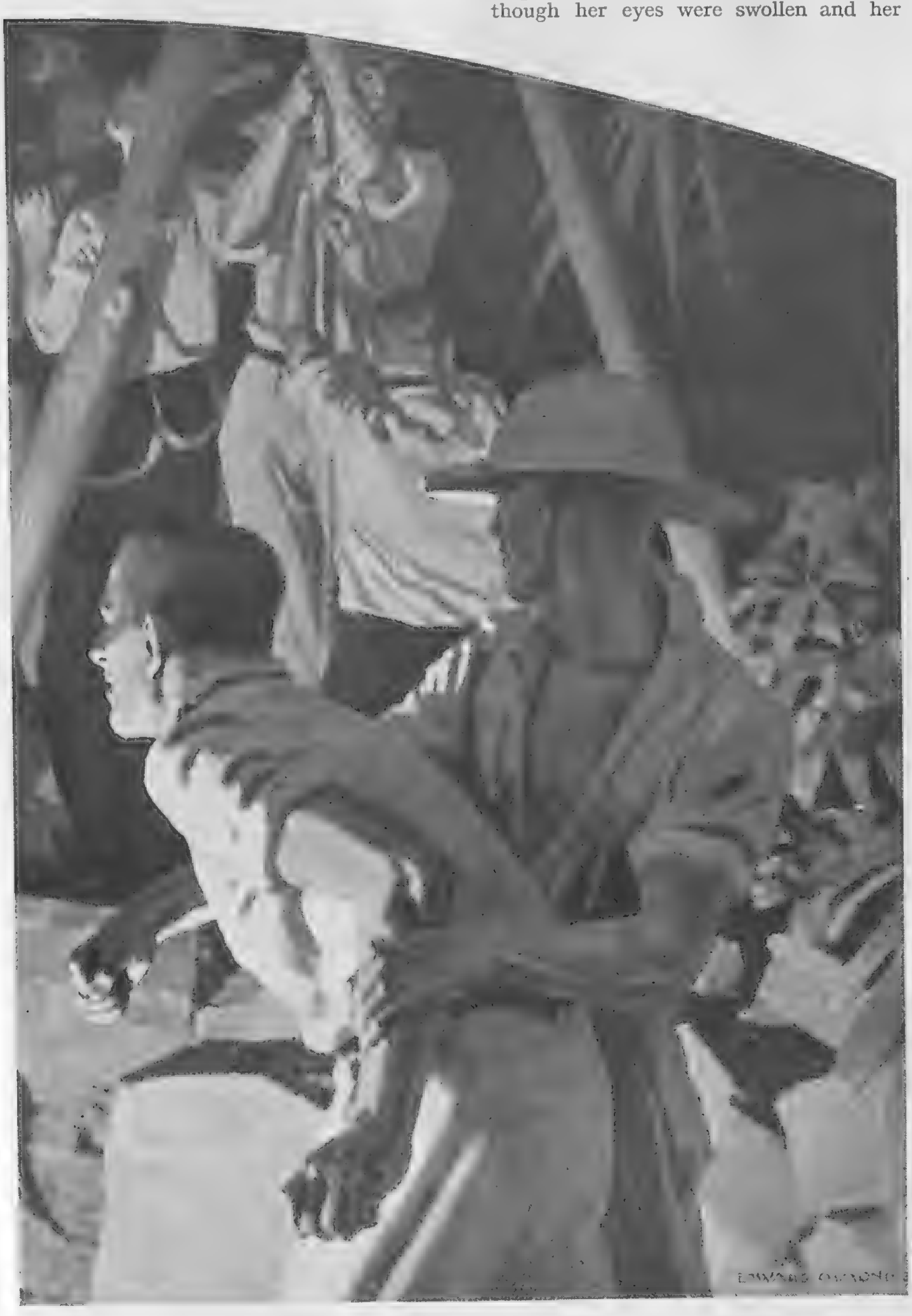
"To-night he bring Kafi to my house! Two wives, Enea—two wives the great chiefs of Adelaide having, suppose they like. And Jerome think he can do the same. I'm chief family; I have had two mothers in my home, and always my own mother was crying in the nights. I can't be like that, Enea. I rather climb a coconut tree and fall down. I have been good wife; no children because the baby died, but Jerome he not wanting children. I don't know why he want to bring Kafi, but I can't stay; I must go back to my father if she come. Maybe Jerome all the same as a chief, but I don't care; I must go."

She held herself in, but the angry light in her great eyes promised ill for Jerome.

Eneas watched her. "There'll be poison in the tea, by-and-by, if he keeps them two together," the sailor thought. "It'll ruin his store, but she must go." Aloud he said, "You take my advice, Liliwai, collect your gear and go home."

"You are old man," Liliwai answered. (Eneas winced, almost visibly.) "Old men are wise. I go." With the sweep of a tragedy queen she turned away, then swung back again and said, in an ordinary tone: "You lend me two store-boys to carry my somethings; I not going to leave one (embroidered) spoon, one (richly adjectived) pareu for her!"

Eneas lent the boys, glad to be quit of trouble. "I wish 'e was as sure to be quit of it," was his thought, as he saw, in the distance, the household goods of Liliwai being conveyed, like grains of corn in the grasp of toiling ants, to the home she had left six years before. "It's a crimson shame," he said, with finality, and went in to take stock.



forest darkness, cried authoritatively, the sailors, amazed, ceased heaving.

WHEN there is a holiday in the islands there is a dance, and the dance, in the nature of things, lasts from dusk till dawn. There is also a picnic, mixed up with the dancing, and a concert, inextricably entangled with both. Nothing was omitted on the night of Jerome's new wedding. It was without blessing of clergy, as there were none on Adelaide; none had been there since the dying out of the Catholic Mission in the smallpox year long ago, when Adelaide was, for the time, depopulated. But there were all the native ceremonies, and Kafi's parents, only too glad to see their fiery daughter safely placed, demanded not more than twice the bride-price they would have asked of an Adelaide native.

All night the dance went on; it ended in the fine sawn timber house of Kafi's people, and with dawn, according to custom, Kafi's father and mother symbolically flung her out of doors, slamming the front door loudly behind her. Weeping crocodile tears, the girl fell into the arms of a giggling native couple who had consented to enact the part of the bridegroom's missing family. They led her to Jerome's house, and Jerome, a little worn from his night of dancing and singing, but all alight with joy, took her from them and led her into the house. And so that was that, and the guests went home to bed. Nobody remembered Liliwai, who was (*Continued on page* 106)

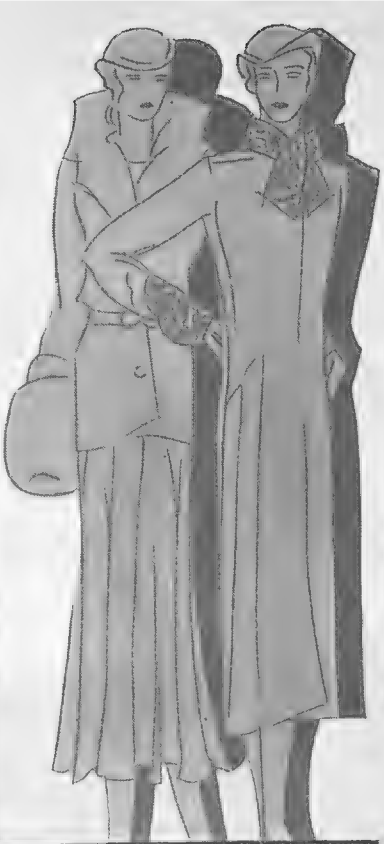
AUTUMN - WINTER, 1931

This is what Paris suggests we will wear this Autumn, and many, if not most, of the suggestions are extremely delightful and becoming

By

MADGE GARLAND

(Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve")

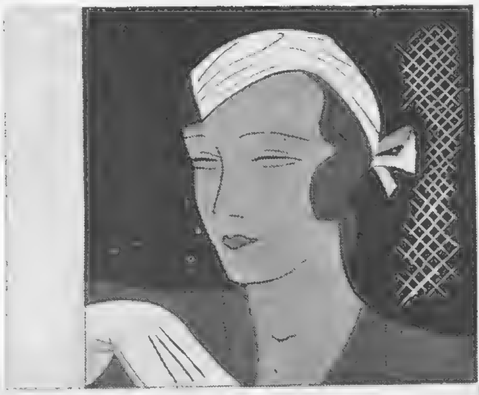


Left:

THIS coat of black suède by Maggy Rouff has extremely smart and becoming lines. It is trimmed at neck and sleeves with seal skin

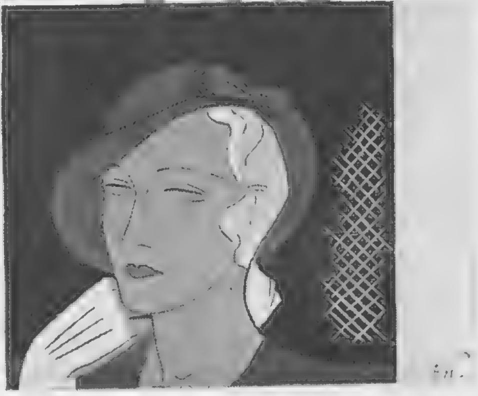
Right:

BROWN astrakan—a fur that is so popular this year—is used to trim this graceful cloth coat by Jean Patou



Above:

A DRAPED toque, carried out half in black and half in white velvet, follows the lines of a Glengarry. From Jane Blanchot

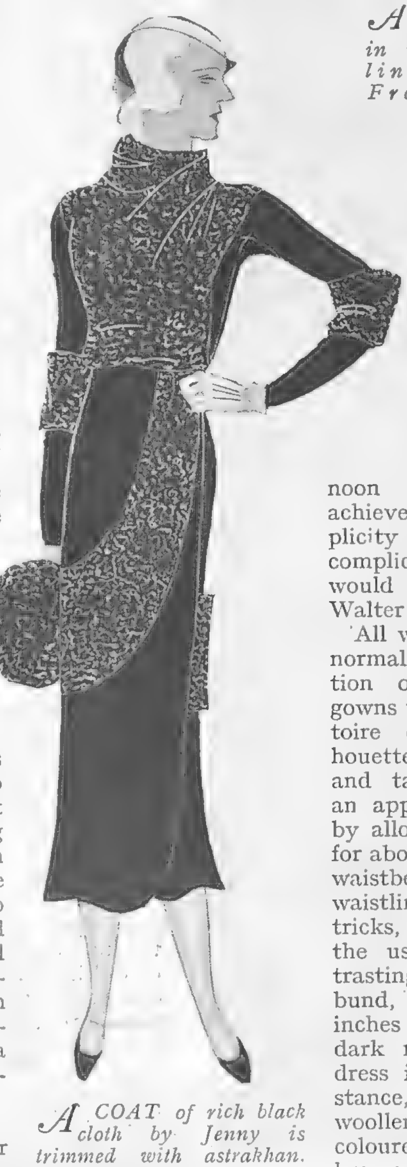


Right:

FROM Jane Blanchot also comes an attractive red felt hat which is decorated with a tiny plume of the same colour

THE bogeys of bustles, buckram and whalebone, with which it has pleased prophets to frighten us recently, have resolved themselves this autumn into the most delightful costumes, which appear to do what so few of us manage with success—to serve two masters at once. They are both decorative and strictly practical. Never before have there been so many irresistible little woollen frocks which are so exactly what all of us need; so many trim costumes demurely buttoned, and with skirts neither too long nor too short; so many enveloping long coats with comforting collars to protect our necks, or so many lovely evening gowns with frills, flowers and trailing flounces with which a metamorphose may be instantly effected, and the most efficient business woman or housewife transformed into a woman of fashion and leisure.

Skirts for the daytime reach to just below the calf, half-way between ankle and knee, perhaps a tiny bit shorter for real sports wear and if the skirt is divided—which it often is if destined for walking, golf or even everyday morning wear. No skirts dip at the back, and no hems are uneven, except those of a few evening gowns, many of which have long trains, but these are usually arranged so that they may be draped up around the figure and fastened in front. Schiaparelli does this with several of her crêpe evening gowns which have a distinctly First Empire silhouette.



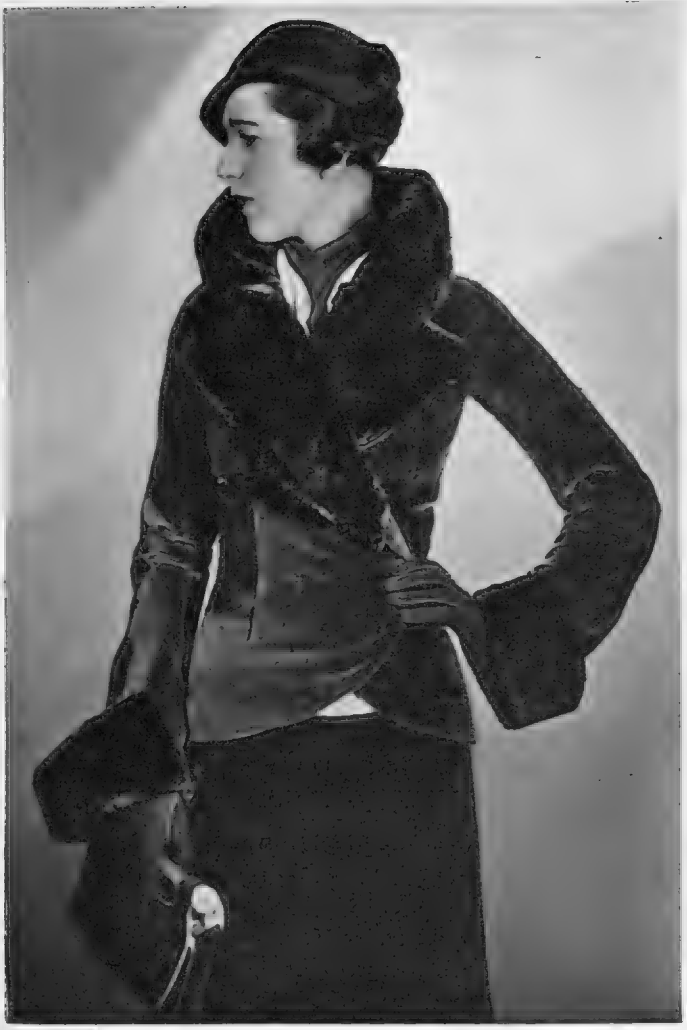
A COAT of rich black cloth by Jenny is trimmed with astrakhan. Note the plastron effect of the front, the barrel muff and the original sleeves

ALL skirts, whether for day or evening wear, are full enough to allow perfect freedom of movement. Tailored skirts are either cut on the cross or have shaped panels let in; afternoon and evening gowns achieve fullness by a multiplicity of panels and a complication of cut which would require the pen of a Walter Pater to describe.

All waists are placed at the normal height with the exception of those few evening gowns which favour the Directoire or First Empire silhouette. Some divided skirts and tailored dresses achieve an apparently high waistline by allowing the skirt to show for about two inches above the waistbelt. Insistence on the waistline is illustrated by many tricks, chief amongst which is the use of a band of contrasting colour, like a cummerbund, of about five or six inches wide, with a belt of dark material to match the dress in the centre. For instance, Bruyère shows a brown woollen dress with a tomato-coloured cummerbund and a brown belt in the middle. Sashes of a contrasting colour, chiefly of velvet, and with long ends and a big bow at the back, are to be seen on many evening gowns. Schiaparelli shows a cerise velvet sash on a white crêpe evening gown accompanied by a cerise coatee with puffed sleeves. Another white evening gown, of chiffon and velvet, had a bow of its own materials and long ends partly hiding a flared panel of the chiffon. Belts are extremely important, and most coats are firmly belted around the waist. Many afternoon dresses show belts of contrasting colours. Mainbocher shows an emerald green belt with a black dress accompanied by a green hat and short green gloves. An evening dress of pale flesh pink romaine from the same house had a belt of leopard skin; an afternoon dress of black wool had a short-sleeved bolero of leopard accompanied by a muff and belt of the same fur.

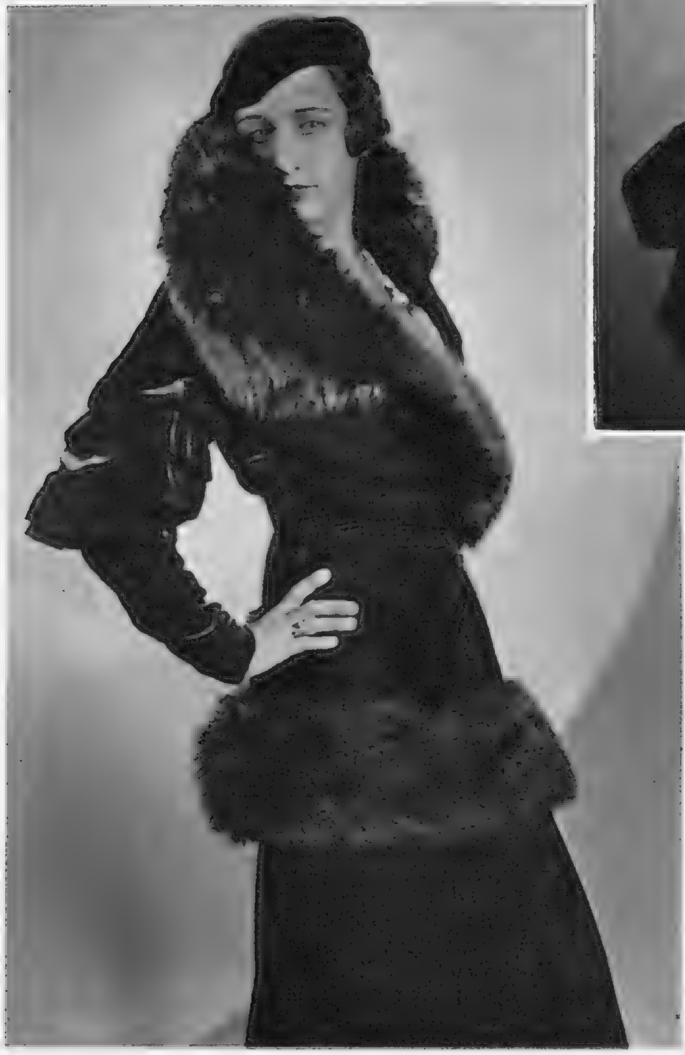
BOLEROS and waistcoats are important; these articles of apparel are rarely seen as separate items, but their influence is apparent in a great many coats and costumes. Bruyère has some excellent full-length coats of heavy woollen materials which have flat fur fronts, chiefly of caracul, which simulate the lines either of a waistcoat or a bolero. The fur often accentuates the waist, as when a wide belt of caracul with a narrow belt of patent leather in the centre trims a black coat which has an upstanding collar of caracul; or the sleeves, which are sometimes of fur from the shoulder to the elbow or, *vice versa*, from the cuff to the elbow. The suggestion of gauntlets is to be seen in many coats of this description. Sleeves continue to break the line of the arm, and the short sleeve of the summer has given way to a sleeve which is either cut with a flare at the elbow or has a band of contrasting colour at the same point. Epaulettes are also smart; these are sometimes achieved by tucks on the shoulders, by braid, or by tiny bands of fur, and many of the short coats show padded shoulders. A novelty is the bishop sleeve, cut very full and gathered into a cuff at the wrist. Worth shows this in blouses and afternoon dresses. Some fur coats have sleeves of this description, particularly the new short coats of seal. Mainbocher has a short coat of ermine with puffed sleeves, and Louiseboulanger has a brocade evening coat with a fur basque and shawl collar which has full sleeves gathered in just below the elbows. This allows for the three-quarter-length gloves which are correct for evening wear.

Coats of contrasting colour continue to be seen, but these now accompany dresses of (*Continued on page* 73.)



Left:

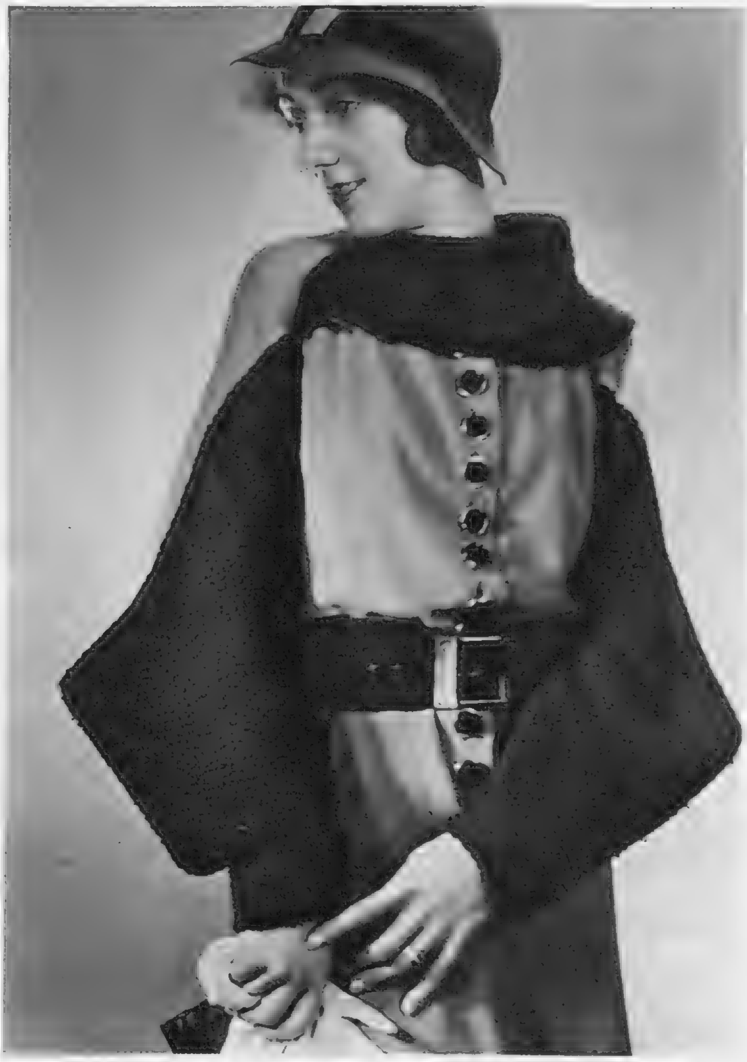
THIS attractive short coat of velvet is absolutely correct with the tricorne hat. It is fitted into the waist and has turn-back cuffs and a comfortable collar of sealskin — a fur which has recently come back to favour — both of which are reminiscent of Victorian days. From Maggy Rouff

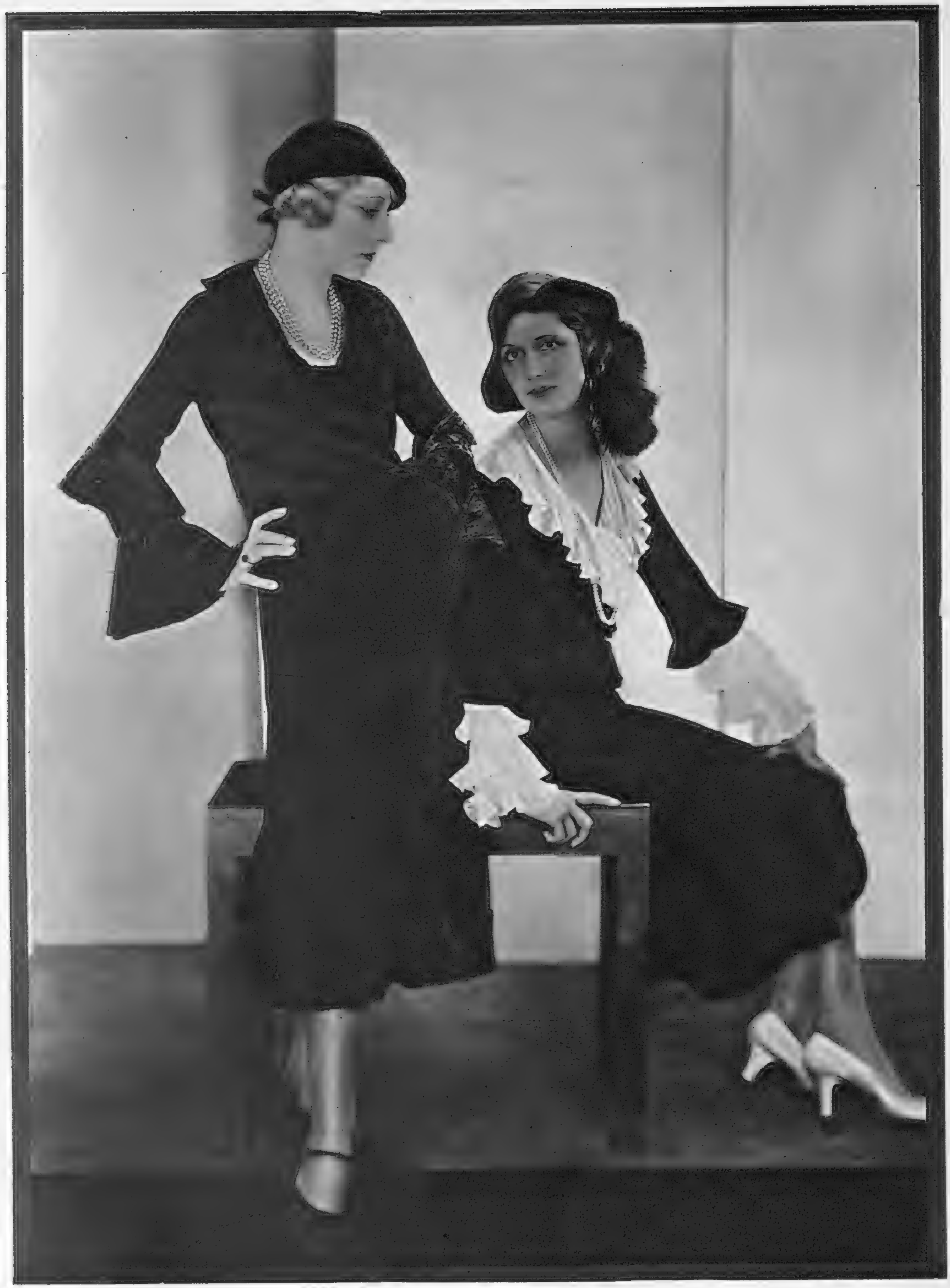


SHORT coats and basques trimmed with fur are prevalent this season, and how attractive they can be is shown by this model from Jane Regny, carried out in black velvet and silver fox. Note the full tucked sleeve and the long tight cuff

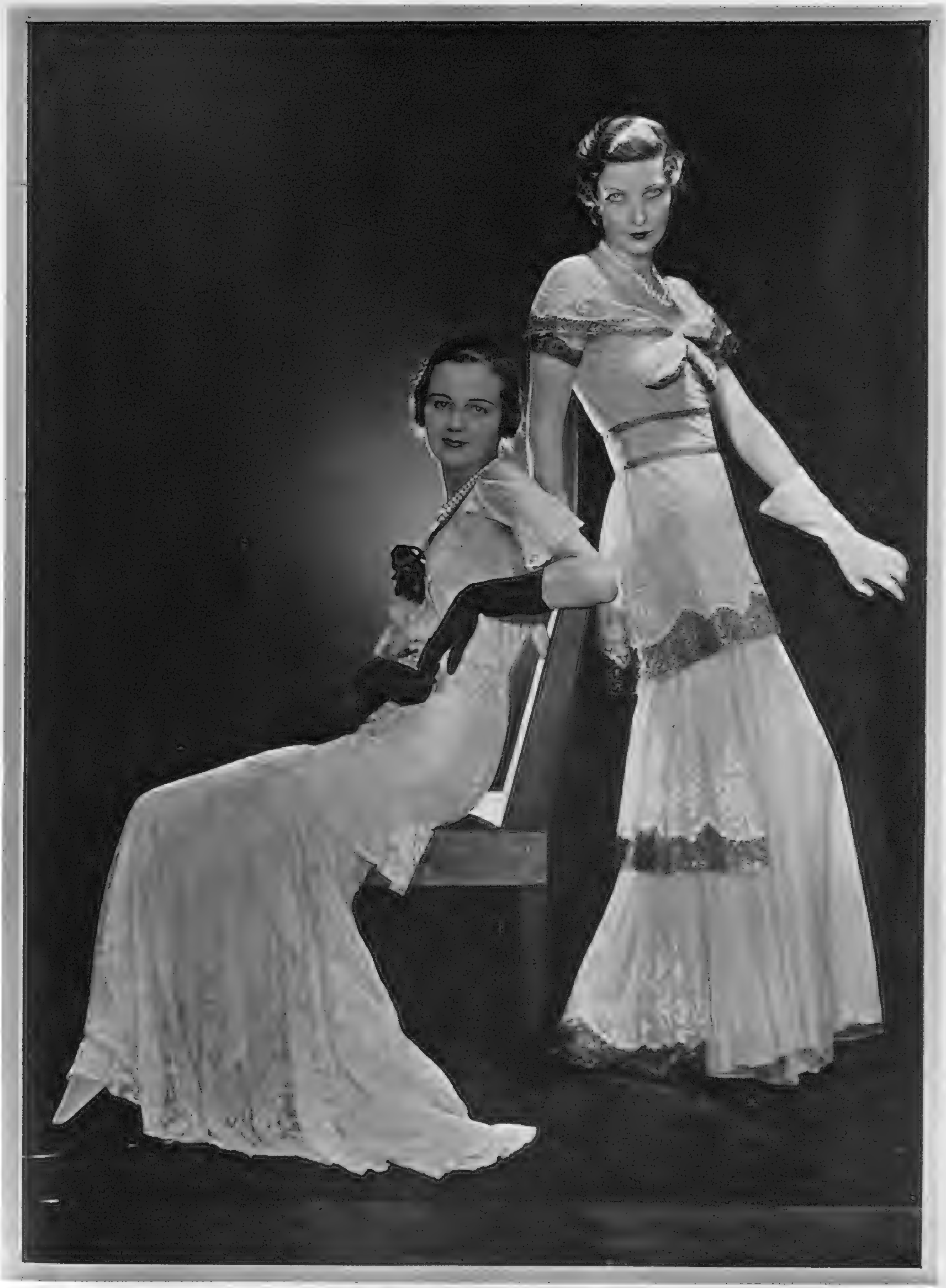
Below:

BEIGE and brown are used for this original coat from Jane Regny, which is trimmed with one of the new rough woollens which have a surface almost like fur. This is used for its huge cuffs and draped collar, which also forms a scarf. The belt is of the same material





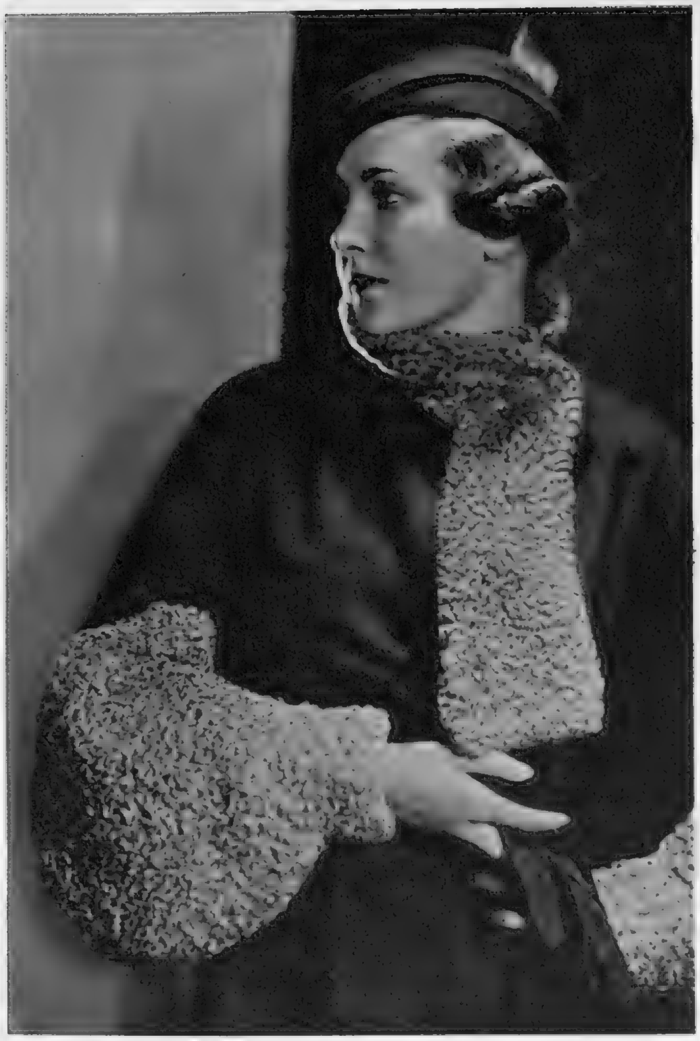
NOTE the medium-length skirts and the importance of flounces in these two afternoon costumes from Molyneux. The left-hand figure wears a black cloth dress trimmed with breitschwantz, of which even the collar is made, and carries a barrel muff—this corollary of the pork-pie hat is to be seen in many of the winter collections. Frills of white georgette trim the black afternoon dress shown on the right

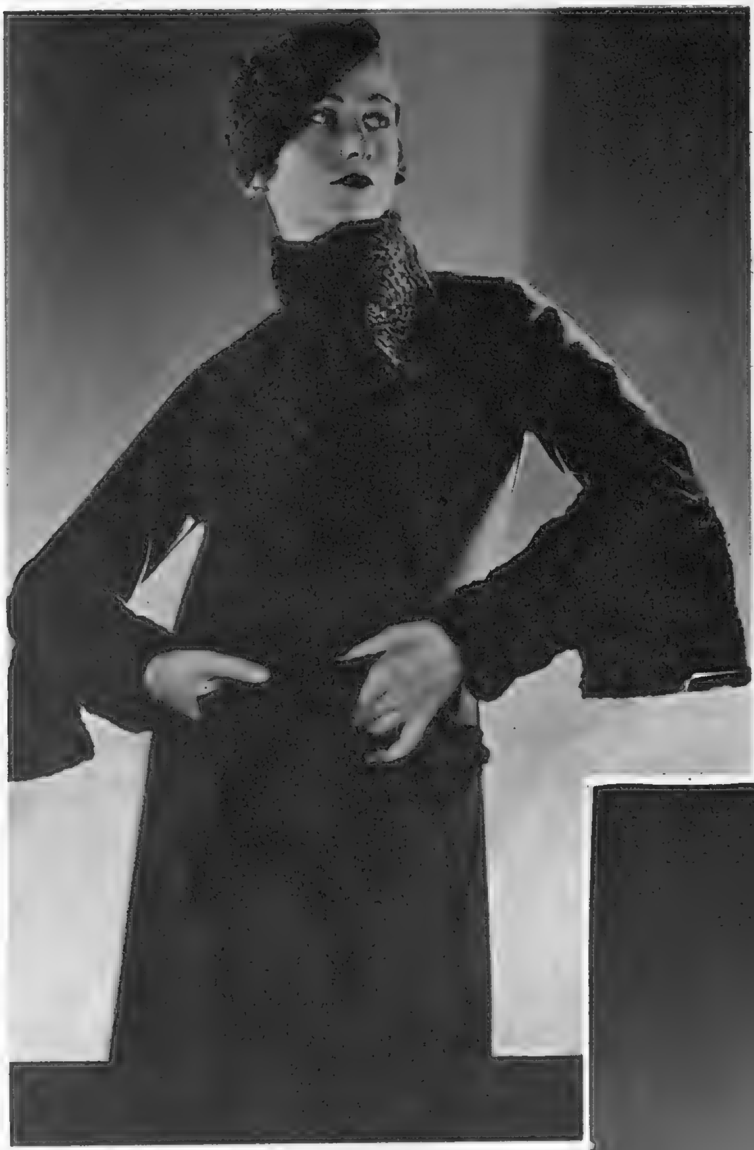


LACE is much used for evening gowns, and these two charming examples come from Mainbocher. With both of them three-quarter-length gloves are worn; the left-hand figure has chosen dark-red slippers, gloves, and flower to accompany her cream-lace gown. The return of the tiered skirt is illustrated in the enchanting gown shown on the standing figure, which is carried out in tulle and two shades of lace. Both gowns stress the importance of the short sleeve

Right:

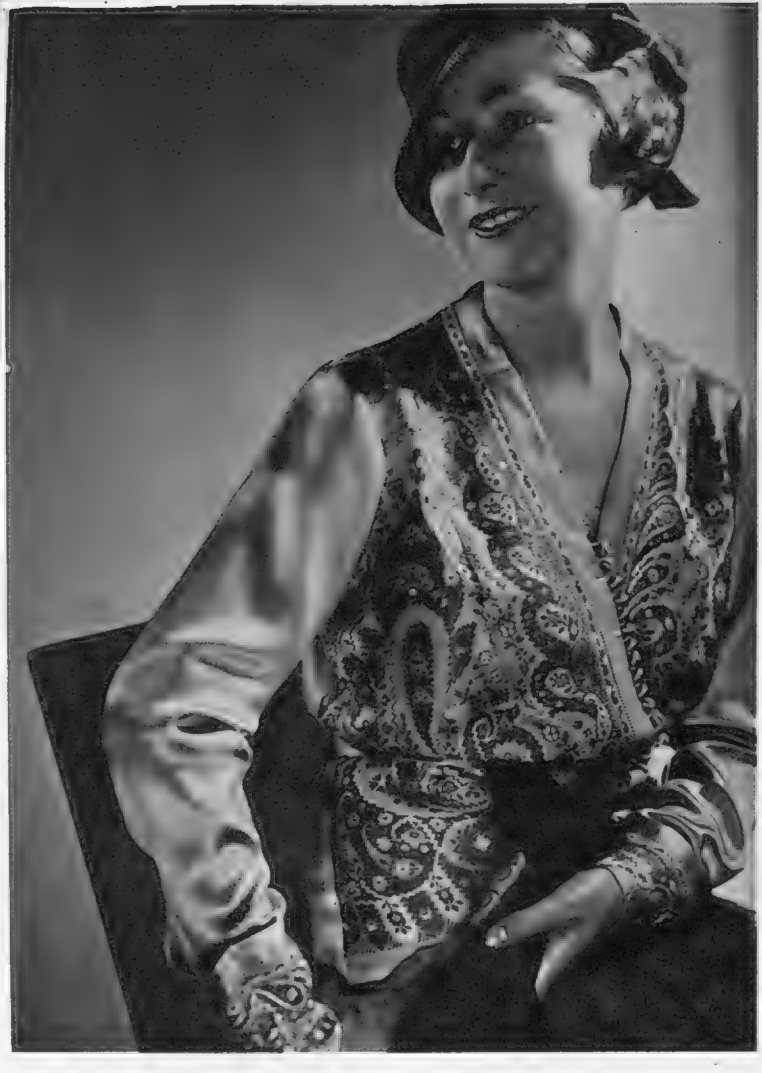
HERE the alliance of beige, astrakhan, and brown cloth is strikingly successful. The huge cuffs, which form more than half of the sleeve, illustrate an important tendency this season. Note especially the line of the jaunty felt hat, which is turned up on one side with a coloured feather cockade. This ensemble is from Jean Patou





Above:

ONE of the most popular furs of the season is astrakhan, and the combination of black cloth and astrakhan is particularly smart, as the accompanying photograph proves. The coat is from Jean Patou, and is cut with clever diagonal lines. The small hat, which is draped over one ear, is also of astrakhan

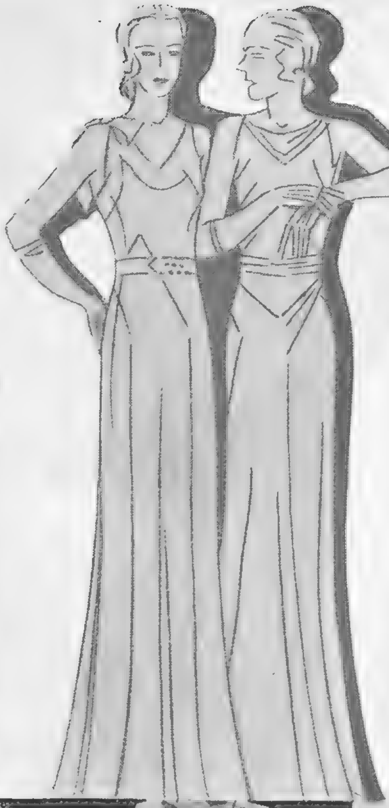


Right:

BLOUSES are enormously important, but few are as attractive as the one pictured here, which comes from Jean Patou. It is made of Persian lamé brocade and forms a striking contrast to the dark costume which it accompanies. The hat is turned up on one side with a bow —one of the very newest and most becoming lines of the moment

AUTUMN - WINTER, 1931: continued

a darker shade rather than skirts, or are full length and lined with the same material as the accompanying dress. Jane Regny shows a good example in a costume which consists of a brown wool coat lined with one of the new thin woollen materials in yellow, and with a dress of the same fabric belted and trimmed with brown. Worth has a beige coat lined with black and worn with a black dress. Violent contrasts are sometimes seen, such as a nasturtium red dress with a cowl collar piped with white worn with a black hat, belt and gloves, or a grey flannel dress worn with a scarlet belt, hat and bag.

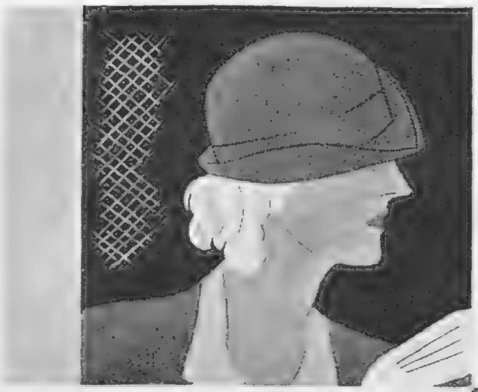


Left:

THIS graceful gown by Jean Patou is carried out in pale green satin with a belt of embroidered diamanté

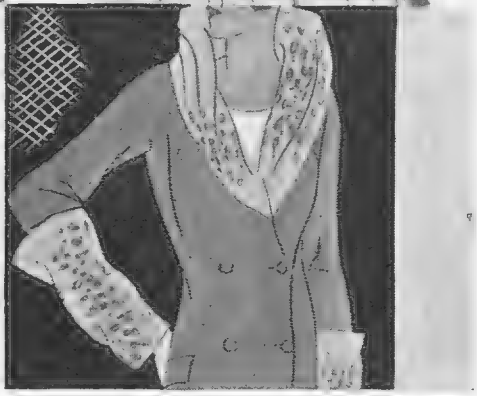
Right:

DIAGONAL cut and clever draping characterise this frock, which also comes from Patou, of brown georgette. The gown is beautifully moulded to the hips



Above:

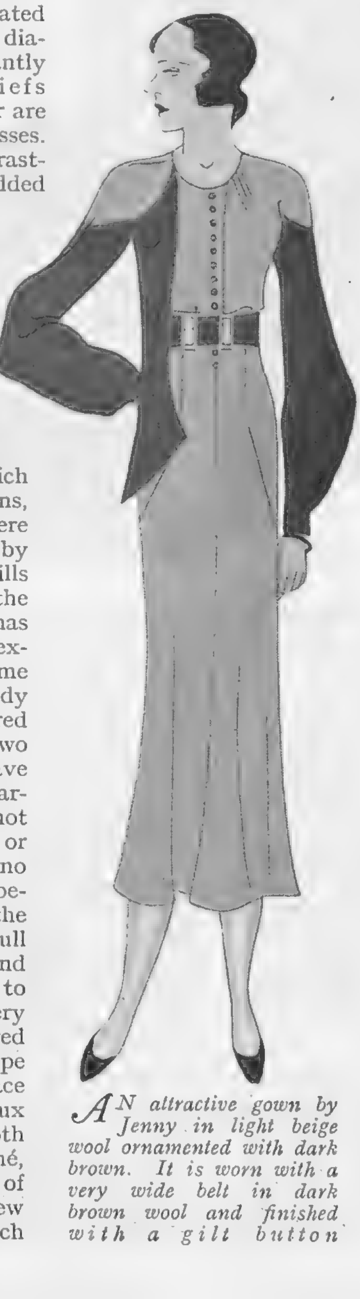
FROM Jane Blanchot comes this chic tricorn. A white ostrich feather curling around the right ear emphasises the downward dip of the brim



Right:

LEOPARD skin is chosen as the medium to decorate this coat. The long sleeves, reaching almost to the elbow, are an attractive feature

Diagonal cut is as important for coats as it is for day, afternoon and evening dresses, and anything which *can* do up on the cross does. Many one-piece woollen dresses have a diagonal décolletage which continues from one shoulder to beneath the waist on the opposite side. Schiaparelli often fastens dresses and coats which have this line by metal clips or S-shaped clasps. This tendency naturally results in many wrap-over skirts, in coats which can be guaranteed to cover the knees when one is sitting down, and in cross-over bodices. These latter are often slightly draped; there are still many cowl necklines, sometimes decorated with as many as three diamond clips, and brilliantly coloured handkerchiefs knotted on one shoulder are seen on woollen dresses. Scarves of a light contrasting colour are often added to dark daytime dresses, but evening gowns usually allow one end of the bodice, of which there is often otherwise extremely little, to trail off into a scarf over one shoulder.



AN attractive gown by Jenny in light beige wool ornamented with dark brown. It is worn with a very wide belt in dark brown wool and finished with a gilt button

Evening dresses, apart from those which are shown with trains, reach to the ankles. There are some dresses which by their draperies and frills recall the fashions of the 'eighties, and Worth has some outstanding examples of this type. Some evening gowns, as already mentioned, are inspired by Empire designs. Two and three-tier skirts have also made their appearance, but these are not evenly spaced. One or two flared tiers reach no farther than midway between the hips and the knees, and then the full skirt, usually flared and gathered, falls direct to the ankles. Plain, very thick and light-coloured crêpe de Chine or crêpe romaines, satin and lace are popular. Molyneux and Louiseboulanger both show a good deal of lamé, but the great success of the season is the new uncrushable velvet, which on close examination looks like very fine towelling, but is so thin as to be almost transparent. Augustabernard has a series of evening and afternoon dresses in this material which are masterpieces of bias cut.

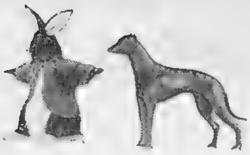
On the whole, décolletages tend to be either very high in front and very low at the back, or moderately low in front and partly covered by scarves or little transparent capes at the back. Molyneux shows several lace evening gowns with short lace shoulder capes. Some of these have the pattern of the lace accentuated by bead embroidery; others use lace of two different shades, as in a gown of black lace with a flared basque edged with flesh-coloured lace. Augustabernard softens the severity of satin or romaine bodices by immense loops of the material on one shoulder, or simulates a sleeve on one side only by a bracelet of enormous flowers worn above the elbow.

Evening coats are of three minds—short, three-quarter length and long. If in the last category, they are usually of artificial velvet; if three-quarter length, of lamé or velvet; and if short, of brocade, fur or velvet.

This is a season when colour is extremely important. There is an entirely new range of colours which shades from the deepest purple-blue of a plum to the palest mauve, and includes the most brilliant ecclesiastical purple, cerises and violet blues—these latter are often combined in one garment. There are a variety of reds—brownish red, wine red, and all shades of nasturtium and tomato red—and the entire gamut of warm browns, ochres and yellows are much seen. Brown is the "newest" colour for everyday wear, though, as usual, black and white is enormously popular. There is a great deal of green for day and sports wear, and navy blue has made a successful reappearance. For evening, pale flat shades of flesh pinks and dull blues and the purplish colours already mentioned are smart.

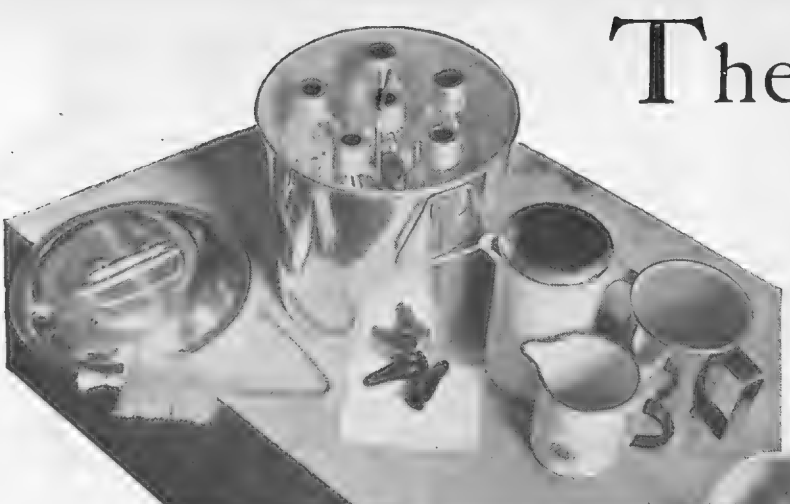
Hats are extremely varied and absurdly becoming. They are agreed on one point only, and whether they favour the lines of a tam-o'shanter, a toque, a Glengarry, a béret, a Dolly Varden or a tricorn, they all tip over one eye. Jean Patou shows some little closely fitting caps which are inspired by Persian paintings, and these are often trimmed with astrakhan.

The most popular furs, are the flat short-haired variety, such as caracul, breitschwantz, ermine (which is sometimes dyed black or navy blue), and sealskin, though there is a good deal of fox to be found on evening and some afternoon wraps.

The  Nurseless

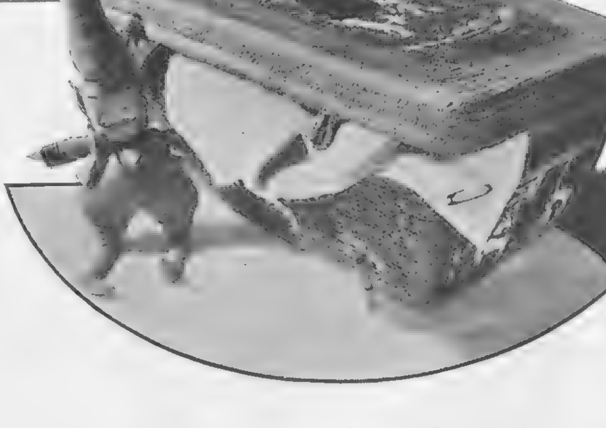
By

An attempt to divest the situation of some possible anxieties as well as to suggest measures which will prove of some practical value



FEEDS for a whole day can be prepared at once with this sterilising outfit. The price is 42/-, and the fly-proof milk jug is 2/6. From the Treasure Cot Company

THIS coloured basketry cradle proves that flounces are not entirely indispensable. Price 35/6 from the Treasure Cot Company



BABY'S basket to match the cradle has no trimmings that need washing. Price 27/6 from the Treasure Cot Company

THERE seems always to have been a certain division of opinion as to whether one is wise or even justified in entrusting one's children to the care of a hired nurse. Arguments both for and against, convincing enough in their way, have straggled on desultorily without showing any particular prospects of agreement, while, in the meantime, circumstances have been slyly readjusting themselves in such a way that, for the majority of us at least, no further grounds for argument exist. In other words, it is no longer a question of "Shall we or shall we not?" so much as that of "How shall we *not* with comfort since we have no choice?"

For the many who are facing the problem of caring for and training a family unaided there is encouragement in the reflection that the most assistance can be had from the little ones themselves. Much of the labour and responsibility associated with the nursery is, after all, traceable to ill-health, discontent and lack of training in its small occupants, and the woman who imagines that these troubles are the natural inheritance of extreme youth is grossly misinformed.

"Training" is an embracing term and most significant in this question of managing without a nurse. There is perhaps a tendency to regard the "well-trained" child as a rather ill-used infant whose existence is so conducted to schedule that all possibility of normal comfort and enjoyment is excluded, but this is an absurdity almost beyond expression, since the well-trained child is invariably the healthy one and, for that reason, content and easy to manage.

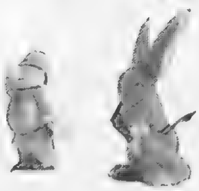
There are, of course, labour-saving devices which will prove of inestimable value to the mother who has the sole care of her nursery, but before dealing with them it is necessary to emphasise their futility when the child itself is not contented and healthy. No labour-saving device yet known to man will avail the mother of a fretful, restless child whose whims and ailments keep her, and for that matter the entire household, in a state of perpetual ministration.

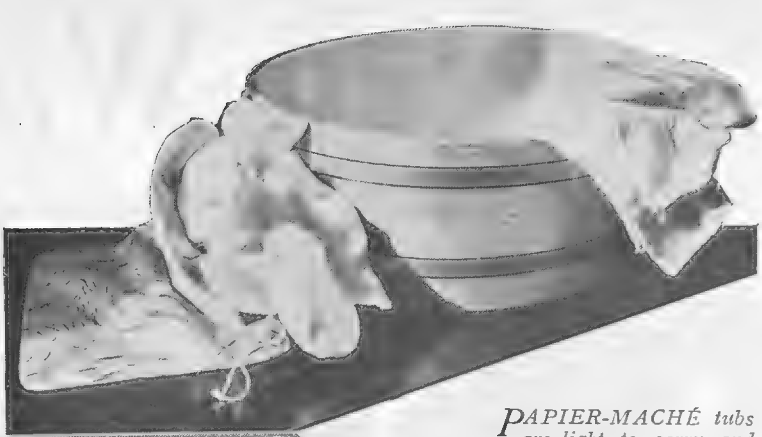
Regular habits are essential and will do much to simplify the task of the mother as well as contribute towards the health of the child. Rushing to comfort him immediately he cries is merely asking for trouble in the future, just as many other small indulgences of the same kind lead to inevitable confusion. Perfect regularity in feeding, sleeping and playing cannot be over-estimated from a point of view both of health for the baby and convenience for the mother. Both should live to a time-table, and will find it to their mutual advantage.

HERE, for instance, is a reasonable schedule for a young baby which, if carefully adhered to, will result in the maximum of health and comfort for the child and the minimum of trouble and anxiety for the mother. At six in the morning the child should be awakened for its first feed. Incidentally, it is foolish to imagine that waking a child for this purpose is either cruel or injurious. He should be wakened firmly if he is still sleeping, fed, and afterwards put back into his cot to sleep or play for an hour or two. This he will do quite contentedly if the habit has been firmly enforced. On the other hand, if on occasion the rule is broken and he has been played with or given a little extra fondling at this time, he will surely remember it and put up a fight for more. Most babies thrive on a four-hourly feed if the food they are taking is satisfying, and there should on no account be any "in-between" feeds, though if the baby is restive and appears hungry, thirst is often the cause and a little boiled water will meet the situation.

At ten o'clock, the next feed will be due, according to our time-table, so that bathing should begin at about half-past nine, and afterwards sleep and exercise in the open air until the next feed at 2 o'clock. Even if not actually sleeping the contented child will play by himself or, if very young, lie in his pram in the open, but only if he has been accustomed to do so from the first and is thriving comfortably on his food. This leaves a reasonable interval free for the mother to attend to other things, and after the two o'clock feed the afternoon should be devoted partly to sleep and a walk in the open. Six o'clock is bed time, and, *Carol Avis*

Home

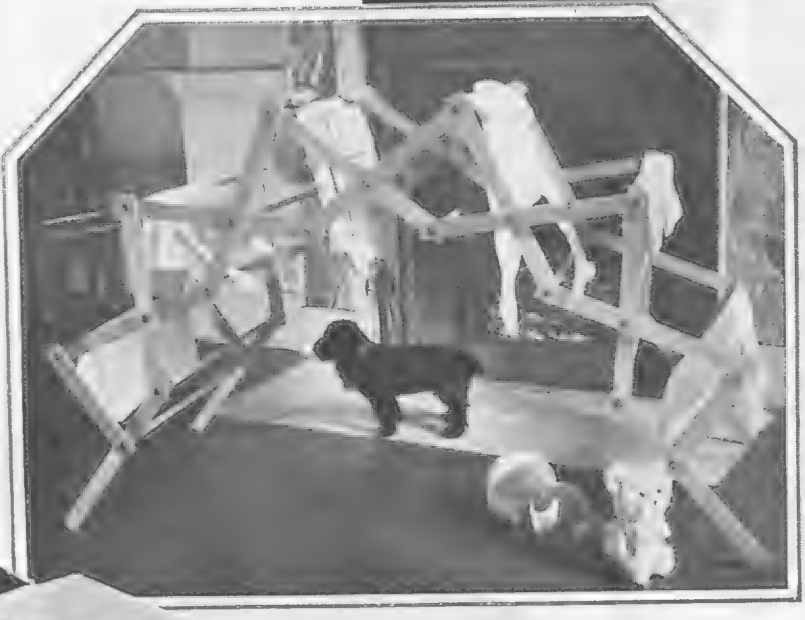




PAPIER-MACHÉ tubs are light to carry and quite free from any danger of rust. This one is a gay pink and costs 8/9. From the Treasure Cot Company

with the exception of the ten o'clock feed, there should be no question of food during the night, so that from six o'clock onwards the evening is practically undisturbed.

IT can be seen from this time-table how much better such a system is than that of irregular feeding—although very few mothers are actually guilty of this in these days—and more especially of irregular habits generally. There is great satisfaction to the busy mother in knowing that between such and such a time her child can be reasonably depended upon to sleep, leaving her free for other things, and also that certain hours of the day are devoted exclusively to its interests so that she can make all her other arrangements accordingly.



DRYING and airing is simplified by this folding device which costs 14/6. From the Treasure Cot Company

NATURAL linen bibs, with amusing designs in colour, cost 2/6, while the waterproof table cloth and bib are 3/6

Very little variation of this time-table is necessary for the older child. If he wakes at six in the morning he will be quite content playing or reading in his cot until others are astir, and normally will expect no attention if none has ever been forthcoming. After breakfast, which he will learn to expect and look forward to at a certain hour, he will pass the morning quite pleasantly on his own if some effort has been made to organise his play so that he is not left entirely to his own resources. Most children appreciate a task of some kind and respond very readily to the suggestion of "helping mother." The child who is occupied, especially with something congenial, something chosen, in fact, with a view to its particular tastes, is the contented one and naturally the least trouble. So much for routine, and now the question of how work can be saved by other means.

A nursery that has been decorated and equipped with a view to lightening labour has its obvious advantages, though it is less in this than in the child's personal paraphernalia that the work is found. The mother who is managing without a nurse will be wise to acknowledge the fact that though frills and furbelows are charming, simple dresses which are easily washed and ironed are infinitely more practicable. Moreover, in choosing the baby's whole wardrobe nothing is more essential than avoiding all but those things which are most easily dried and aired as well as ironed.

FOR this reason the popular Harrington squares are indispensable, being made of fine muslin which, though absorbent, are dried in the shortest possible time. Little face and bath towels, too, are now made of the same material, and undersheets of several thicknesses of muslin which quite effectually take the place of the usual under-blanket, yet wash and dry with a quarter the trouble of thicker ones.

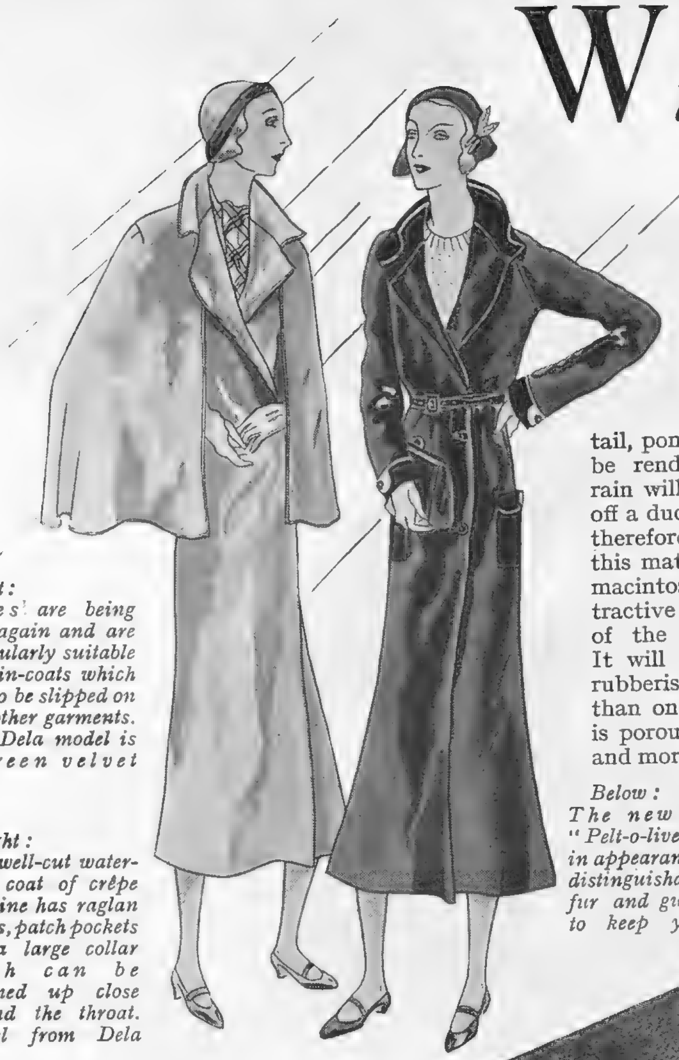
For the small baby long clothes are simply out of the question except for formal occasions, and the ideal outfit for indoors is an Aertex vest with a short petticoat and a simple washing dress. Binders are entirely unnecessary after the first week or so and only add to the discomfort of the child, to say nothing of the laundry. Coloured linen overalls or rompers for the older children will save a good deal of washing, and nursery tablecloths of American cloth or the new waterproof fabric which imitates damask are ideal. Ribbons and lace merely lead to laundry of the most exacting kind and should be kept for special occasions only. It is quite a mistake to imagine that simple, practicable clothes need be unattractive. I know one nursery at least whose small occupants are dressed at all times in gaily coloured smocks of strong linen.

There is a good deal to be said in favour of the one-piece garment, especially for outdoor wear. Little woolly suits, designed especially for the child in arms, are becoming more and more popular for more reasons than one. These suits comprise coat, trunk gaiters, bootees and gloves, and offer, quite apart from the obvious convenience of washing, excellent protection from the cold to restless little hands and feet which often reject ordinary gloves and bootees. In some cases even the bonnet is attached to these very pretty little "Eskimo" suits, of which I have seen some very good examples starting from 27/9.

Flounces are absolutely taboo and crisp linens are infinitely more attractive to the last than crumpled silk or muslin would be. Moreover, the children should be taught to appreciate the necessity of care both in their clothes and in their possessions. It is no hardship for them to be tidy; in fact children enjoy a sense of responsibility, and personal fastidiousness should be encouraged in every possible way as much for the benefit of the mother as for the child.

Winter Necessities

Rainproof Costumes which are both Smart and Warm



Left: *Capes are being worn again and are particularly suitable for rain-coats which have to be slipped on over other garments. This Dela model is in green velvet*

Right: *This well-cut waterproof coat of crêpe de Chine has raglan sleeves, patch pockets and a large collar which can be buttoned up close around the throat. Model from Dela*

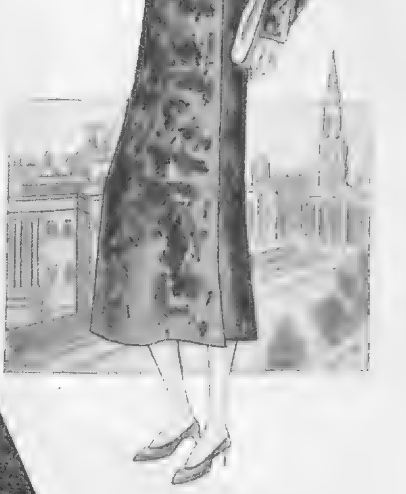
EVERY winter—and indeed, considering the inclemency of our climate, at almost every season—the problem of how to adequately protect oneself against rain and damp, as opposed to dry cold, presents itself.

The days when a " macintosh " was synonymous with a shapeless garment of thick texture and mud-coloured hue, which gave out a nauseating odour of unbelievable persistence, are happily past, and far from there being every excuse for a fastidious woman to remain indoors on a wet day, there is now every reason for her venturing forth.

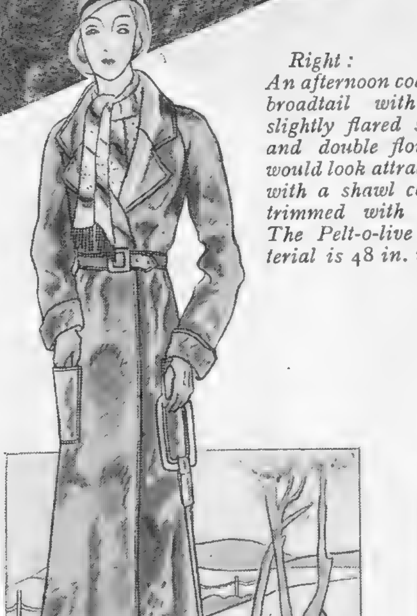
The invention of rubberised fabrics—*i.e.*, materials with one or both sides specially treated with a rubber solution—has rendered possible the use of the finest silks and velvets as well as the more ordinary and durable cottons and gaberdines, as this treatment in no way alters the surface or colouring of the most delicate weave. Sketched on this page are two of the new Dela waterproof models, one in crêpe de Chine and one in velvet, and both these garments are as suited to bad weather by their waterproof qualities as they are to smart occasions by the perfection of their cut and tailoring

Apart from such rubberised materials there is a new fabric to be obtained which is guaranteed not only to keep you dry but to keep you warm. This is called " Pelt-o-live," and in appearance is indistinguishable from fur. It is composed either of a spun silk pile with a cotton back, or of mohair and cotton, and can be had in a perfect imitation of almost any fur—chinchilla, golden fox, galyac, broadtail, pony or seal, etc. All of these can be rendered waterproof and, although rain will run off them literally as it does off a duck's back, the material is porous; therefore, although a costume made of this material is as practical as a macintosh and as chic and attractive as a fur coat, it has none of the disadvantages of either. It will be warmer than one of rubberised fabric, and lighter than one of pelt, but because it is porous it will be both healthier and more comfortable than either.

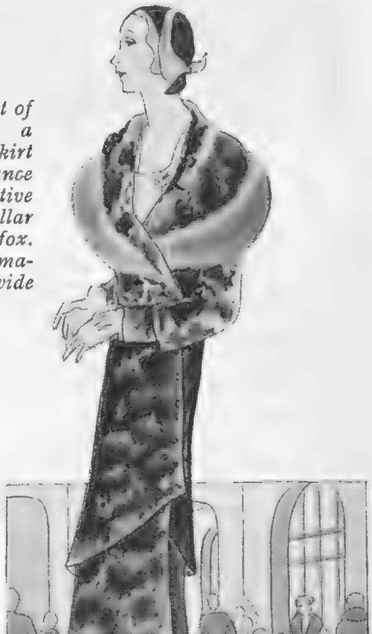
Below: *The new fabric " Pelt-o-live " which in appearance is indistinguishable from fur and guaranteed to keep you dry*



A short coat with wide revers, which can be buttoned up, and a wrap skirt would be both smart and practical if carried out in Pelt-o-live in a galyac finish



Right: *A coat for sports wear and travelling would look best carried out in Pelt-o-live in a brown pony finish. Nothing could be more suitable for hard wear, as it is both warm and waterproof*



Right: *An afternoon coat of broadtail with a slightly flared skirt and double flounce would look attractive with a shawl collar trimmed with fox. The Pelt-o-live material is 48 in. wide*

A Knitted Cardigan

AN attractive Ensemble for Sports Wear which can be easily made by the amateur knitter, even to the socks and jaunty cap

THE well-shaped skirt is knitted in one piece and has a good wrap-over section. The jumper buttons to the neck and is fitted to the hips by a band of pearl and plain. Shoes from Dolcis

THE entire outfit shown on this page is carried out in Lister's 4-ply wool, and every bit of it is hand-knitted. There is only space here for the instructions of the cardigan to be given, but full instructions for knitting the wrap-over skirt, the jumper, the socks and the cap can be obtained for the sum of 2d. each, post free 3½d. Write to the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

MATERIALS.

12 oz. Lister's hiking wool, 4 ply.
2 bone knitting pins, No. 9.
2 bone knitting pins, No. 12.
Bone crochet hook, No. 12.
4 buttons.

Measurements.—Shoulder to lower edge, 26 in.; round lower edge, 40 in.; sleeve seam, 18 in.

Always knit into the back of each cast-on stitch.

Abbreviations.— K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; m., make; s., slip; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; alt., alternately; st., stitch.

Tension of stitch about 6½ stitches and 8 rows to 1 in.

INSTRUCTIONS.

THE BACK.

Using No. 9 needles, commence at lower edge, casting on 116 stitches. Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 10 rows. Knit 130 rows stocking web.

141st row.—Cast off 3, knot to end. 142nd row.—Cast off 3, purl to end. Repeat last 2 rows once.

145th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., knit until 3 remain, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

146th row.—Purl. Repeat last two rows 6 times. (90 stitches.)

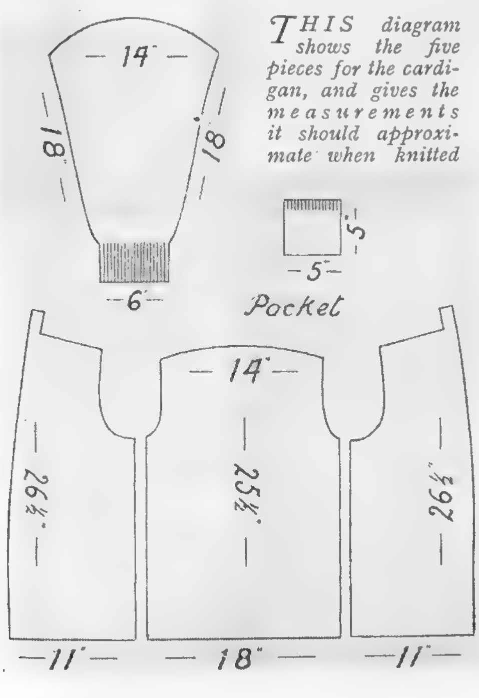
Knit 38 rows stocking web.

197th row.—Cast off 8, knit to end. 198th row. — Cast off 8, purl to end. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. (26 stitches.) Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT.

Using No. 9 needles, commence at lower edge, casting on 72 stitches.

Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p.1, for 10 rows. 11th row.—Knit.



THIS diagram shows the five pieces for the cardigan, and gives the measurements it should approximate when knitted

12th row.—Purl until 8 remain, k. 8. Repeat last two rows once.

*15th row.—K. 3, cast off 3, knit to end.

16th row.—Purl until 5 remain, k. 2, cast on 3, k. 3. Repeat 11th and 12th rows 7 times. Repeat from * twice, then repeat 15th and 16th rows.

** 65th row.—K. 8, k. 2 tog., knit to end.

66th row.—As 12th row. Repeat 11th and 12th rows 5 times **.

Repeat from ** to ** 5 times.

137th row.—As 65th row. 138th row.—As 12th row.

Repeat 11th and 12th rows once. 141st row.—Knit. 142nd row.—Cast off 3, purl until 8 remain, k. 8. Repeat last two rows once.

145th row.—Knit until 3 remain, k. 2 tog., k. 1. 146th row.—P. 1, p. 2 tog., purl until 8 remain, k. 8. Repeat last 2 rows once.

149th row.—K. 8, k. 2 tog., knit until 3 remain, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

150th row.—As 146th row. Repeat 145th and 146th rows once.

153rd row.—As 145th row. 154th row.—Purl until 8 remain, k. 8.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. 161st row.—As 149th row. (44 stitches.)

162nd row.—As 12th row. Repeat 11th and 12th rows 5 times. Repeat from ** to ** twice. 197th row.—As 65th row. 198th row.—As 12th row. Repeat 11th and 12th rows 3 times. 205th row. — Knit. 206th row.—Cast off 8, purl until 8 remain, k. 8. Repeat last 2 rows once. 209th row. —K. 8, k. 2 tog., knit to end.

210th row.—As 206th row. 211th row.—K. 16. 212th row.—Cast off 8, k. 8.

Next 16 rows.—Knit. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT.

Commence at lower edge, casting on 72 stitches. Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 10 rows. 11th row.—Knit. 12th row.—K. 8, purl to end. Repeat last 2 rows 26 times. * 65th row.—Knit until 10 remain, k. 2 tog., k. 8. 66th row.—As 12th row. Repeat 11th and 12th rows 5 times *. Repeat from * to * 5 times. 137th row.—As 65th row. 138th row.—As 12th row. Repeat 11th and 12th rows once. 141st row.—Cast off 3, knit to end. 142nd row.—As 12th row. Repeat last 2 rows once. 145th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., knit to end. 146th row.—K. 8, purl until 3 remain, p. 2 tog., p. 1. Repeat last 2 rows once. 149th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., knit until 10 remain, k. 2 tog., k. 8. 150th row.—As 146th row. Repeat 145th and 146th rows once. 153rd row—As 145th row. 154th row.—K. 8, purl to end. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. 161st row.—As 149th row. (44 stitches.) 162nd row.—As 12th row. Repeat 11th and 12th rows 5 times. Repeat from * to * twice. 197th row.—As 65th row. 198th row.—As 12th row. Repeat 11th and 12th rows 3 times. 205th row.—Cast off 8, knit to end. 206th row.—K. 8, purl to end. Repeat last 2 rows once. 209th row.—Cast off 8, knit until 10 remain, k. 2 tog., k. 8. 210th row.—As 206th row. 211th row.—Cast off 8, k. 8. Next 16 rows.—Knit. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (BOTH ALIKE).

Using No. 12 needles, commence at cuff, casting on 60 stitches. Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 40 rows. Change to No. 9 needles. Knit 6 rows stocking web. * 47th row.—K. 1, k. 2 into next st., knit until 2 remain, k. 2, into next stitch, k. 1. 48th row.—Purl. Knit 4 rows stocking web. Repeat from * 15 times. (92 stitches.) Knit 10 rows stocking web. 153rd row.—Cast off 3, knit to end. 154th row.—Cast off 3, purl to end. Repeat last 2 rows 5 times. 165th row.—Cast off 2, knit to end. 166th row.—Cast off 2, purl to end. Repeat last 2 rows 9 times. (16 stitches.) Cast off.

THE POCKETS (BOTH ALIKE).

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 32 stitches. Knit 32 rows stocking web. Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 8 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP.

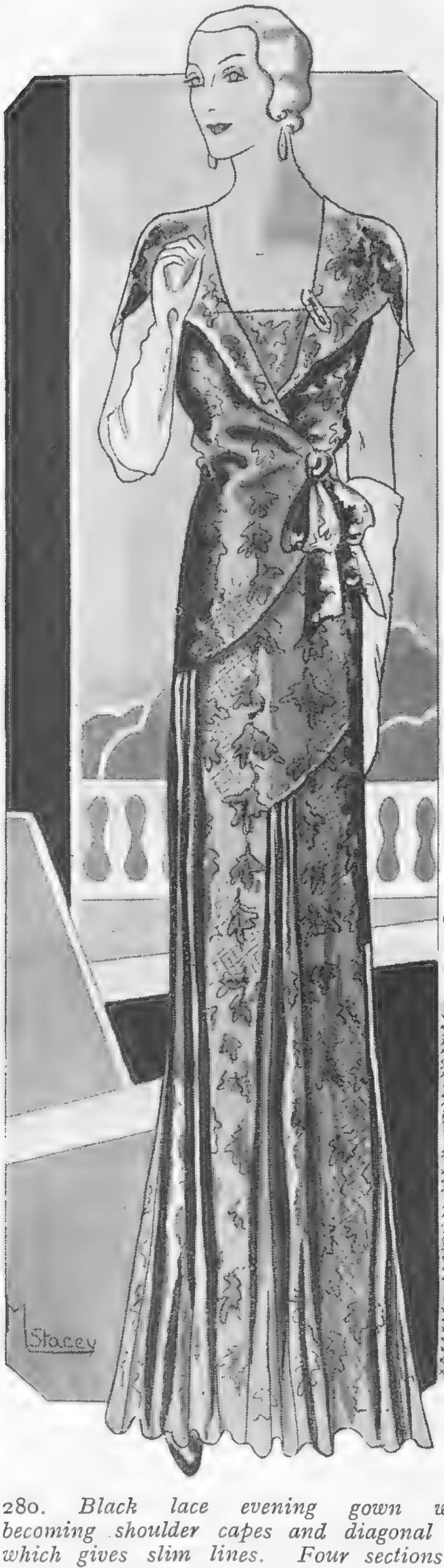
Pin out each piece to measurements given in diagrams and press well on wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron.

Sew up under-arm, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam level with under-arm. Join border and sew to back of neck. Work d.c. round sides and lower edge of pockets, then sew on in desired position. Sew on buttons to correspond with button-holes. Press all seams.

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

A lace dinner gown which would look equally well in satin or georgette.

A becoming dress which could also be carried out in one of the new light woollens



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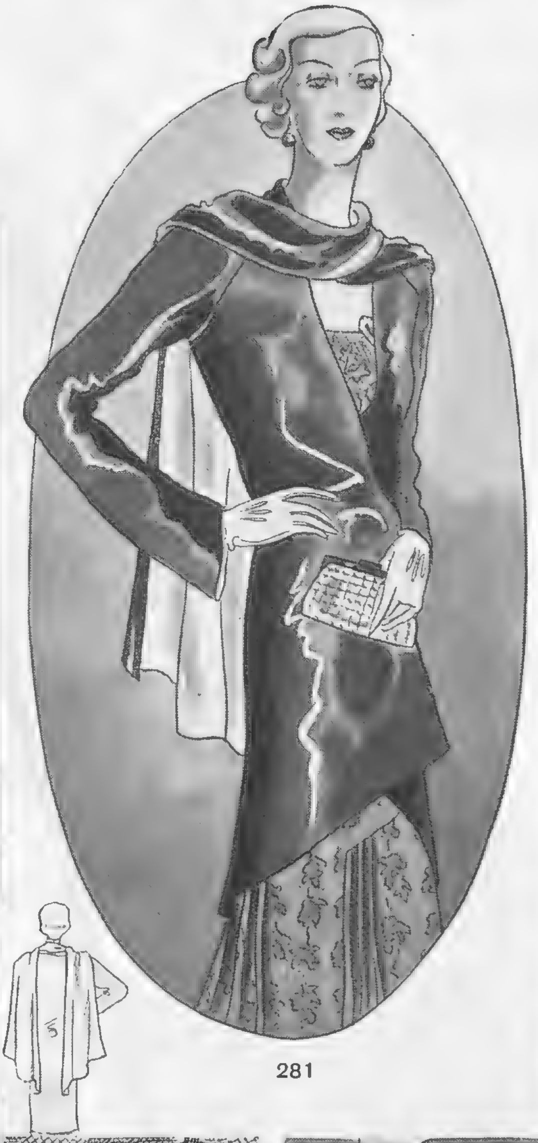

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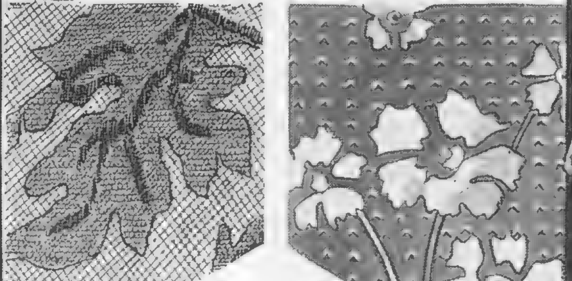

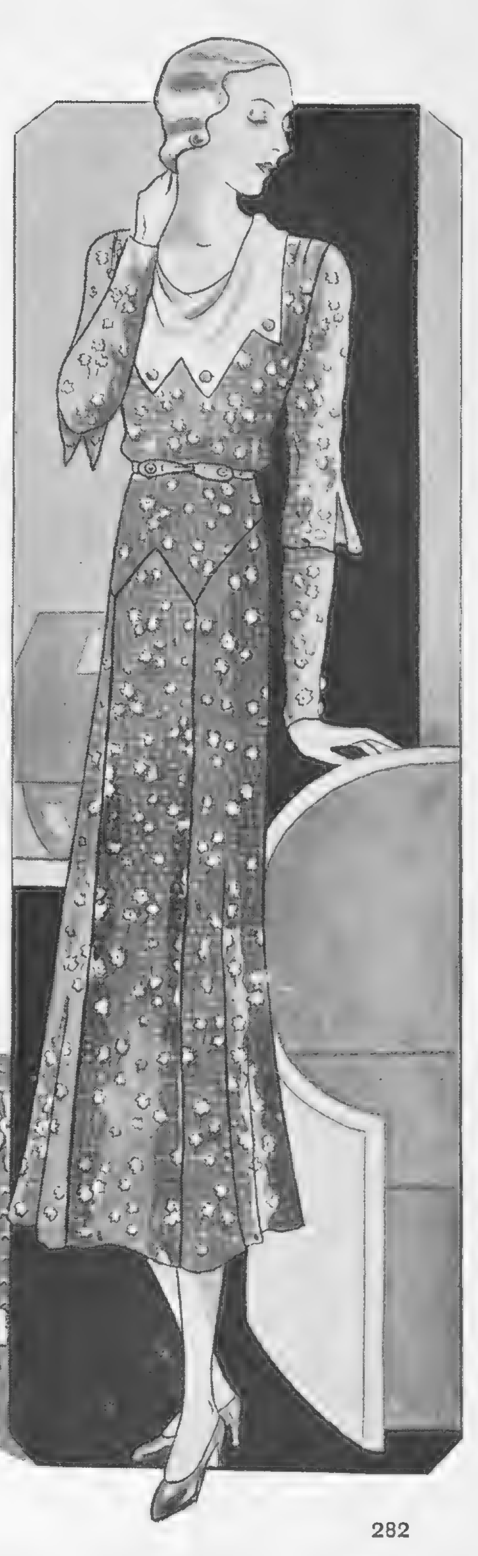

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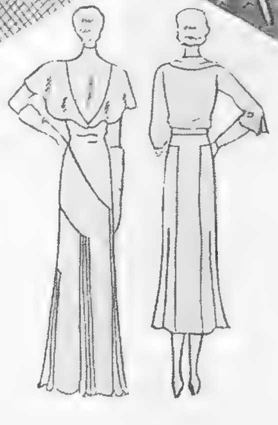


280. *Black lace evening gown with becoming shoulder capes and diagonal cut which gives slim lines. Four sections of gathers add fullness to the skirt and the cross-over bodice is finished by a bow on one side. Requires 6¼ yards of 36″ lace. Price 1/6*

281. *Attractive and easily-made evening wrap of black velvet and nasturtium red satin. Raglan sleeves and scarf collar with long flared ends, lined with the satin of contrasting colour, which give a cape effect at the back. Requires 4 yards of 35″ velvet and 4 yards of 36″ satin. Price 1/6*

282. *Useful dress carried out in one of Courtauld's new silks, a small yellow and green design on a wine-red ground. Becoming cowl collar of cream crêpe de Chine and smart double sleeves. Requires 4½ yards of 36″ material. Price 1/6*

Please remember to send your bust measurement

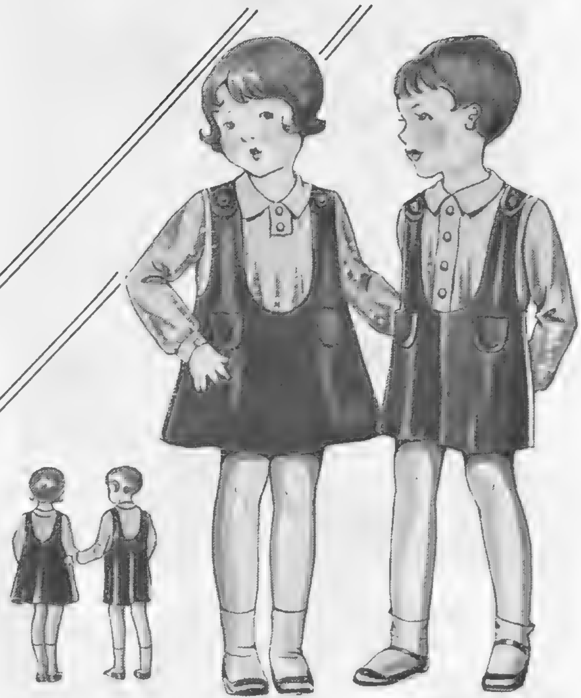
THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Some designs for the nursery and the schoolroom which are simple and inexpensive to carry out

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Materials from Marshall & Snelgrove

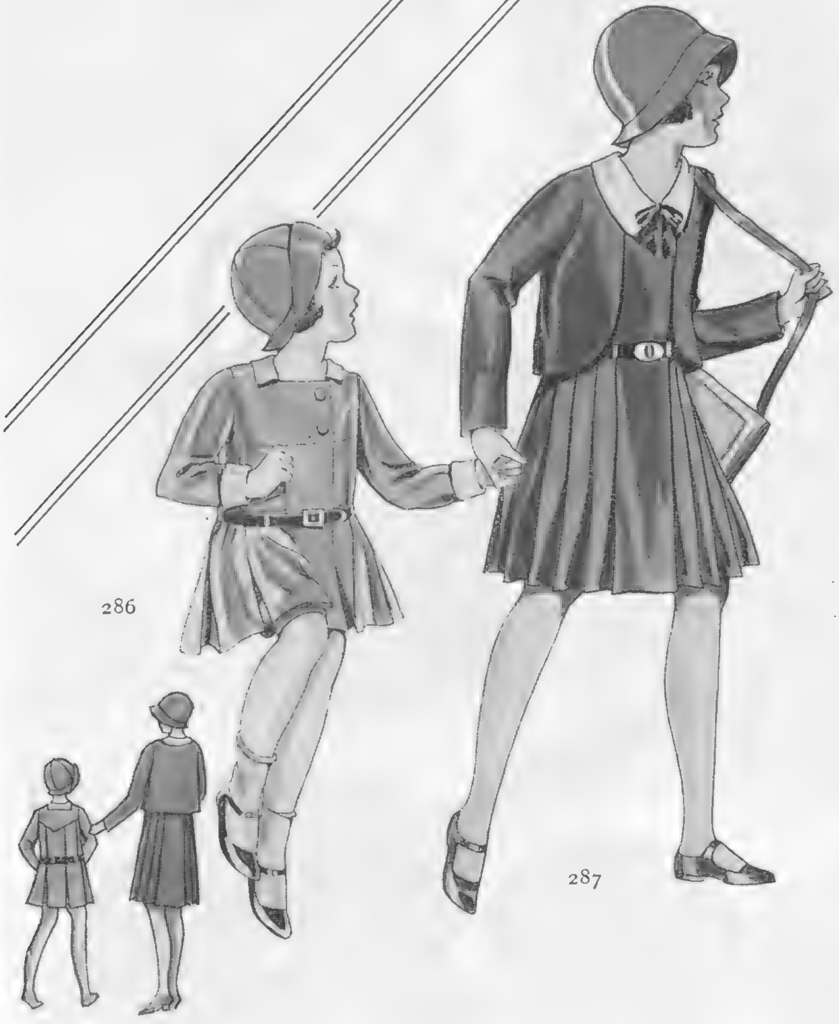


283 284

283. *This small skirt of blue velveteen buttons on the shoulders and has two patch pockets. The blouse is of spotted scarlet crêpe de Chine. Ages 2-4. Requires 1¼ yards of 35" velveteen and 1¼ yards of 36" silk. Price 1/-*

284. *The twin brother is wearing a smart pair of trousers which button on the shoulders and a shirt of spotted crêpe de Chine. Ages 2-4. Requires 1½ yards of 35" velveteen and 1¼ yards of 36" silk. Price 1/-*

285. *This useful school frock is carried out in two shades of Viyella, a light green bodice, and collar, cuffs and skirt of dark beige. Fullness is given to the skirt by four deep inverted pleats. Ages 6-8. Requires 1½ yards of dark material, 30" wide, and 1¼ yards of light material, 30" wide. Price 1/-*



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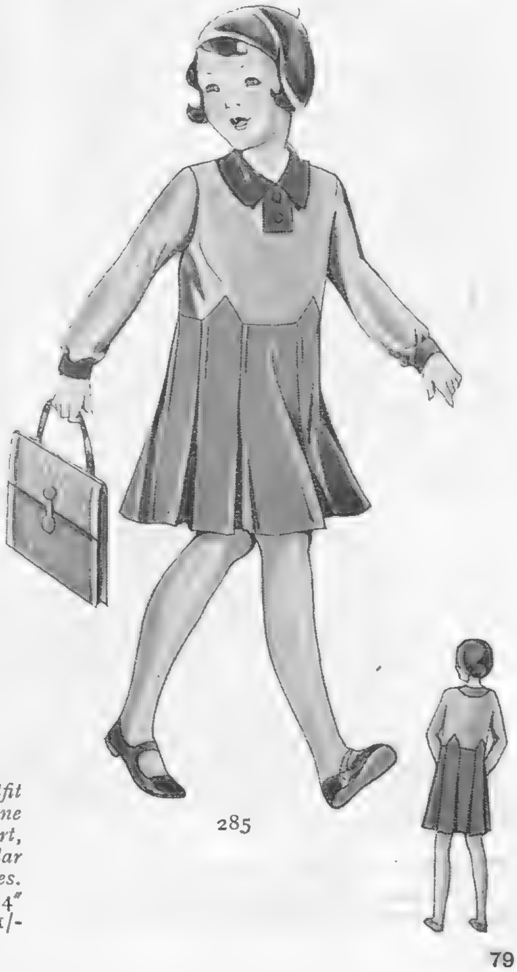


285

286. *A simple little dress with a square yoke, to which is attached a box-pleated skirt, has a pair of bloomers to match. It is finished with linen collar and cuffs of a contrasting colour and a patent leather belt. Ages 4-6. Requires 2¼ yards of 54" material. Price 1/-*

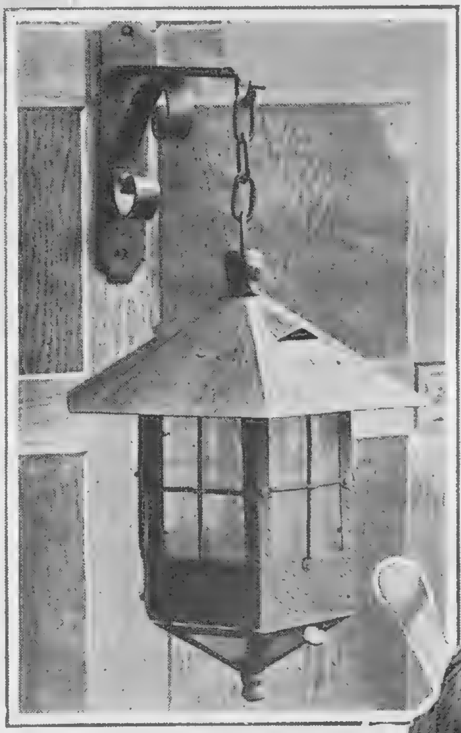
287. *A smart two-piece school outfit carried out in navy blue charmellaine consists of a dress with a pleated skirt, short sleeves, and white turnover collar and a short bolero coat with long sleeves. Ages 8-10. Requires 2¼ yards of 54" material. Price 1/-*

What I have Bought

SOME useful and very inexpensive utensils for use in the kitchen

HAVE you ever played at shopping for things which cost a shilling and under? It is a fascinating game and a comfort to many! Like other games, it has its rules; these you can make up for yourself, but one of them must be the stipulation that the article you buy comes under the heading of either "really useful" or "decorative." The little group of kitchen articles which are illustrated fulfilled the first condition quite well; the measure supplied a long-felt want in the kitchen, and cost 7½d., as did the "Just-It" pan scraper, which cost but 8d. The other 8d. article was the stick with the rubber at the end, a most useful implement for encouraging the sink to be clean; and the pie server could not be resisted at 6d., for it solves the problem of how to get the first piece out of a pie or tart. My rule is "not exceeding four kitchen articles at a time," but I could have gone on, and shall do so when next I have a shopping urge but little money—which is quite often.

HAND painted or hand made, there is something about the article which appeals. It may be the touch of the artist craftsman which gives it an individual charm, or it may be that no two pieces can be exactly alike however similar they are. Whatever it is, there is no doubt that the connoisseur part of us appreciates the hand-made article above the machine-made. In any case, why buy a mass-produced iron lantern when one can obtain one made by a craftsman at his forge for as little as 15s. 6d.? The lantern shown in the illustration is 12 in. by 6 in., and costs 35s., but there is one very similar to this, only shorter, which costs 17s. 6d. There is a fascination about hand-made articles of wrought iron, and it is a pleasing yet inexpensive hobby to buy delightful latches and bolts and other small fittings which make a house take on a charm which is the result of thought from its owner.



A HAND-MADE iron lantern gives an individual charm to the hall or porch

THE same with a garden; if it has a woman about it who loves to potter here and there, tying this, cutting that, it takes on a charm. Now that the autumn is here the garden needs that little extra pottering which makes the difference, and the garden basket illustrated is just the thing for the autumn cutting and general tidying: not the big things like cutting down the perennials—just those odds and ends. The basket holds all the implements, a secateur, soft string, wire, fork, trowel, etc.; and more than that, it will keep everything in its place so that the losing of a tool and stooping are not of frequent occurrence. The basket costs 26s. 6d.

A GARDEN basket, not too large, fitted with the necessary implements for the woman gardener

STRAINING soup is a long job when there are many small pieces to be strained off. This soup strainer will do the work in less than half the time, for it not only has an agitator which is worked by the handle, but it has three sizes in meshes which can be interchanged. Price 7s. 6d.

WHEN the soup is to be clear, this strainer will do the work very quickly and efficiently

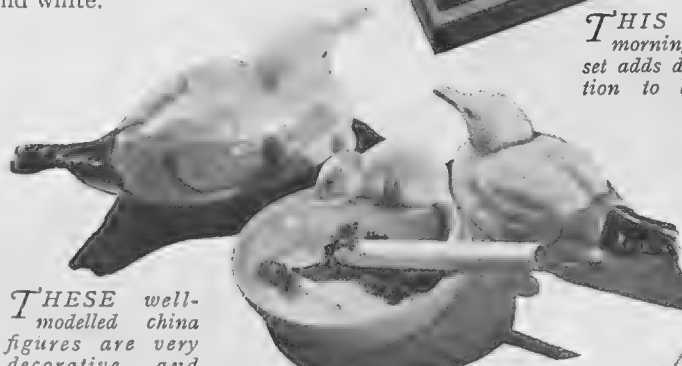
SPEAKING of pottery, the old idea that china is the only substance that makes a cup a drinking vessel is rapidly dying out. This is not surprising when one sees the type of hand-painted pottery like the morning tea set shown in the illustration. It is a deep cream and the flowers are a soft orange colour, the design being a pleasing compromise of the natural and conventional. This flower design shows the trend of modern design for table pottery and china; there is a distinct leaning towards the natural in flowers; shapes and colours are getting quite true to nature. In fact, the newer the designs, the less "modern" they are in appearance. This morning tea set costs 22s. 6d. with the tray, but it can be bought separately.

SINCE I had completed my four "really usefuls," I set out on a "decorative" discovery voyage. It was during this tour that I found the most amazingly well-modelled china figures for as little as one shilling each, something after the style of Copenhagen or Nymphenburg pottery, and although it sounds ridiculous

Attractive Accessories for the Home *this* Month

to say so, it is none the less a truth. There is a distinct feeling of the artist in the modelling of the birds and animals, which are remarkably well done. The colours are soft greys and white.

THIS early morning tea set adds distinction to luxury



THESE well-modelled china figures are very decorative and amazingly cheap

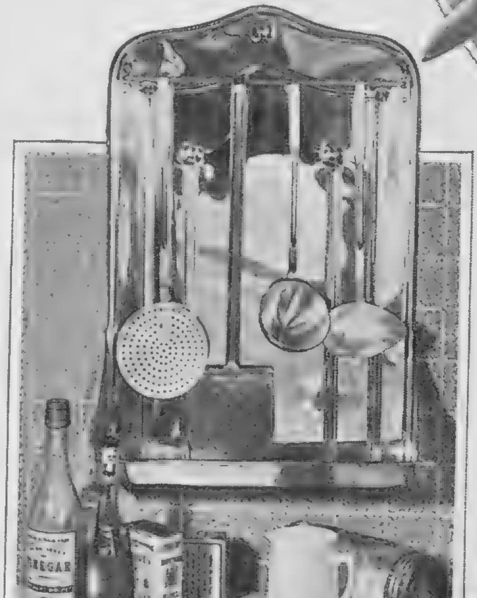
WHETHER the steak will be tender or not is always something of a risk, yet you need not be in doubt if you care to spend a modest shilling on this meat tenderer. It is simple to use: just prod the piece of meat all over as is illustrated, then put it quickly into a hot frying pan or grill. The heat is an important point, because it seals the punctures at once, thus wasting none of the goodness.

NOTHING is quite so irritating when cooking as holding the strainer, spoon or ladle in mid-air wondering where to put it down because it drips. This aluminium stand will hold all the utensils so that they drip in peace into a receptacle planned for that purpose. The whole set complete costs 9s. 6d., and is quite worth the money spent on it. Let it adorn your kitchen wall near the oven.

THERE are some dogs that do not care to lie in a basket, yet the floor is a very draughty place for them in the winter. That is where this new dog bed is so useful; it stands just off the floor, and any dog will lie on it because it is not a different shape from the mat they are used to. The first size is 18 in. by 18 in., which costs 15s. 9d. in the striped canvas shown in the photograph. The same size in a plain canvas costs 7s. 6d.

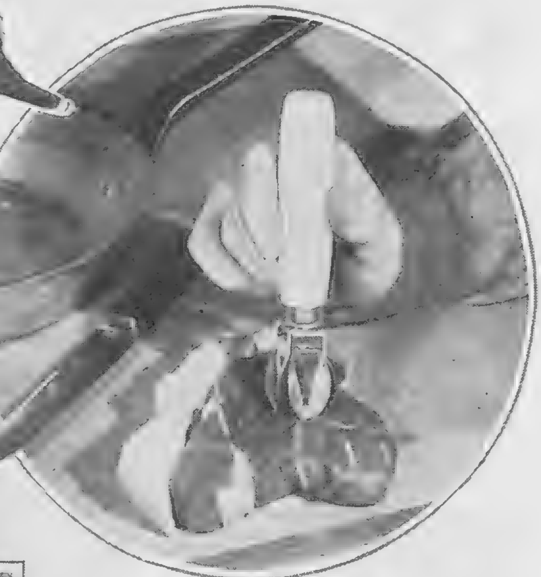
THE man of the family is not entirely forgotten by the inventors of labour-saving devices, as a new electric tie iron which can be bought for six shillings and sixpence is now on the market. It is metal and shaped so that the tie can be slipped on to it or, rather, the iron can be slipped *into* the tie. The iron is heated by electricity in the same way as a domestic iron, having flex and plug provided.

ANOTHER electric device which is not necessarily to aid the housewife alone is a bed warmer which costs 25s. Although this may seem rather a large amount to pay when a hot-water bottle could be used, it is not when one considers that the heater can also be used for train and car journeys and for airing beds and clothes. The electrical consumption is practically negligible, as it is only connected up for four minutes at a time. Nothing is gained by leaving it connected longer, and it retains its heat for several hours. There is a distinct advantage in the fact that it does not have to be connected up to the mains when in use, for it eliminates all danger especially when used as a bed warmer.



ANOTHER useful kitchen utensil. An aluminium stand to hold dripping spoons and strainers

SO many people do a certain amount of machine sewing that there will be many who are interested in an electric lamp which fits on to the machine throwing a direct light down on to the needle and the piece of work being sewn. This lamp is most compact; the shape is long and narrow, and the cost only 8s. 6d. It is easily fitted on to any machine and works from a lamp plug in the room. To those who are thinking of buying a sewing machine, it is interesting to know that it is no longer necessary to pay twice as much for the same type of machine because of a "spare part" service. A machine which is made by Frister and Rossmann costs from £5 18s. 6d., yet it is guaranteed for 10 years, and there is an extensive repair department which has lately come into operation, and all spare parts can be obtained from leading drapers all over the country.



THIS kitchen implement, a meat tenderer, will help to make steak a little more tender than it would be without its use

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a post card addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

Photographs by Elsie Collins

DOGS are like humans and don't like draughts. This dog bed will be appreciated by the canine pet of the house

ABSOLUTE cleanliness as to environment and utensils is important, and all material used must be in good condition

Home-*made* Wines

Elderberry, Blackberry, Ginger, Sloe Gin, Cider —and how to make them

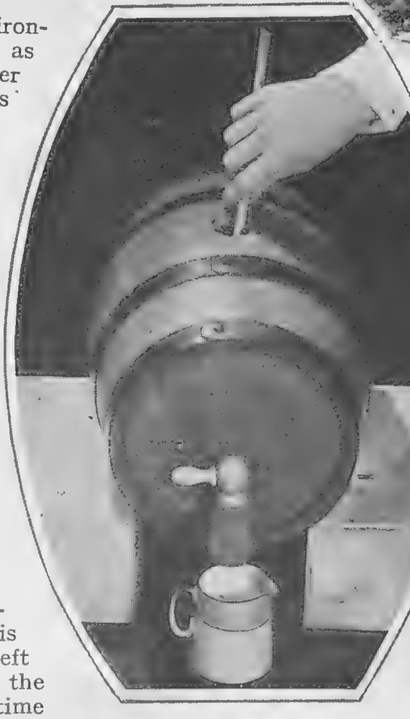
By C. Hughes Hallett

HOME-BREWED wines are usually associated with our grandmothers' generation, but there is no doubt that the practice of making wines from the produce of our countryside and gardens is worthy of attention.

Strictly speaking, wine is the fermented juice of the grape, and as no other fruit contains all the principles for complete fermentation, it is essential to prepare a juice of a similar nature in the preparation of home-made wines. Raisins (being dried grapes) are largely used for this purpose, as they contain sugar and yeast, two important factors necessary for fermentation. Where raisins are not used sugar and brewer's yeast are generally substituted, while in some recipes brandy is recommended.

Absolute cleanliness as to environment and utensils is important, as the least speck of foreign matter spoils the wine. All materials used must be in good condition, while accuracy in measurements and patience during the fermentation period are necessary for a successful result.

The general procedure is as follows. The fruits, sugar and spices are boiled in a preserving pan for the prescribed length of time, then allowed to become lukewarm, when the yeast should be added. This is then put into a cask which has been previously scalded and allowed to cool. The cask must be laid on its side and raised a few inches from the ground. On no account must it be disturbed during fermentation. When fermentation ceases the bunghole is closed tightly and the cask is left undisturbed as before. When the wine has stood for the required time it is drawn into clean, dry bottles, generally through a fine strainer; after which cork tightly with new corks which have been previously soaked in boiling water. Store the wine in a cool place, laying the bottles on their sides.



GINGER wine. After casking the juice leave for a fortnight, stirring daily with a cane

Isinglass is sometimes necessary for clearing purposes, and this is added when fermentation ceases. It should be dissolved in a little of the wine, then poured very carefully through the bunghole. If brandy is used, it must also be added after fermentation is over. A little wine should be reserved to fill the cask as the wine works out, and a vessel should be placed underneath to catch the drips.

Elderberry Wine

INGREDIENTS.—*7 lb. elderberries, 3 gallons water, 3 lb. preserving sugar to each gallon of juice, 1 lb. raisins, ½ oz. bruised ginger, ½ oz. allspice, 6 cloves, 1 dessertspoonful brewer's yeast.*

METHOD.—Pick the berries from the stalks and put them into a tub; bruise them down and pour boiling water over them. Cover and let them stand for 24 hours. Strain through a jelly bag, measure the juice and put it into a preserving pan. Add the sugar (in the proper proportion), the split raisins and spices tied in muslin. Bring slowly to the boil, and boil gently for an hour, skimming occasionally. Leave until lukewarm, add the yeast, then turn into the cask. Cover the bunghole with a cloth or tile, and leave undisturbed for a fortnight. A gill of brandy may be added at this stage, then bung the cask tightly. Leave for six months, then draw off into bottles. Cork tightly and store.

BLACKBERRY wine. Pour the boiling water over the berries, allow to cool, then bruise the berries down

Blackberry Wine

INGREDIENTS.—*1 gallon blackberries, 1 quart boiling water, 1 lb. sugar to every gallon of juice, ½ gill brandy, ½ oz. root ginger, ½ oz. cloves, ½ oz. Jamaica pepper.*

METHOD.—Tie the spices in muslin. Pick the berries, put them and the spices into a tub and pour the boiling water over them, allow to cool, then bruise the berries down. Cover and leave for 3 or 4 days. Drain off the liquid, measure it, then add the sugar and dissolve it thoroughly. Turn into the cask, cover the bunghole, and leave undisturbed from 7-10 days. The brandy is then added, the bunghole closed tightly, and the wine left for at least 6 months. Then bottle and store.

Ginger Wine

INGREDIENTS.—*4 oz. whole ginger, 4 oz. raisins, 3 gals. water, 9 lb. Demerara sugar, 3 lemons, 1 tablespoonful brewer's yeast.*

METHOD.—Bruise the ginger and split the raisins. Put them into a preserving pan with the water and sugar and boil for about an hour, skimming occasionally. Leave until lukewarm, then add the lemon juice, the thinly peeled rind and the brewer's yeast. Turn into the cask, cover the bunghole, and leave for a fortnight, stirring daily, using a light cane inserted in the bunghole. Bung tightly, leave for

(*Continued on page 130*)

Winter Stews

SOME compensations for the passing of summer and reasons for welcoming the advent of winter

WITH the passing of summer and of summer fare we are saved from too many regrets by starting on the round of winter pleasures. We have our first fire, tea with blinds down and lamps alight, and there is a certain satisfaction in arranging our meals to suit the cold weather.

Stews take their place on the menu, and, fortunately, there are endless varieties of them. Almost any meat can be made into a delicious dish, and stews have many advantages. They are warming and nourishing; appetising and healthy; to make them one does not need to use the most expensive cuts of meat; and they are mostly extremely simple to make.

NAVARIN de Mouton is a pleasant variation of Irish stew. Beef also can be treated in the same way

MOST stews owe their pleasant flavour to vegetables, which play an important part in their preparation

Plenty of vegetables are required for most stews, but it is a great mistake to serve two or three extra vegetables with these dishes. In most cases some plainly boiled potatoes are sufficient, and sometimes, when potatoes are cooked with and as part of the stew, even this is not necessary.

Stewed Veal with Tomato Gravy

Take two pounds of breast of veal, trim it well, removing all fat, cut it into small pieces and fry these in a thick saucepan in a mixture of butter and olive oil. When the veal begins to brown add two onions peeled and finely chopped and cook these with the veal. Then add two table-spoonfuls of tinned tomato purée, and a breakfast-cupful of good stock, add salt and pepper, bring to the boil, stir the stew thoroughly, put the lid on tightly, and let the whole simmer gently for one hour and a half. Stir again just before putting the stew into the serving dish, and serve with boiled potatoes.

If a thicker gravy is preferred, flour may be added, but this should be done before the tomato purée and stock are put in, allowing the flour to cook for a few minutes before the liquids are added.

Braised Veal with Carrots

Take a piece of stewing veal three pounds in weight, trim it, and fry it in butter for a few minutes so that both sides are browned. Meanwhile wash and scrape twelve carrots and cut them into rounds. Put these in a fireproof earthenware *casserole* with six small onions peeled but left whole, two rashers of streaky bacon trimmed and cut into small pieces, a sprig of parsley, salt and pepper. Add a teacupful of cold water, place the veal on this bed of vegetables, cover the casserole tightly, bring to the boil and simmer very gently for three hours or longer if the carrots are not perfectly soft. If this dish is being cooked on a gas ring an asbestos mat should be placed over the flame to prevent the earthenware vessel from cracking.

Navarin de Mouton

Take two pounds of mutton of the kind used for Irish stew. Cut the meat into neat pieces and brown them in butter in a large saucepan. Sprinkle with flour, stir well and add half a pint of stock, a sprig of parsley, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil and keep simmering. Meanwhile peel and cut into small pieces three onions, three carrots, three turnips and half a dozen potatoes. Fry these in butter until they begin to brown and put them into the saucepan with the meat. Add a little more stock and simmer for another half an hour very gently. See that the stew is well seasoned before serving. An excellent stew can be made with beef, using exactly the same method as for the Navarin, except that potatoes are omitted and when adding the flour one should put rather more than a sprinkling.

VEAL stew with tomato gravy requires only plainly boiled potatoes as accompanying vegetable

Some

By A. H. Adair

THIS dish, which is a variation of Blanquette de Veau, comes from Brittany

NOW that so many of us go abroad for a few days or weeks for either summer or winter holidays, it is interesting to notice the reactions of English people to foreign conditions.

Where Continental cooking is concerned we, as a nation, seem to be divided into two categories: some of us remain frankly hostile throughout our stay abroad, complain of "foreign messes," long for "an honest straightforward meal," and, when the English coast appears in sight on the return journey, heave a sigh of relief and exclaim "Thank goodness, we shall soon have some decent food!"

The second category is made up of people who enjoy foreign cooking while they are abroad, who treat it as part of the holiday experience, and who are frankly appreciative of the fine dishes and new flavourings which they meet. But while they would really like to try some of these dishes at home, they seem to be afraid to do so, and it is to these people that I hope the following remarks and recipes will be encouraging.

First of all, Continental cooking, and especially French cooking, is not nearly so complicated or expensive as most people think. With regard to flavourings, if we do not like the pronounced taste of any particular condiment, we must reduce it to suit our own taste in the matter. The use of garlic is always one of the chief stumbling-blocks, and it should be remembered that in most cases where garlic is used it is merely an essential part of a finished dish, and that it is *not* expected to be distinguishable when the dish is complete. I do not, of course, mean that there are no dishes in which garlic is not the chief flavouring; in Southern countries much of the food is frankly "garlicky." Either one likes it or one does not, in which case there is no need to try any of the highly spiced dishes which contain garlic in large quantities.

The most important thing to remember is that we must adapt foreign cooking to our own tastes and circumstances, and it is there that we can get our fun, for apart from the fact that it is extremely useful to be able to vary our fare from time to time, nothing is more delightful, on a dull and cold English day, than to have for dinner a dish that we particularly liked in some sunny place abroad; the perfume of it alone will bring back as vividly as a snapshot the memory of many happy days, and while enjoying our novel dinner we can be just a little sentimental about "The place we left behind us."

Veau au Blanc

Take a piece of breast of veal, trim off the fat and cut it into pieces as you would for any stew. Put the meat into a saucepan with salt and pepper, two onions peeled and cut in halves, two carrots treated in the same way, and a sprig of parsley. Cover with boiling water and boil gently, skimming when necessary, until the meat is cooked, which should take about one hour, and keep hot.

In another saucepan put a piece of butter the size of an egg, a tablespoonful of flour, and mix this together over a slow fire until you have a smooth paste, but do not let it brown. Add little by little enough of the stock in which you have cooked the veal to make a thin gravy, and bring to the boil slowly. Put in the veal and just before serving add the yolk of an egg beaten up in a teaspoonful of vinegar. Shake the saucepan to mix all well together, but do not let the stew boil after the addition of the egg and the vinegar, as otherwise it would curdle. This dish, which is a variation of *Blanquette de Veau*, is the speciality of an hotel in Brittany.

STUFFED sweet peppers. If the peppers are difficult to obtain, the same stuffing can be used for tomatoes

Italian Chicken

Carve a raw chicken into six pieces: the legs cut into two parts, the wings and the breast divided. Heat in a thick sauce-

*S*imple *R*ecipes *from* *A*broad

A few suggestions which will help to give variety to our menus this winter

A NOVEL way of serving liver. The combination of apples and olives is a particularly delicious one

ITALIAN chicken can be cooked in butter, but has a much more distinctive flavour when olive oil is used

pan a coffee-cupful of olive oil, and add to it a tiny piece of garlic very finely chopped, salt and pepper. Put in the pieces of chicken, starting with the legs as they take longer to cook, brown them on both sides and cook for thirty-five minutes, shaking the pan occasionally.

Meanwhile peel and chop finely two shallots, one onion, six mushrooms and a sprig of parsley. Put this in a small saucepan with a pudding-spoonful of vinegar and half a tumblerful of water. Add two tablespoonfuls of tinned tomato *purée* and a spoonful of the oil in which the chicken has cooked, adding more salt and pepper. Cook this sauce for ten minutes slowly. Meanwhile, if there is any oil left in the other saucepan, pour it away and add the sauce from the small saucepan. Cook together for a few minutes and serve with pieces of bread fried in butter or bacon fat. This dish can be cooked in butter instead of oil. It will be perfectly good, but will not have the same taste as it has in Italy.

Liver with Olives and Apple

It is unfortunately impossible to give this dish a name. I had it in a small Swiss hotel, and the proprietor could not give me any information about it save that it had always been served in his family ever since he was a child. I think it must be of Austrian origin.

Peel and chop one onion and fry it in butter until brown, but do not let it burn or get hard. Add a few olives stoned and chopped, and fry together for a few minutes with salt and pepper.

Meanwhile cut some liver into neat pieces, rub them in flour, season them with salt and pepper and cook them in the ordinary way, either in butter or bacon fat. Put these in the serving dish, sprinkle the olives and onion over them and arrange round the dish some apples which you have peeled, cored, and poached until tender in water, and cut into quarters. It is important to have the apples thoroughly well drained before putting them in the dish.

Stuffed Sweet Peppers or Tomatoes

Most good greengrocers stock sweet peppers (pimentos) nowadays when in season—late summer and early autumn—but should they be difficult to get, this dish can be made with tomatoes.

Take six large sweet peppers—they may be green or red—cut off the tops, and scoop out very carefully the seeds and white pith. Keep the tops, but throw away the seeds and pith. Chop two peeled onions and the tops of the peppers, and cook them in butter until soft and slightly browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of tinned tomato *purée*, a teacupful of stock, salt and pepper. Meanwhile half cook a teacupful of rice in boiling water, drain it thoroughly and add it to the sauce, in which you finish cooking it. Put in another small piece of butter and mix all well together. Pour the mixture into a strainer, keeping aside the liquid which passes through. Stuff the peppers with the rice mixture, put them in a buttered fireproof dish with the liquid poured over, and cook for fifteen minutes in the oven. A reserve of stock should be ready, as the peppers must be kept fairly moist by basting.

If tomatoes are being used the preparation is exactly the same. You start by cutting them into two and scooping out the insides, which are added to the fried onion. They would not take so long to cook when stuffed; 15—20 minutes in the oven, without having been cooked at all on top of the fire, should be sufficient.

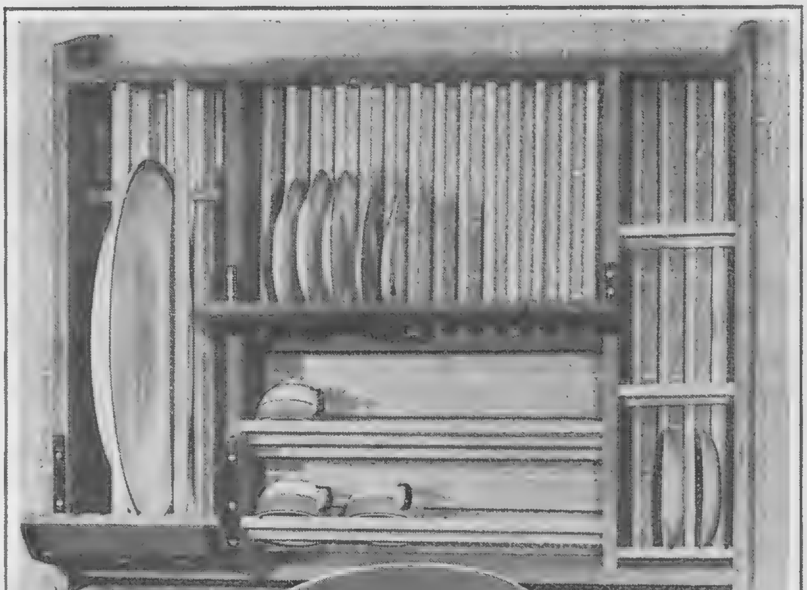
The End of the Washing-Up Problem

By Len Chaloner

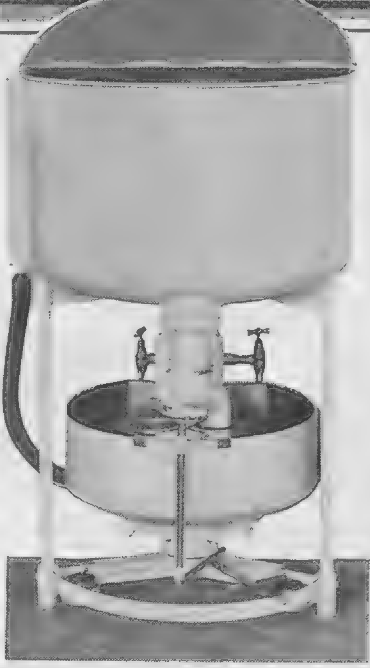
At last the washing-up problem is becoming the centre of scientific attention that it deserves to be, and a woman has recently been granted a Degree at an American university for a thesis on dish-washing.

This subject above all others has been held up as the hall-mark of woman's mental inferiority to man, since after 2,000 years of civilisation she could still find no more efficient method of washing up than by the use of dish water and a rag.

To obtain a good washing-up machine at a reasonable price, and of a size suitable for the home as compared with hotels, has been a real difficulty until recently; and even given such a machine, though washing up may repeat itself with the inevitability of a recurring decimal at least four times a day, the actual runs of work, the amount of washing up per meal did not seem to justify or make economical the use of machinery for the job. Like all other labour-saving appliances, to be economical it is essential that the work must be in long enough spells to justify current consumption, the wear and tear on the plant, and the time required and attention in getting out the machine (in the case, for example, of a vacuum cleaner), or the stacking of china and so forth.



An up-to-date rack holds plates and also cups, minimising the business of drying



The Kent Patent Electric Washing-up Machine will wash, rinse and dry all the table requisites in a few minutes and without danger of breakage. It costs £30, but may be obtained on the hire-purchase system

A WASHING-UP machine, however, can be made a most economical and efficient servant even in a quite small family if it is used in an intelligent way. Both time and economy are effected if the household has plenty of crockery so that the machine can be used as a container and the washing up is done, say, only twice a day, instead of four times.

The maid clears her breakfast table and stores the china, stacking it much as she would do for ordinary washing up, but in the machine, in cold water. She closes the lid and leaves it until after lunch. By then sufficient china will have accumulated, the cold water can be quickly drained, and washing up of both meals is then economically and easily done.

The same idea can, of course, be repeated with tea and dinner. But the drying and the storing? It is this that takes the time very often, even though the washing is the unpleasant job. Washing-up machines are usually so arranged that the china is first washed, then rinsed, and the machinery then be switched so that the water is drained away, but the crockery continues to revolve or be agitated in the heated containers so that it is practically dry when taken out in a moment or two. Such a storage rack as the one illustrated is a further simplification of the business, and the design is arranged to include the draining of cups, jugs, etc., as well as plates. The very efficient rinsing in the machine prevents any likelihood of the china having a smeary or greasy appearance.

TEA cloths, tray cloths and doyleys can all be washed equally efficiently in the washing-up machine.

To go into details of the cost and running, it may be added that most of the reliable washing-up machines on the market at present cost about thirty to thirty-two pounds, in a size suitable for normal home requirements. The current consumption is around one unit in four hours. One might perhaps reckon it a little differently and estimate that from twenty to twenty-four washings could be done for a unit.

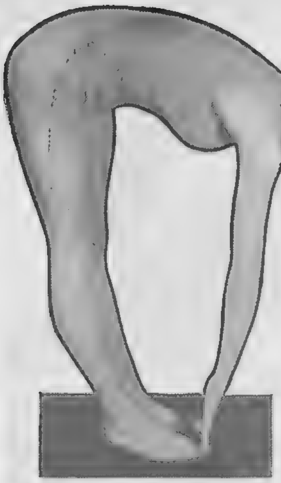
The usual system of cleansing is by means of spraying the hot water with considerable force over the china, which is revolved or agitated in cages. The first operation cleanses, the second one rinses, and the third dries or drains. A special receiver at the bottom of the machine collects refuse. The whole business is accomplished without the necessity for touching either dishcloth or greasy water.

It is such treasures as these little liqueur tumblers and the attractive coffee set of Shelley china which require really careful washing up

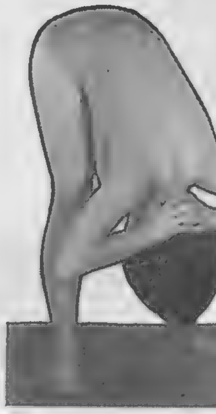
The majority of machines can, by the way, be obtained on deferred terms, so that the cost can be worked out with running expenses. If, in addition, the storing of china is planned in the kitchen or pantry on removable sliding shelves, so that they act as trays for immediate laying of the tables or putting away when done with, the most tiresome of jobs in the household daily round has been robbed of three-quarters of its laborious monotony.

Business methods and machinery have been slow coming into the home, but modern maids, like their mistresses, appreciate them to-day.

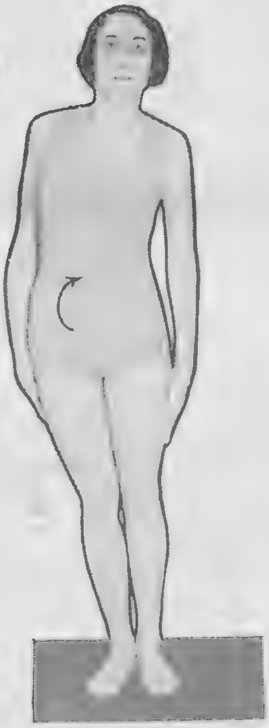
SLEEP is the corollary of activity, and in this, the second of Mr. Henslowe's series of articles on perfect health, he explains how the human battery should be recharged



With feet together and arms upstretched, fingers interlaced, sweep forward and touch toes without bending knees, and repeat twelve times. It does not matter if you cannot quite touch the toes. Get as far down as you can, and gradually you will find you are getting farther



With feet apart and hands joined at back of neck, bend the body forward right down so that you can see between the legs, and swing in circular movement twelve times in both directions



While standing upright, feet together and arms to side, endeavour to revolve the abdomen in a vertical, circular movement, left to right sixteen times, and afterwards right to left. I recommend this very much for constipation

Exercise and Scientific Sleeping

EXERCISING according to the Henslowe Method for Suppleness is firstly designed for the maintenance of perfect fitness and not in any way to create large muscles or make "strong" men. I have aimed particularly at exercising the abdominal muscles, as it is essential to the metabolism of the body that these function properly, also a strong abdominal muscle helps an upright posture. Then I have endeavoured to stretch the body as much as possible. In the cramped crouching position that so many people are in for a greater part of the day, the body naturally gets bent and misshapen. A good stretch several times a day for sedentary workers is most advantageous. I have in my house a trapeze bar hanging from the rafters on an upper landing, and from this I hang frequently. It is a simple action, and the fixing up of this trapeze costs but a few shillings, and I recommend everybody to have one.

The human body cannot be in perfect order unless the spine is healthy and not stiffened at any of its joints. This is of primary importance.

The exercises should be done on first getting up in the morning, and, if one is sufficiently energetic, again before going to bed at night; but the morning is the more important and better time for a single run through.

If the exercises are done in the bedroom, windows should be wide open until the conclusion of the series, and the room for exercising should be carpetless. (As few clothes as possible should be worn; in fact to do them in the nude adds to the tonic effect of the body, particularly the skin. In any case there should be nothing tight round the waist or neck.)

One of the advantages of my system is that no apparatus is necessary and therefore there is nothing to pack up when travelling.

SLEEP is the corollary of activity, and of this many people, in my opinion, deprive themselves every night. Habit is easily formed and one may get into the habit of only sleeping six, seven or eight hours as the case may be, but it does not follow therefore that this is enough to completely recharge the human battery. You know what happens with an electric battery. On being depleted of electrical energy, you plug it into the electricity supply, and so recharge it to its original voltage. If, however, you give it only a partial recharge, the battery never regains its full power and eventually wears out sooner than would otherwise be the case.

In very much the same way, if you are depriving your body habitually of its proper length of sleep, the recharging of power called "vitality," that comes during the hours of slumber, is never completely effected, and you suffer proportionately. Who instituted the custom of eight hours' sleep? Consider the animal world and you will observe that they lie down and rest during the day; they relax, and probably their relaxation is very much more complete than that indulged in by human beings. Also, when darkness comes, the animal world goes to sleep, thus getting considerably more sleep in winter than in summer, and in winter it is well over eight hours.

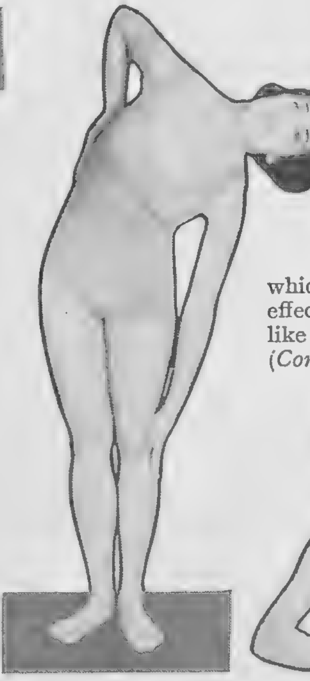
Now, a human being requires sleep for mental as well as bodily fatigue, while the animal world has to recuperate from bodily fatigue only; therefore I consider that the eight hours that has become a national habit with us is wrong, and that many people would get on very much better with nine and even ten hours' sleep.

THE study of scientific rest has been much ignored. The advice "sleep for eight hours, don't eat a heavy supper, and keep your windows open," is about the extent of most doctors' advice on the subject.

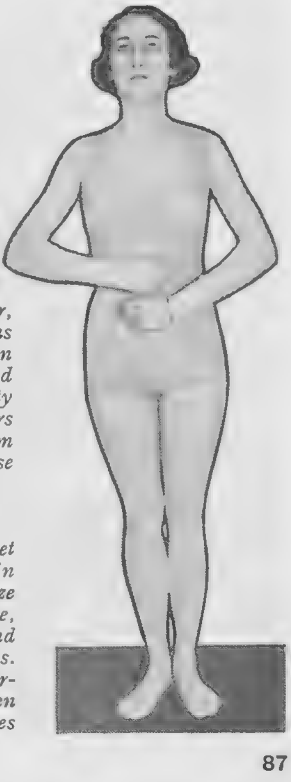
The science of sleep, however, is much deeper than that, and to have perfect health, adequate and profound sleep is essential.

The physiology of sleep is brought about by cutting off the blood supply to the brain. The physical mechanism by which this process is effected is somewhat like a stop-cock, and

(*Continued on page* 114)



Stand erect, feet together, bend over to right as far as possible, then bend body to left, and do alternately twenty times. This appears in Muller's system as a rubbing exercise



Standing upright, feet together, clench fists in front of body and squeeze in the abdomen, release, moving fists apart, and repeat sixteen times. The object of this exercise is to strengthen the abdominal muscles

Right:
A NEW Yardley product is a cream which not only cleanses and nourishes the skin, but also forms an excellent basis for powder. It is obtainable in an attractive white jar with a lid like a flower and costs 3/-

E. O. Hoppé

MISS EILEEN HAWTHORNE, who appeared at the Coliseum in a tableau of Campbell Taylor's Royal Academy picture, "The Woman at the Spinning Wheel"

The "Omnibus" Home Beauty Treatment

Over-elaboration and complication in the Toilet Cupboard defeats its own ends. The ideal is one pot for all purposes

By "Chrysis"

THERE is one thing no woman can afford, and that is to neglect the daily care of her skin. The results may not be immediately apparent, but eventually trouble will ensue: clogged pores, leading to sallowness; black-heads and perhaps skin trouble; the loss of the soft, velvety look of youthful, well-nourished skin; harshness and wrinkles. The cure of these evils is very much more difficult than their prevention.

The two essentials of the daily beauty treatment are cleanliness and nourishment, and one way to ensure that one's complexion is never denied its needs and rights is to simplify the home treatment as much as possible.

One may supply oneself with an elaborate outfit, with creams and packs and lotions for every conceivable purpose—this for the eyes, that for the forehead wrinkles, something else for the chin line, a pot or bottle to counteract every weakness or enhance every beauty—but the trouble is that, even if they were all efficacious and did not contradict one another, the probabilities are that after the first burst of enthusiasm or curiosity they would not be used. It is too lengthy or too tedious a business to carry out all the instructions. The modern woman is not over-patient; she may have to be out early and is often home late, and, apart from the fact that when one is tired is not the ideal time for elaborate beauty ritual, it is likely that if it is elaborate it may be shirked altogether.

ANOTHER thing against the over-stocked toilet cupboard is that modern society is mobile. We move from place to place at shortest notice and as compactly as possible, our luggage limited by time and space; and unless one possesses one of the luxurious beauty boxes supplied by some firms, or has a maid who has inherited Napoleon's powers of marshalling units, the mind blenches at the thought of assembling, securing the corks, and wrapping in tissue paper all those bottles and all those pots. One would be sure to miss out the special lotion which must be used on the third night to ensure the success of one's latest and grandest rejuvenating treatment!

To be quite serious, the ideal method of keeping the skin in condition is to find one good "omnibus" cream which suits one's skin and is easy and quick to use, so that one's daily beauty treatment is simple, compact and really automatic. If any further special treatment is required, an occasional, and preferably regular, visit to a beauty specialist for a thorough "overhaul," clean-up, and tone-up is advisable.

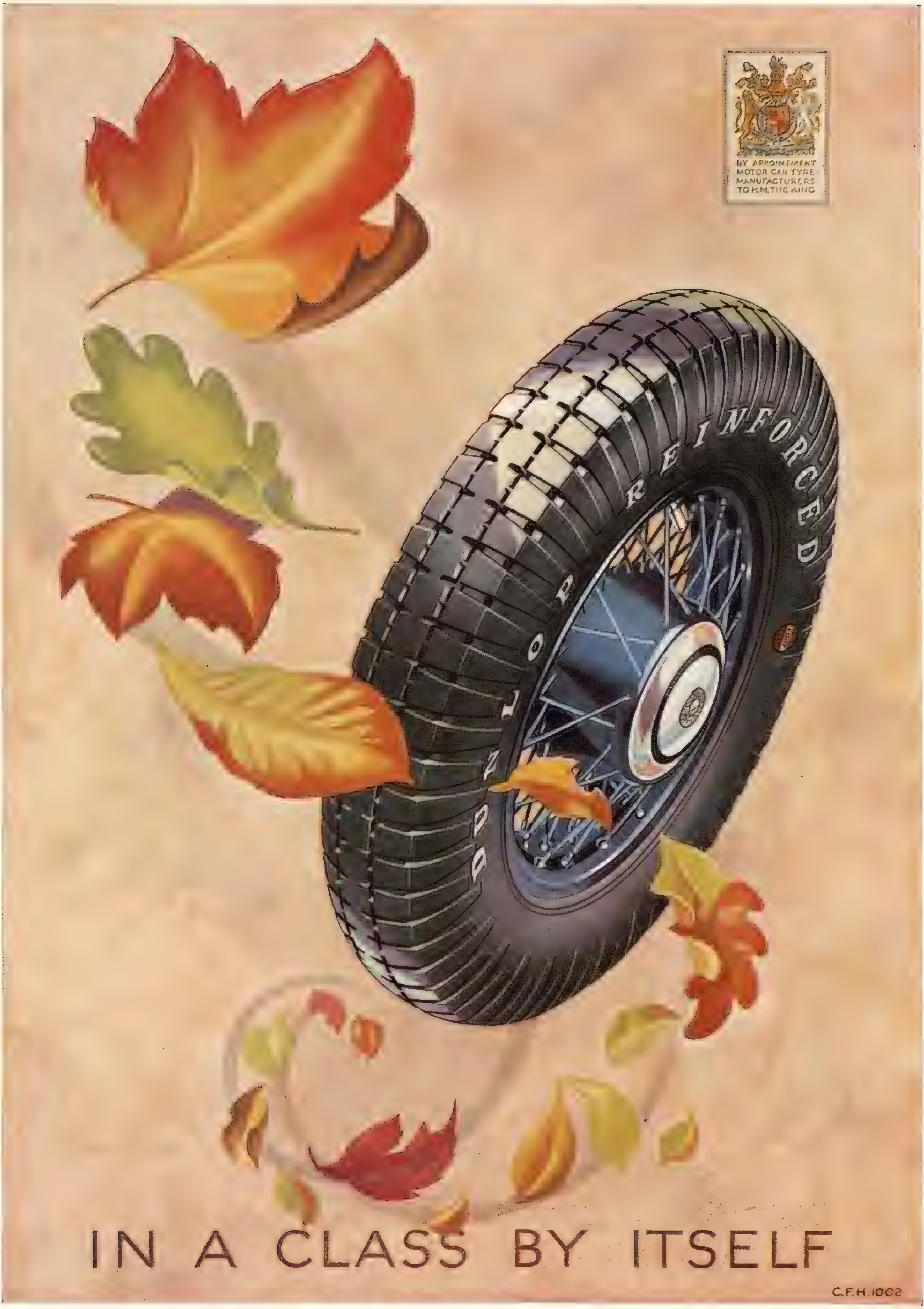
I have in mind a cream which seems ideal for everyday use, inasmuch as it cleanses and, when left on the skin, acts as a skin food, and can also be used as a basis for powder.

It sounds like the millennium. One pot for all purposes! It has for allies a very fine delicate face powder and a complexion soap. No life is so hectic that the face cannot be cleansed of all cosmetics and grime with a good cream at night. The same cream, left on, will nourish and preserve the skin, improving its texture and preventing wrinkles. Washing, provided one has a really good soap at one's disposal, is a refreshment in the morning. The ideal soap dissolves the greasy secretions of the pores, and leaves the skin fresh and fair.

The development in recent years of the production of special "complexion" soaps, super-fatted, bland, and emollient, shows the tendency of many beauty specialists to consider facial ablution a desirable part of the toilet, even when a cleansing cream is used. But to people with very sensitive skins the nature of the water is almost as important as the quality of the soap. People living in districts where the water is hard, which generally means that it contains chalk and lime, should take steps to counteract their drying and irritating effects. There is comparatively inexpensive water-softening apparatus for private houses. But, failing this, distilled water can be obtained from the chemist, or a pinch of some alkaline bath "salts," such as "Radox," will soften hard water, and rain water should not be difficult to obtain.

After washing, the same cream should be applied, patted in, and the residue removed with a tissue. What remains on the skin will be just sufficient to form a basis for the powder, made in all shades, designed to go with it.

Nothing could be simpler or more practicable in the way of beauty treatment, and it will keep the skin soft, smooth and clear.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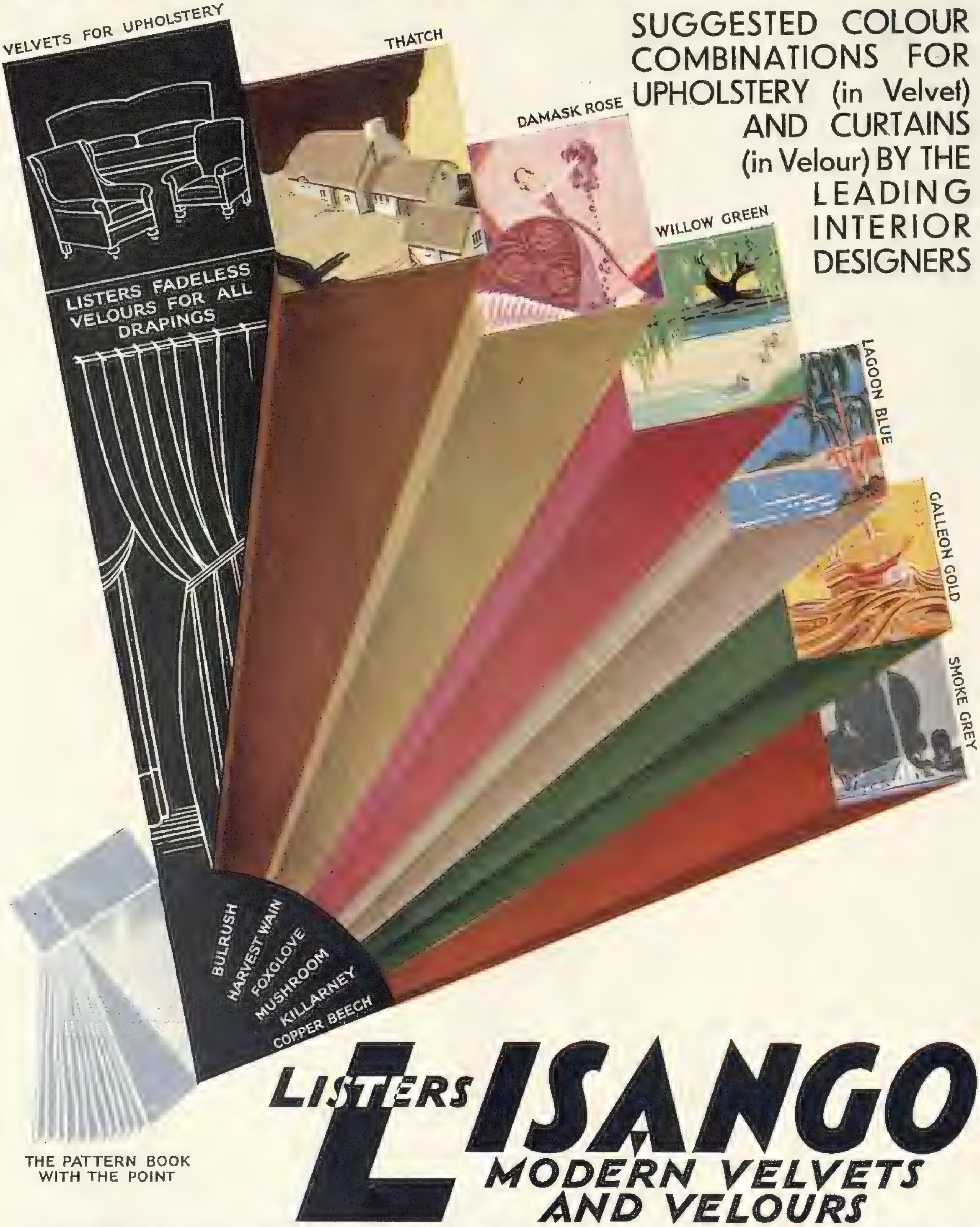
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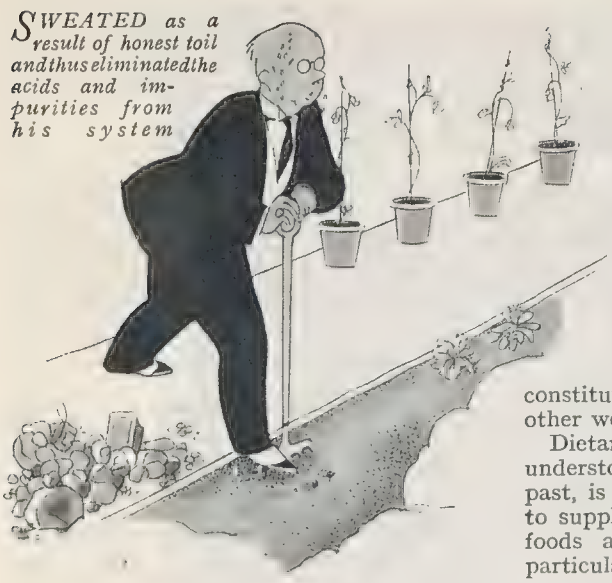


SWEATED as a result of honest toil and thus eliminated the acids and impurities from his system

The Purity Brigade

Complete physical, even surgical cleanliness is the ideal underlying many modern treatments

A COUNTRY doctor of my acquaintance, practising in a Cornish village where sanitation was rare and elementary, was regarded with awe amounting to superstition because of his healing powers. Rough and ready in his methods, he would come in from a night's herring fishing and go straight to a sick bed; he used instruments inherited from his father, preferred lard to carbolized vaseline because, he said, the great heat used in its manufacture sterilised it; common salt was his favourite antiseptic, and I never knew one of his patients die of blood poisoning or septicæmia. Now he has taken to religion of the oratorical variety, and is urging his erstwhile patients to cleanse themselves from sin. Let us hope that his efforts in this direction will be equally successful!

THE various mud baths given at foreign spas are attaining, somewhat more expensively, the same result

This doctor had some definite theories about what constituted cleanliness. He was sceptical about the value of superficial antiseptics, and believed that the system should be cleansed from within—that a wound should not have healing agents applied to it until it was surgically or naturally clean—and he was fond of saying that a man who sweated as a result of honest toil and thus eliminated the acids and impurities from his system was cleaner, fundamentally, than the man of sedentary habit who took constant baths.

Many of his theories were not only sound, but are now *fashionable*. The basis of the majority of modern cures and regimen is the achievement of just this constitutional cleanliness which he rather crudely expressed. Patients who submit themselves to radiant heat baths, paraffin wax baths and the various mud baths given at foreign spas are attaining, somewhat more expensively, the same result that the honest (or dishonest) toiler produces by means of his labour.

The prevalent craze for exercise may be, privately, in the interest of physical beauty, but, medically, it has the additional value of aiding circulation and all the eliminatory functions, thereby keeping the blood pure and the whole constitution free from toxins—clean, in other words.

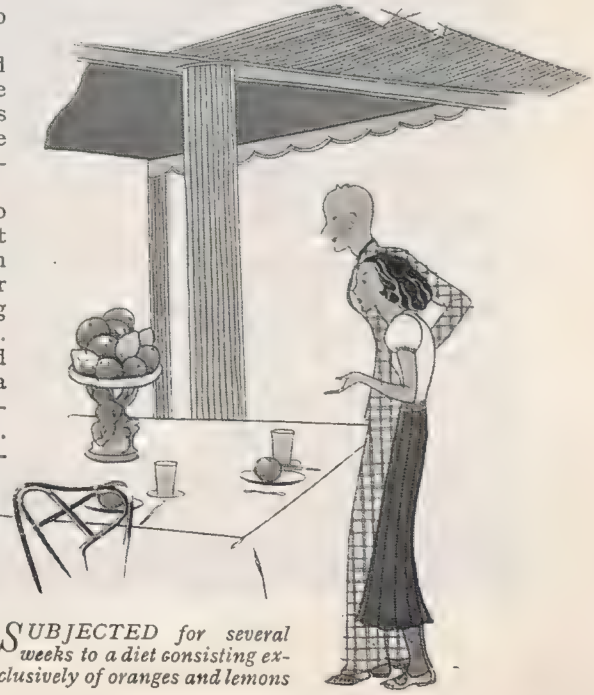
Dietary, which is a great deal better understood to-day than it was in the past, is devised not only to nourish and to supply the patient with the essential foods and restoratives needed in his particular case, but also to avoid those things which are superfluous or which cannot be easily assimilated so as to reduce the amount of waste.

Hence the reduction of meat and heavy, acid-producing wines in some diets, a superabundance of starches and carbo-hydrates in others, and the growing popularity of fruits and vegetables as articles of food.

Inevitably, there are faddists who carry dietary to extremes. I am not in a position to criticise the system whereby patients are subjected for several weeks to a diet consisting exclusively of oranges and lemons. Some of them have professed to find in this treatment a complete panacea for all ills; to return from it re-invigorated, renewed and rejuvenated. In cases of rather frail constitution it would appear to have its dangers, and one of the first ill effects of starvation or under-feeding is debilitation of the nervous system, but there is no doubt that an occasional fast of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours is salutary, and has even proved a cure for certain digestive and stomachic disorders. But even this is better carried out under doctor's orders. The patient should rest during the fast, sleep as much as possible, and drink plenty of water. The organs are thereby rested, any inflammation that may exist has a chance to abate, and the whole system is cleansed.

WATER is as important as a cleanser internally as externally. At a place like Vichy, where people doing the "cure" drink the waters religiously (certainly with faith!) under doctors' orders, one can watch the bilious and the bloated becoming daily fairer and clearer. Vichy water, both "Célestin" and "Grand Grille," can be obtained in bottles and that part of the cure can be done at home. The water should be warmed and a glass drunk one hour and another half an hour before luncheon and dinner.

Internal irrigation is another of the newer and more valuable treatments for such ailments as colitis. The fact that exercise, a carefully balanced diet, and treatments such as the medical baths I have mentioned, are taking the place of drugs and potions in the fight against disease and the maintenance of health shows a great advance in medical science, and all those who do not "enjoy ill-health" will do well to avail themselves of the up-to-date methods of keeping their bodies in good health (remembering the old doctor's clean working man), and join the "purity brigade," which is also the health brigade.



SUBJECTED for several weeks to a diet consisting exclusively of oranges and lemons

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The Captain *of* Köpenick

(Continued from page 29)

have at last managed to smuggle out of the sealed Rathaus a telegram containing a desperate appeal to the Landrath authorities in Berlin.

It runs like this: "*Town hall occupied by military We urgently desire information as to reasons in order to reassure excited citizens.*"

7 o'clock.

Dr. Langerhans, with his frightened spouse, has arrived at the Neue Wacht in Berlin.

"Here I am!" he announces dramatically. "Tell me my offence."

"What do you want?" asks Major Prince Joachim of Prussia, the officer in charge. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I am the arrested Burgomaster of Köpenick!"

The information conveyed nothing to the Prince. A colleague is summoned; bells are rung; whispered conferences are held. Finally the Commandant of Berlin—General Count von Moltke—appears upon the scene.

He summons detectives. The chief of the police hurries to attend to the matter personally.

Says the worthy Burgomaster's wife: "I know he was a high-born officer because he was so polite to me and so rude to my husband."

Gradually, as the evening passes there is built up a picture of this Prussian officer of the Guard who dared to rob the town coffers of Köpenick. He is tall and commanding in appearance, with an aristocratic voice and an eagle-like eye, a prince amongst military men . . .

And all the world, from the Kaiser in Potsdam to the farmer in Kentucky, from the shepherd in Argyllshire to the harem in Constantinople, learns the news, and begins to wonder, and smile, and marvel at the supreme satire of this impudent hoax.

* * *

Nine days later, on October 26th, 1906, two detectives arrested at his humble breakfast a dirty little hunched-up man, stooping and knock-kneed. He was 57 years old, Wilhelm Voigt, a cobbler of Tilsit, and he had served 25 years of his life in German prisons. With some pride he described to his captors his exploit in the fullest detail. A special report of the preliminary evidence was ordered by the Kaiser for his private delectation and amusement.

And how the world laughed at this little cobbler who, in one afternoon, had shown how to prick the bladder of Prussian militarism? For Voigt was right: no matter how rascally a man in an officer's uniform behaved it was impossible in Prussia for either a private citizen or a municipal policeman to interfere!

On December 1st, 1906, Wilhelm Voigt was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. He was quite happy. Half the German people were still smiling at the rich satire of his hoax: the other half had enshrined him on such a throne as only the immortal Till Eulenspiegel had hitherto occupied.

It is to the credit of the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm that eighteen months later he signed the order for the release of Wilhelm Voigt—the "Captain" of Köpenick.

END

The Quest *of the* Car *in* 1932

(Continued from page 35)

is, to my mind, the car most likely to enjoy a vogue during the coming season. A year or two ago, it was the 16 h.p. "light six" which leaped into sudden popularity. This was followed last year by a larger and more powerful type of car, having a 20 h.p. engine and a road performance more on a par with that of the average American machine. This year, assisted by the financial "slump," the small six-cylinder car of 12 or 14 h.p. would seem to have a first-rate opportunity of establishing itself in public favour.

It will be interesting to observe what style of coachwork will be most generally fitted, and here there is likely to be a considerable cleavage of opinion between advocates of the ordinary saloon and of the various "all-weather" types of body. "All-weather" coachwork has achieved a remarkable "comeback" during the past year, and no one will deny that it represents, in theory at any rate, the ideal which every owner desires. There are some, however, who regard it as an unsatisfactory compromise—lacking the solid comfort of the saloon in winter, and failing to recapture in summer the freedom of the genuine "tourer."

The least ambitious, and therefore perhaps the most successful, type of "all-weather" body is, of course, the ordinary saloon fitted with a sliding roof. This can be made absolutely rattle-proof, and is by no means unsightly. The folding roof, on the other hand, can never be entirely pleasing to the eye, for it seems impossible to make it fold down flat in the neat and compact manner of the touring hood. A rather clumsy effect is usually produced, contrasting unfavourably with the clean, harmonious "lines" of the old-fashioned touring car.

A good few bodies of the ultra-modern style will no doubt be in evidence, but these will not be taken too seriously by those whose Motor Show experience is at all extensive. There is a certain type of coachbuilder who annually produces one or two monstrosities, designed simply and solely to attract the jaded eye. These are much favoured by the Press photographers, and pictures are widely published with the caption, "Olympia strikes a modern note in body styles." Why the so-called "modern" note should inevitably involve crude colours and a minimum of comfort is beyond my comprehension!

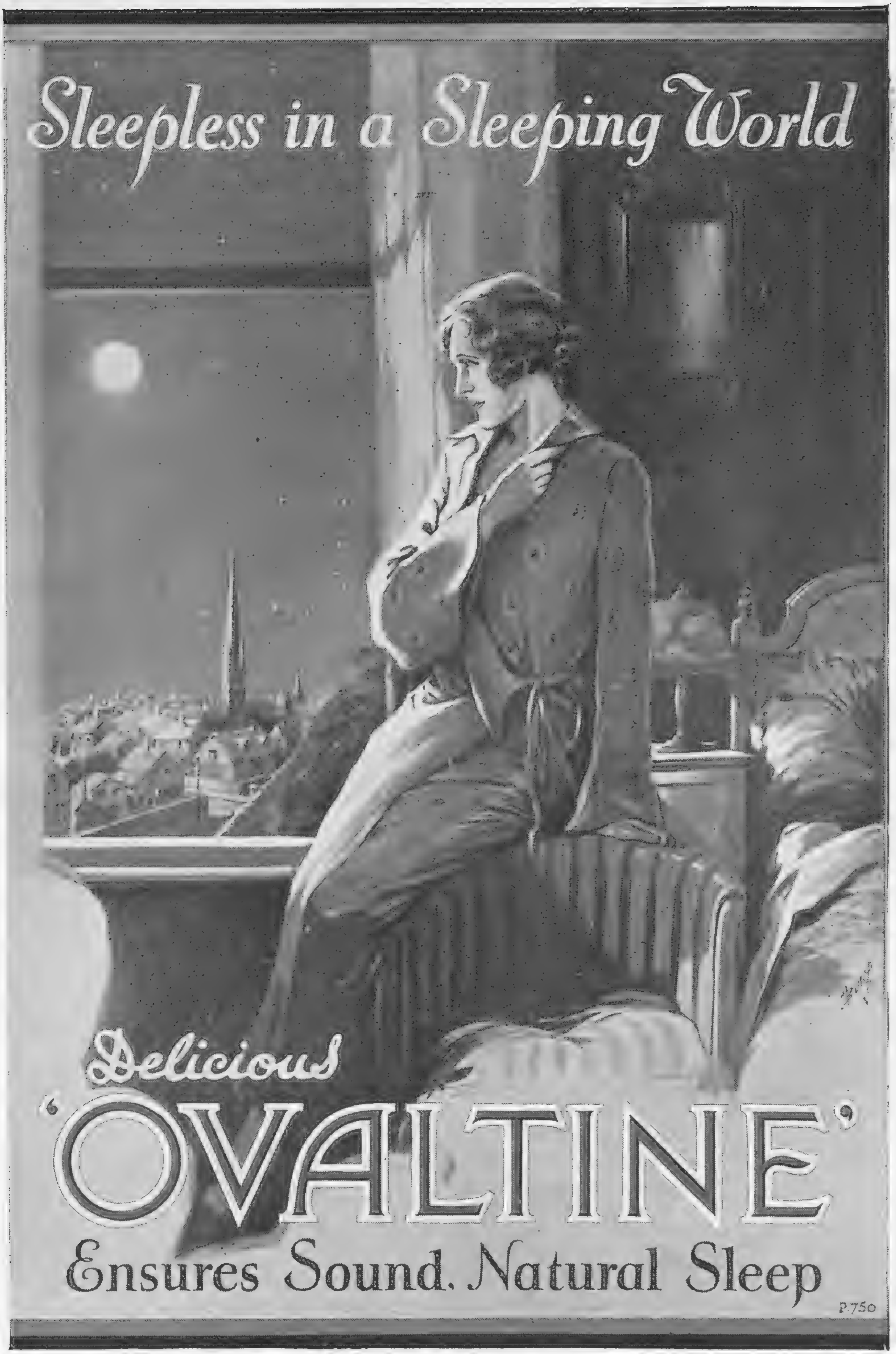
Equipment will probably be more complete than ever, and at least one car—possibly more—will be fitted with a permanent system of hydraulic jacks. This, if generally adopted, would be a most attractive innovation, particularly nowadays when so many cars have luggage trunks and bumpers to complicate the task of placing an ordinary jack under the rear axle. Wheel changing is, after all, a much greater nuisance than the periodic round of greasing, and for some years past we have been supplied by kindly manufacturers with various "one-shot" lubrication systems.

Personally, being of a suspicious nature, I have never been very much in love with the principle of central lubrication. Having been brought up to deal with the old-fashioned grease-cap, before even the grease-gun system was invented, I have always retained a strong preference for actually seeing the grease go into the bearing. With a network of pipe-lines, one has to take a lot for granted. Altogether, the hydraulic jacks would have my vote in preference to most of the other labour-saving devices.

What are known as "clean lines" will no doubt be a feature of many of the new chassis which will be displayed, and here the visitor who is mechanically inclined may have a few criticisms to make. The modern chassis is a much better looking affair than that of ten years ago, when the engine, for instance, used to be a mass of projecting accessories and tangled wiring, but many an owner-driver will feel that the desire for neatness of outline is in danger of being carried too far. The untidy engine is usually the better one when the necessity arises for dismantling or adjusting any of its outlying parts.

It used to be said—and this was in many cases a fair instance of the true word being spoken in jest—that some American cars were so malevolently constructed that it was necessary to commence by taking down the back axle in order to adjust the clutch! Nowadays, however, the situation has changed, and the desire for clean lines and

(Continued on page 94)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The Quest of the Car in 1932

for what is known as "unit construction" has largely destroyed the accessibility of many European chassis. Paradoxically enough, the most accessible of the modern chassis is a well-known product of America.

This is a point which deserves careful consideration by those who go to Olympia with the intention of making a purchase. Cars have of late become so reliable that they will often run for a year or more before the owner has reason to take a look "under the bonnet," but it should be remembered that no car is truly economical unless the inevitable small repairs of its later life can be easily, swiftly and cheaply carried out.

For those who attend the Motor Show in the hope of finding something really novel and sensational, I am afraid that the prospects do not seem to be particularly bright. The cars of 1932 will undoubtedly be better cars, and better value for money, than any which have gone before, but they will not outwardly be strikingly dissimilar from those which are on the road to-day. Some people may foresee that a recent purchase by the Prince of Wales will convert the motoring public to the use of cars having their engines at the back, but I shall be much surprised if this should prove to be the case.

Anyone who considers the question from a purely mechanical point of view will agree that a position close to the driven axle is an entirely logical one for the engine to assume, but the experience of years has proved that few men, and no women, are willing to dispense with a lengthy and substantial bonnet.

It is a cynical, but perfectly truthful, statement that the price of motor cars has always varied in direct ratio to the measurement from windscreen to radiator cap, and that no large manufacturer for twenty years has dared to curtail this dimension.

For this reason, I have always had far greater faith in the future of the front-wheel-driven car, although mechanically this presents far greater problems. Its appearance, however, is more or less conventional, so that the technical aims of the designer do not come into conflict with the established taste of the motoring community. At least one car of this type will be exhibited, and will no doubt attract a full share of attention.

Shoot those Crooning Tenors

(*Continued from page* 45)

when, a little later, the band played "The Lily of Laguna," and, of course, we all joined in.

"In fifteen months we have never had one case of rowdyism," said Fred Johnson, the manager, who is an old "pro." "Family parties come here and they are all as quiet as lambs."

The only interruption I noticed came when Datas was challenged by an Irishman to give the date of an obscure battle in Ireland, and the Irishman walked to the footlights and contradicted the Memory Man.

"That Irishman's a stranger," said Johnson. "He doesn't come from around here. The Downham people all behave themselves."

The best joke Datas made was one I have heard him use before.

"What was Adam and Eve's telephone number?" asked someone.

"281 Apple," he replied.

And the way he rattled off the Derby winners!

Jock Whiteford, the veteran Scotsman, was as sprightly in his dancing as a boy, and his joke about how the Jew asked the Scotsman where the Scots got all the money the Jews got from them was laughed at even more by the Jews than by the Scotsmen.

"If you support our musichall show," said Johnson from the stage, "you are helping British artists in their fight against the American talkies. Next week we have—" and he gave a list of the turns.

We had, recently, at the Royal Albion Hotel, Brighton, a late-night party given by Alfred Barnard, in celebration of the success of "Vintage Variety," as they call it. Harry Bedford, who sings "A Little Bit Off the Top," was at the top of his old form. Marie Kendall warbled "Just Like the Ivy," as well as I first heard her do it thirty years ago. George Leyton's "Boys of the Chelsea School," and Arthur Reece's "Sons of the Sea" were reminiscent of Boer war days.

I first saw this veteran company, which also includes Ada Cerito, in a gay widow number, as gay as ever, and Ray Wallace, who still imitates Marie Lloyd, at the London, Shoreditch, where the chorus singing, joined in by the audience, went on after every verse. You could not stop their applause, and you could not stop their merriment. The place was crammed!

I saw them again, soon after, at the Holborn Empire, where, in Marie Kendall's dressing-room, there were tears every time old variety acts came in. Marie Kendall cried, and everybody else cried, and when somebody said, "Don't be silly," they all cried more. They were all living in their pasts . . . .

Then came a third group of artists, organised by Lew Lake, who started life making beer engines, and who really *believes* in his profession, and has even cut his own salary when he thought he wasn't worth it. His old act, "The Bloomsbury Burglars," raw and tough though it is, is based on old Cockney humour, and ends in a wonderful fight on the top of the roof between the burglars and the policemen.

With Lew Lake's lot is dear old Fred Russell, who was the editor of a suburban paper, when, after making a few appearances at dinners, he deputised as a ventriloquist, one night, at the Palace Theatre, and stayed there for over a year. He still uses the same dummy, and is still as fine an artist as he was thirty years ago.

Harry Champion, one of the same combination, sings "Boiled Beef and Carrots" just as he did at the old Oxford and the old Tivoli, twenty years ago, and Fred Barnes, who sings about how he is the black sheep of the family and is going away to the colonies to make good and to come back the whitest sheep of the lot, always brings tears to the eyes of all the girls, who, knowing all about Fred Barnes and his old successes, laugh and cry, just like their mothers did.

R. A. Roberts, the protean actor, used to do his famous Dick Turpin act, ride to York and all. He can still do it as well as ever when he emerges from his retirement.

Then there is Vesta Victoria, whose songs "Waiting at the Church" and "Now I Have to Call Him Father," are part of history, and dear old Gus Elen, whose Cockney humours will be remembered twenty years after he passes on. He came on at the Palladium a few weeks ago, after ten years' absence from the stage, and sang "'E Dunno Where 'e Are," a song that was exactly forty years old! And it was as new as ever—and, at the age of seventy, he was as good as ever, too!

Now what is the secret of all this? It is that, twenty years ago, artists were encouraged to be themselves, to develop their own turns, and to buy their own songs, work up their own material, and be definite, characteristic, idiosyncratic personalities.

They were not machines. They did not sing all the same "free" songs.

London life became real, on the stage, in those days. You see, as "types," people you knew, the postman and the cabman and the street hawker—yes, and the soldier and the sailor when they were a class apart.

In those days, every class had jokes of its own, and were beings by themselves. In those days, too, they taught artists how to sing out and be heard.

Now most of you people who read this article are well-to-do people, living comfortable lives apart from the rough-and-tumble of things, nearly all of you. Most of the stage humour you come across probably belongs to cocktails, and very precious young things, so called because they are precious to themselves.

The music-hall, as it was, is a thing that only the elders among you remember. Now and then, these revivals give us little bits of it.

If ever you see one of these old-time variety companies advertised, go and see them. You may think them a bit rough, and you may, when the songs begin, think that the tunes are obvious. But, before you have reached the end of the first verse of any one of them, you will be waiting to shout the chorus with the rest, for, by some strange chance that no one can explain, you will find that you know the chorus, although you may not remember when you heard it, or by whom it was you heard it sung. And, all around, you will see middle-aged people, thinking of the days that used to be . . . . .

The tune of "I've Made Up My Mind to Sail Away" is nothing, and the words are, oh, so banal! and yet it makes the so-called words and the so-called music of those American songs, for which we pay New York vast sums every year, seem just nothing.

The old music hall was human. The old music hall did not pretend. One day, it will return, I hope. But first we must shoot all the crooning tenors, and then use what bullets there are left on all those imitation American bandsmen who think that they are funny.

Books

(*Continued from page* 63)

story of the misadventures of Mr. Bultitude. It is, of course, easily the best known of his books, and I suppose it is the best. It certainly has the most popular theme, while the felicitous name of Bultitude would make even the illiterate learn their letters. Anstey's ear for names is nearly as true as Dickens's. His characters are invariably well named. Though Mr. Bultitude will always be their king, there is another name which might have run it close in public esteem if the author had not squandered it on a minor player. It is to be found in *The Tinted Venus*, and it is Freemoult.

Anstey's favourite recipe is a simple one. He reintroduces magic into the modern world, and sets it free to work itself out with a solemn logic. He is thus assured of a humorous situation independent of dialogue, for his keen eye for character and his unflagging ingenuity may be relied on to keep the fun going. Actually, his dialogue is, in its quiet way, very much better than a hurried reader might suppose. The conversation of his cockney barber, Leander Tweddle, might have been composed by Pett Ridge—and nobody ever wrote better London dialogue than Pett Ridge. "I'm sorry you regard me in the light of a cross," said Leander; "but whether I'm a cross or a naught, I'm a respectable man, and I love your daughter, mum, and I'm in a position to maintain her." Or again: "I must request your support in this dilemmer which is sounding its dread orns at my very door!" Now that Mr. Murray has reissued the best of the novels, perhaps a West End manager will revive for us the stage version of *The Brass Bottle.*

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Mrs. Blenkinsop is almost purring. The party is a great success and Mrs. Williamson Williams, her keenest rival, looks green with envy. She leans back in her chair and watches dear Oswald—so clever of him—toss back his hair and begin to read. His voice is more silvery than silver. The wings of genius can almost be heard fluttering about the room. Almost—but not quite—for suddenly through the adoring hush comes an alien sound. Scrunch, scrunch, scrunch. Her heart misses a beat. Her horrified eyes fall on her husband. Miserable man, he never could resist those delicious "Ovaltine" Rusks. Darling Oswald looks furious. Mrs. Williamson Williams, no longer jealous, actually smiles pityingly at her. She glares at her husband. She wishes she were near enough to kick him. . .

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Three Bags *of* Opium

(*Continued from page* 25)

all right," said Dell in a sickly kind of voice. They had.

I ran the light over the lock-up. A large opening gaped on the near side. Three planks had been neatly sawn through. There was no need to look for the bag from Ipoh to Hongkong, the bag from Ipoh to Canton, or the bag from Singapore to Hongkong. They were not there.

Dell said several things as we examined the opening. The cutting had been done carefully and neatly, and it had not been done in ten minutes.

I went back to the forced-up hatch, and still I could not see how the thieves, standing on the ladder from the lower deck, had been able to force it up, or what tools they had used, and again I said so.

"They must have found some way of doing it," said Dell a bit shortly. "You say that these water-tight doors are electrically controlled from the bridge and can only be opened from the bridge. There's nothing wrong with them, I suppose."

"Nothing now. There was. But all the while we were in Bombay and for a week after, Simpson, the first electrician, was working on them and for ever testing them till he got them perfect, and a nuisance it was."

"So the only way they could have got to that lock-up was up that ladder, from the lower hold and through that hatch," he said. "What are you bothering about?"

"How they did it," said I.

We hunted for clues to the thieves, found none, and gave it up.

Then Dell said more cheerfully: "Well, after all, the opium is somewhere in the ship, and it's impossible to hide three bags that size. They must be idiots to suppose they can. I've got my search warrant and I'll find them if I have to pull the ship to pieces. I'll see the Captain and we'll start the search right away."

That was all very well for him, but what about us? I knew what shifting the cargo to search the holds meant—hours in ovens.

He went on deck, and I sent for the carpenter, and had the lock-up repaired. He was as puzzled as I as to how the thieves had managed to force up that hatch from below. He said they must have used some kind of long jack. He put in a new padlock and battened the hatch down again. If ever there was a case of locking the stable door after the steed had been stolen——

Then Dell began his search, or rather he looked on while we directed it and a gang did the work. Goodness, those holds were stifling! In the hold under the mail rooms were heavy steel joists that we were taking out for some new building in Shanghai, and bundles of light steel sections; on top of these were bales of cotton from Bombay, and other goods—altogether a lot of "broken stowage" and plenty of crevices. It *was* a job, and we stewed.

The other holds were easier because they were filled with lighter stuff. But we still stewed, and the gangs sweated. I'll swear it was cold on deck by contrast, and we were in the China Sea! I used to come up every now and then for a breather, snappier than a bear with a sore head.

Dell had every hold searched. One afternoon I came up on deck after two hours of it, and nearly snapped the head off the Professor. He came up to me and said that the Colonial Secretary was a fellow collector of Malayan antiquities and would I have the baggage room opened so that he might see the Professor's collection. I could have bitten a piece out of him, dried up as he was, and nearly said so.

There was a fuss and he went to the Chief, and the Chief came and took me aside.

"Hang it all, Barry! I've told you that we've got to humour the Yank, and we can't put the Colonial Secretary's back up either," he said.

He meant of course that he did not wish Miss Morell, with whom he'd been growing friendlier and friendlier, to be worried. So I lent the baggage master my gang of men and let him get No. 4 hold, the baggage room, open. Then Dell asked if he might see the collection, and down the four of us went.

Fortunately, since the Professor had come aboard at Singapore, his teak chests were on the top and there was not much baggage to be shifted to get at them. He took out the curios and showed them to the Colonial Secretary, and they studied and discussed them for the best part of an hour. I thought they would never be done with it. There wasn't much fresh air on the China Sea, but I wanted some of it. Dell and I poked about the baggage.

At last the Colonial Secretary said that the Professor had pieces that he'd give his ears for, and a lot of commonplace stuff not worth taking to the States, and the Professor said that the collection had to be representative, and up they came.

Then Dell said: "If we don't find that opium in any of the holds, I'm going to search that baggage."

"And that's going to make more unpleasantness than anything you could do," said I.

"It can't be helped," he said.

We did not find those bags in any of the holds, and he did search that baggage, and the passengers raised Cain. Neither did we find those bags in any of the cabins, saloons, lifeboats, vegetable lockers, bunkers, engine room, ventilating cowls, store rooms, laundry, crew's quarters, officers' quarters. Dell even searched the old man's cabin and the bridge.

At last he said: "There's only one place we haven't searched, and that's those galleries you spoke of behind those water-tight doors. I know that those doors are of solid steel and can only be opened from the bridge, but I'm not going to leave a scrap of this steamer unsearched."

It was useless; but he was right. The doors were opened and we went through and into the galleries. They run along on both sides of the engine room, like long corridors. When we left England they had been used as extra bunkers and were full of coal. But it had all been used, and they were empty now, except for heaps of rush mats and dunnage in the corners. He soon made sure that the bags were not there, and we went through into the bunkers and crawled over the coal, and he would have liked to have had every bit of that turned over. I told him that it could not be done, and we went on into the boiler room, and the furnaces gave me an idea.

"I tell you what," I said. "They've got rid of those bags. Bailey's murder, which you say was an accident, and our finding out that the bags had been taken from the lock-up have put the wind up them, and they've dumped them in one of these furnaces or overboard."

"Not on your life, they haven't!" he almost shouted. "Fifteen thousand pounds' worth of opium!"

There was that.

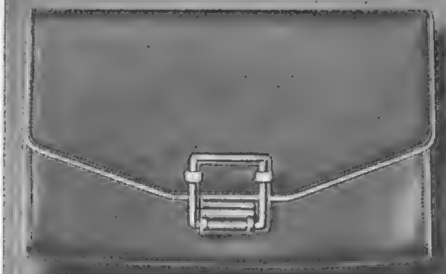
Well, the thieves still had to get the bags off the ship, and that was going to be the most difficult job of all.

We were tied up alongside our wharf at Hongkong at about seven next morning, and the police came aboard, a swarm of them, in answer to Dell's wireless, and were posted at the top and bottom of each gangway and the hatches. A number of our passengers were connecting with an American steamer, the *President McKinley*, which was moored at the next wharf to ours. I went along to lend a hand in getting them and their baggage ashore, for she was casting off early and they had no time to spare. In fact, it was a good thing that Dell had already searched their luggage so that they were not delayed by the police. I saw the Professor and his infernal collection leave among the first, and I was glad to see him go.

The Chief did not seem at all glad to see Miss Morell go. He walked with her to the bottom of the

(*Continued on page* 98)

BY APPOINTMENT



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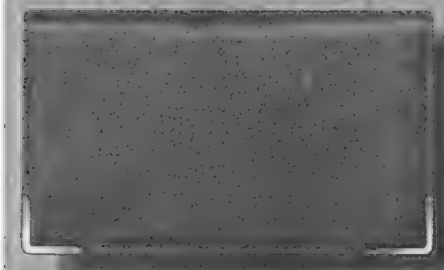

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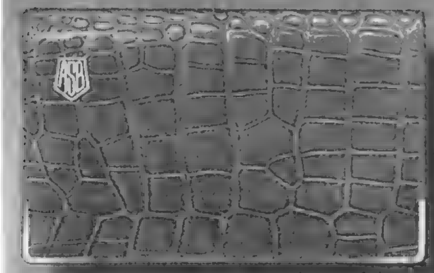

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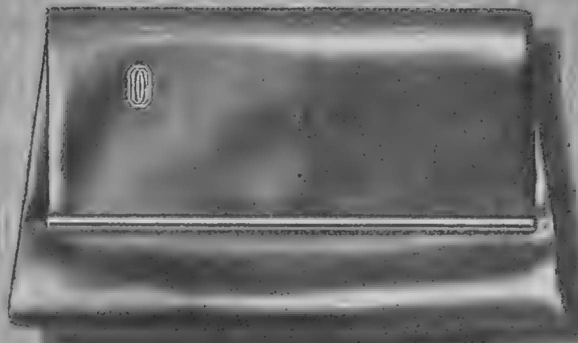

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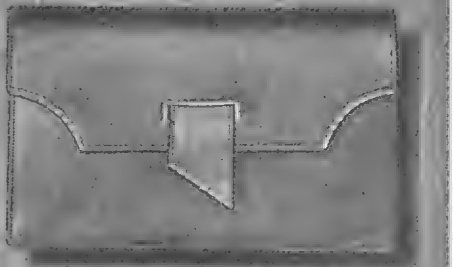

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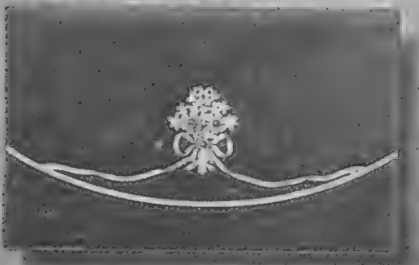

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gangway and came back up it looking very gloomy. I did not wonder: she was a nice girl, and it was a pretty beastly job being secretary to that snarky old toad. The Chief came back and stood beside me, watching her walk along the wharf; we saw the Professor speak to her and give her a small packet and hand her into a launch and send her across to Hongkong.

I saw the rest of the passengers for The *President McKinley* off the ship. The Post Office by then had persuaded the police to allow us to land the mails under guard, so I went straight down into No. 3. I soon landed the parcel mail from England and went across to the lock-up to get out the local mail, including that taken on board at Singapore. The men had got only about a dozen bags out when there was a crash *as three of the planks fell out of the side of the lock-up and clattered on to the deck!*

Talk about not believing one's eyes!

I sent at once for Dell and the carpenter and examined the planks. The screws had been taken out of them and they had been put back in the side of the lock-up without any fastening of any kind to keep them in their places. Of course they fitted pretty tightly.

Dell came, and he was fairly flabbergasted. What was the game?

I got to work to check the mail bags, and I was in a hurry.

They were all there, all excepting those three, of course.

Dell and I stared at each other.

"But why the planks? What did they come back for?" he said in a stupefied kind of voice.

I got it—in a flash.

"They came back for the opium!" I cried.

He stared at me.

"Can't you see?" I almost howled at him. "They took the bags away the first night out from Singapore. We found them gone, repaired the lock-up, and started to search the holds. That very night they put them back in the lock-up, *the one place in the ship we should never look in*, and last night they came and took them away again."

"But how could they? How did they come and go?"

I made one jump to the hatches of the lower hold; the padlocks on the battens holding them down were all right. No one could have got up from below. I stood up and looked at the water-tight doors—the only way.

I hurried on deck, Dell with me, and reported to the Chief. He sent for Simpson, the electrician. The man came back and said that Mr. Simpson had gone ashore.

"Gone ashore?" snapped the Chief. "Did the Chief Engineer give him leave as early as this?" Then suddenly his face broke into a smile, and he added: "What's this?"

I turned and followed his gaze. Miss Morell was coming up the gangway, looking rather scared.

She came up to us and said, "Has the Professor come back, Mr. Arbuthnot?"

"Come back? No," said the Chief.

"But he isn't on the *President McKinley*, and he hasn't been to it and they don't know anything about him. He hasn't even booked our passages."

I looked at Dell, his eyes starting out of his head and his mouth open. Out of it came a strangled howl of "That collection!" and he dashed for the gangway. I never saw a man go down a gangway so quickly.

The Chief and I looked at each other. I laughed first.

When we had finished we turned to Miss Morell and apologised, and the Chief asked her what had happened. She said that the Professor had given her a packet to take care of for him and had sent her across to Hongkong to a chemist to buy him a bottle of Ashes of Roses. She had done so and then gone to the *President McKinley* to find that nothing was known of him.

"I think you had better open that packet," said the Chief.

She opened it with shaking fingers. It contained banknotes to the amount of a hundred and twenty pounds and a slip of paper. On it was written in the neat, upright handwriting of a man who has written dozens of Greek proses when young:—

> "Many thanks for your admirable, if unconscious, help.
>
> "S. J."

Both the *e*'s were Greek epsilons.

It is one thing to find three mail bags filled with opium on a P. and O. liner, quite another to find them in Hongkong. Dell did not. Simpson did not return to the *Malaya*, but in his cabin his successor found switches which had no business to be there. They controlled the starboard side watertight doors from the gallery into hold No. 3, the mail rooms, and from hold No. 3 into hold No. 4, the baggage room.

The native firemen had done the rest. If, in the belief that I had already battened down the hatch of the mail rooms, Simpson, in his haste to get the bags of opium out of the mail rooms, had not opened the door from the gallery too early that first morning, poor Bailey would be still alive.

When, that night, the thieves did take the three bags from the mail rooms, they prised up the batten of the hatch of the lower hold—an easy enough job from above it—and set us entirely on the wrong track, searching the holds. Then they put the bags back into the lock-up, where we should never dream of looking for them, till we had finished our search, and on the night before we reached Hongkong they had transferred them to Snow Jake's teak chests, which had already been examined by Dell and the Colonial Secretary himself. Simple, wasn't it?

Since she was there, Miss Morell decided to see all she could of the East, instead of going straight home, and made the round trip with us. I fancy that the Chief had something to do with that decision. At any rate we are subscribing for a wedding present for him.

End

Being *a* Famous Novelist *Isn't* All Beer *and* Skittles

(Continued from page 27)

above all this the novelist, like every other artist, must find time for dreaming—must allow himself those hours when the imagination roams free.

For the very essence of a novelist's equipment is his imagination. And if he is to become an "obstinate story-teller," this part of his mental equipment must be constantly and assiduously cultivated. If he neglects this faculty of the imagination, none of his other faculties, not even the most perfect style and the most incessant industry, will be of the slightest avail.

And it is a very strange fact, at least according to my own experience, that this particular faculty of the imagination is a two-edged sword. One must use it to the limit; but if one strains it beyond the limit, one approaches the border-land of neurasthenia. And once approach that borderland, once overwork the imagination, it becomes no longer creative but introspective. You leave off thinking about your characters and your stories, and start thinking, morbidly, about yourself.

The novelist who starts thinking too much about himself, who lets his imagination turn inwards instead of outwards, is, I believe, already doomed. Just as the novelist with some particular bee in his or her bonnet—the novelist who imagines him or herself with a mission—is already doomed. What the public wants from its popular story-teller is *thoughtful* entertainment, stories which are at the same time pictures and criticisms of life.

But because the public demands far more than this, far more than it really knows, and most especially that quality of sincerity which is the final test, the final touchstone, of all arts, it is the hardest of all hard taskmasters. And only those of us who serve it truly, truly understand the difficulty of "not letting one's readers down."

A NOVELIST'S name is his or her trademark. People who buy his or her books buy them, primarily, because of that trademark. They have faith in their favourite authors. And woe betide that author who betrays their faith, who once gets to feeling "Oh, they'll read anything *I* write!"

For the public, whether consciously or subconsciously, soon realises this. They are, up to a point, forgiving. One mediocre book they will excuse. Two mediocre books they may excuse. But at the third betrayal of their faith in the trademark they will say, "Oh, I don't think I want another book by Mr. Jones. *He's gone off.*"

If one would succeed, and continue to succeed, at this business of novel writing, one must never go off. One must improve, and go on improving. Nor must one alter overmuch the style of goods which the public are accustomed to buying under one's trademark. A romantic novelist must not turn to satire; because his particular public does not understand satire. The writer of detective stories must stick to his detection. And even the high-brow must continue high-brow if he would save himself from the laughter of the reviews.

I have not dealt in this article with the subject of reviews. Reviewers, on the whole, are as fair as they are underpaid. Neither do I propose to deal with the question of publicity—which is also part of a novelist's business. Or with the question of the novelist's experience, which he must gather personally if he is to understand life at all.

But I have, I hope, written enough to show that the life of the average novelist is very far from being all beer and skittles. And if you still doubt this, if you still imagine that my own point of view, my own hours of work, my own output of words, are in any way exceptional, I can only clinch my argument by a few other cases, all of which are beyond dispute.

My friend the late Arnold Bennett worked with the remorseless regularity of a machine. He wrote to a fixed schedule—and never departed from that schedule. Another friend of mine, the late W. J. Locke, followed a routine—he had the habit of working at night—which varied less than the average clerk's. Overwork, I am positive, contributed to the untimely death of both these men.

Sinclair Lewis *writes* in short bouts with an almost maniacal frenzy. To see him with his pen you would say he writes purely on inspiration. But for months before he takes up his pen he is planning, plotting, observing.

Theodore Dreiser's novels are in themselves proof that he does not take life easily. Sheila Kaye Smith, too, is a prodigious worker. I have hardly ever known G. B. Stern idle.

But the industry of all living novelists, even that of Edgar Wallace, pales before the achievement of the giants of the past.

Study, if you still believe that authorship is an easy career, the life of Walter Scott, who killed himself by overwork trying to pay off the creditors of his publishing business; the life of Dickens, who lived in constant fear of poverty; the life of Thackeray or the life of Trollope.

Their great names, their modest fortunes, were not made easily. Nor were they kept easily. No names and no fortunes are.

End

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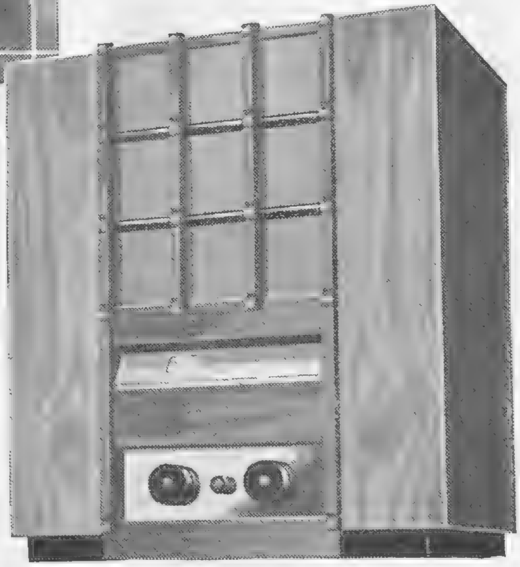

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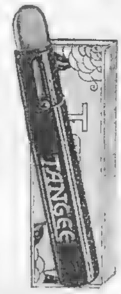

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The World's *most difficult* Family

(*Continued from page* 15)

League emissaries in darkest Africa and up the Andes, studying disease, while every case of cholera is now signalled round the world within 24 hours by the League. The head of that service sits at Singapore and is a Frenchman. Once people in Java told them in Geneva to stop banging a door while a League wireless experiment was in progress. In the London office there sits a lady, Miss Smith, whose function it has been, among other things, to send League agents on their way to the proverbial back of beyond. London, Paris and Berlin are crossroads of growing importance, so that some of the best officials, such as Mr. Vernon Bartlett, are now appointed to them. Incidentally, Mr. Bartlett has a special bell for getting rid of cranks who have long abounded, and nowhere more so than at Geneva itself, where they hover at busy times under weird self-given appellations. These are the kind who have done the League much harm.

They are evidently not superstitious at Geneva since the Secretariat is divided into thirteen sections, namely, Legal, Political, Mandates, Minorities, Information, Disarmament, Opium, Social, Intellectual Co-operation, Economics, Financial, Transit, Health. Over one hundred members (or sort of staff officers) preside over the work of these sections, being assisted by seconds or thirds who may be said to correspond to intelligence officers as attached to the General Staff. The idea of doing the work in geographical areas was ruled out, as mentioned at the beginning. There is no "English Section," say, for Opium. The whole traffic is dealt with in bulk by an international sectional staff and so on through all the other sections. In this way, remarkable temperamental clashings have come to work side by side in "the spirit of Geneva." However, it is a principle that no national of a country be invited to deal with an issue directly affecting his own country, and a memorable instance was when the S.G. himself withdrew from the Mandates Committee because a British matter was being debated. Everything has to be thought of, minutely, in this manner.

WHAT kind of men and women are recruited to the Secretariat? Oddly, there is not a great rush for appointments. The pay, in Swiss gold francs, is good, also the holidays, but all is hardly Utopian at Geneva. The work is exceptionally hard and often monotonous, and calls for the best trained talent of the various civil services, also for the best business methods in international administration. On the Secretariat, ideas for getting through with work are incorporated from all quarters, but, in the main, recruiting is done from the several national civil services, both for men and women—and women have access to all posts on a parity with men. If they do not fill so many, it may be, for one thing, that their health does not stand Geneva conditions as well. Absence through sickness is twice as high among women functionaries as among men, and it is a curious circumstance that the chief cause of trouble among the women is "nerves." With the men it is "sports accidents." There is practically no contagious disease or consumption. On the other hand, the Geneva climate in winter produces a good deal of influenza. It is on record that for weeks on end a moist white fog prevails—caused by the nearness of the Alps—and that during these bouts of sunlessness the nerves of the Secretariat are apt to become distinctly frayed. Also, that when quarrels do flare up it is nearly always a case of members of the same nationality getting angry with one another. Perhaps when one is dealing with a foreigner one is more prone to mind what one says.

But those "nerves" among the women? I asked about them while preparing this article at Geneva. I was told that conceivably they emanated from monotony of work making greater inroad in the case of women, also from depression caused by the abnormal homeless life; women miss homes more than men do. "The more interesting the work, the less the illnesses." Of course, many women members of the Secretariat have set up in their own homes—quite a number are married locally (but not the majority) and to fellow-members of the Staff—but life in Geneva, if you are living alone, can at times be pretty dour. However, I shall come to that presently—the social side. For the moment I want to mention Staff Regulations. To the outsider, these read on the strict side, though perhaps with this unexampled family they require to be. There is a good deal of *verboten.* "No book or articles may be written having the slightest connection with work on the Secretariat." Even précis of speeches have to be submitted. There must be a complete abstention from political activities among higher officials. No decorations or rewards of any kind may be accepted. Medical boards sit periodically and any official absent for more than three days may have to submit to a visit. The diplomatic privileges and immunities given certain officials may not under any circumstances be employed for private ends (how frequently they are so used by lesser diplomatic fry in the various countries!). A Judicial Committee sits on misconduct cases—and these may have reference to behaviour far beyond the confines of the Secretariat. In a way, one's private life is constantly under surveillance. Personal files, such as are kept in the Army, are always available for their subject to "enquire within." A good point is that everything is done, on the personal side, above board and in the open. "Open diplomacy openly arrived at"—Wilson's idea of the League. There are no confidential reports or secret tribunals. The Secretariat has its own system of justice dispensed by elected heads and the inner workings are there for all to see. This was absolutely necessary to stop disgruntled ones going about complaining that they had been done down by England or by France or by China or Peru. They are judged by an international body and, if necessary, fired by the same. A particular trait encouraged is that set by the S.G. himself—tact. At all hazards and wherever they may happen to be, Secretariat officials are required to keep clear of controversy. They are held closely responsible for all their acts by word or pen—in fact, "no pronouncement can be made of current political interest." The Secretariat has to mind its *p*'s and *q*'s like no other body. How many have fallen by the wayside I do not profess to know, but I was told that only 160 remain of the original "Secretariat Mayflower" which arrived eleven years ago in Geneva, from London. A whole process is gone through before a person is removed. This runs through: Reprimand in writing, Transfer, Reduction, Suspension, Dismissal, Dismissal with all rights cancelled. These rights have to do with pension, insurance and kindred funds. As I have said, pay conditions are relatively good. A stenographer will draw eight or ten pounds a week, secretaries more, while interpreters—a very important people always on the job in committees, etc., where a Franco-British compulsory bilingualism adds 20 per cent. to the volume of work—interpreters and translators may get up to £800 or £900 a year untaxed. The S.G. has £7,500 (he voluntarily reduced himself from £10,000, and he a Scot!) and heads of departments anything round £3,000 up to £5,000. These heads, the men at present most to the fore at Geneva are named Avenol, Haas, Dennis, Dufour-Feronce, Loveday, Rajeman, Aghnides. The last-named, a Greek, has all the disarmament work on hand yet is unknown. But that is part of the S.G.'s doing; that one should remain unknown and he has often been criticised for not pushing himself and others more. However, a very shy, retiring man himself, Drummond

(*Continued on page* 102)

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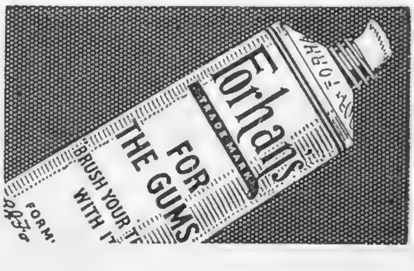

believes in working off stage and he insists that the same self-obliteration shall be practised by the Secretariat in general. He wants no fireworks, no indispensible " stars," for that way leads to cliques and internal politics of which he has a horror. His family is a hard-working professional body all pulling together. Team work is its keynote and if this is not always forthcoming—if at times minor jealousies and overlapping and duplication come to prevail—an eagle eye is kept for such lapses from the code.

ONE feature that has sprung up into being at Geneva, and which should be a fruitful fount of future young officials, is a Secretariat school. At present there are 200 pupils from 26 countries, and a special curriculum has had to be worked out to meet the babel—although English and French is very common. American money is behind the school, and this is co-educational. There are thirty teachers from seven nationalities. Special national instruction is given, but internationalism is the notion, and it is said that mixing with so many foreign children brings toleration. "The children of to-morrow" may be seen happily playing together. Whether their parents are so keen to " get together " is another matter. I was told that living and meeting so incessantly in a smallish city like Geneva breeds nerves, and that, on the appearance of a Secretariat periodical not long ago, in which births, deaths, marriages, removals, social gatherings, and all the rest were set forth, the view was expressed that " one sees and hears enough of one another without being further linked together." Which is understandable if one has worked cheek by jowl with people for five, six, seven years, and have met them day after day in the street. The social atmosphere of Geneva is apt to be a little stuffy at times—particularly in the English colony, which keeps much to itself, as everywhere else, out of office hours—and shall I say that scandal and gossip and backbiting are not unknown ? But that was inevitable with such a strange community suddenly flung together by the effects of the World War. Should some gay young spark spend a night at the Kursaal, dining and dancing, he may be looked at askance on the occasion of some tea fight in the future. Snobbery is present and Geneva is hardly a place to defy the conventions. A rather virulent novel was written some time ago on this side of life at the League, but I believe it was concerned largely with life at the International Labour Bureau, which, while it costs as much or more than the League, should in no way be confounded with the latter. One hears, for instance, that this French conducted concern suffers, in its social relationships, from an inferiority complex. Its many hundred officials do not mix much with the Secretariat which, in turn, has been charged with growing too high and mighty—" bacillus genevensis "—as a result of prolonged intimacy with the nominally great ones of this earth, the visiting statesmen. But I prefer to leave such polemics out of this picture, which is, in essence, one of a singularly easy-working concern, in all the circumstances, and a relatively happy family. A certain formal frigidity, a tendency to preserve a close hold outside the office, a measure of friction in a colony so small that they can't dispense with one another, a constant bid for the hierarchy's social blessing, rivalries great and small—such things were bound to occur. In the circumstances the various nationalities meet a good deal in social life. Groups and clubs and sporting associations have been formed: rowing, swimming, golf, tennis, ski-ing, mountaineering, fishing. Indeed, it is this sporting side which has most brought the multi-tongued Secretariat together, and you will hear that unbending and frank friendship attains its maximum up on the ski-ing grounds of St. Cergues. The fact that the Secretariat is essentially an affair of youth—you have to retire at 60, and few are taken on after (*Continued on page* 104)

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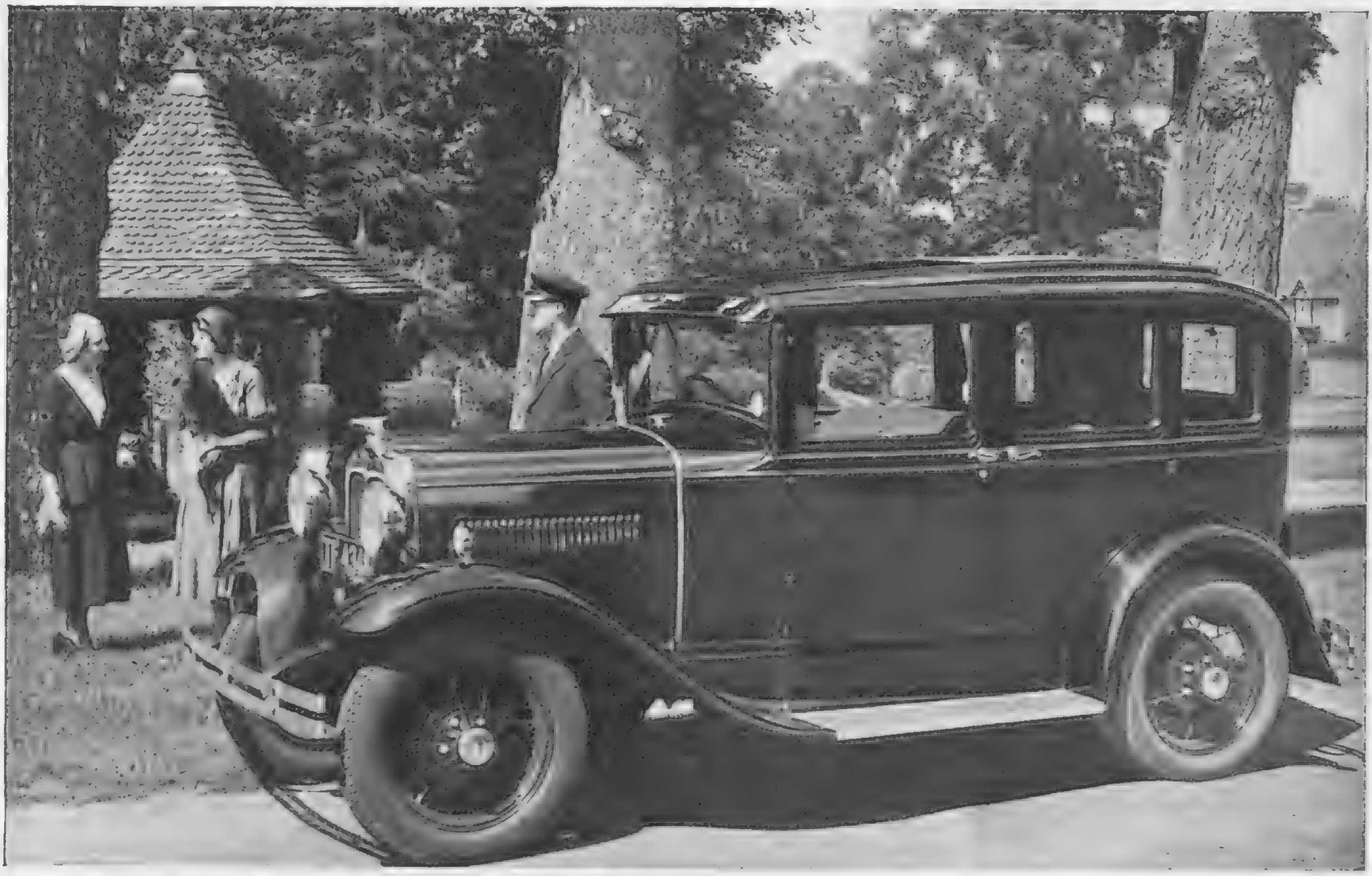

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WHICH reminds me that hours are good. The idea is that one can't keep a clear brain and work all the time, so, although a clause in one's agreement is that all one's time is in principle at the disposal of the S.G., actually a seven-hour day is in operation, with week-ends off, and (in the higher grades) a 36 working days' vacation a year. Moreover, a man may take his family home at the expense of the League every three years, and he has the right to bring out his household goods and chattels, also at the expense of the League, once he has passed the first year of "on approval." When travelling, officials draw daily subsistence allowances varying from £1 10s. to £2 10s. Expenses may also be drawn from an Entertainment Fund. Yet, however well-off the Secretariat may seem to be (Geneva is a dear city), it is impossible to avoid the fact that their joint maintenance is a mere bagatelle for the fifty odd contributing nations. The British Empire pays much the most to the League—£263,000 a year—but less than half of this goes to the upkeep of the Secretariat, whose work has now reached such a volume that it has to circulate over a million copies of documents annually. Another item is the immense research work of the library, where, *inter alia*, 200 newspapers are gone through daily. The axe has more than once been wielded at Geneva, and these hard periods, coupled with the matter of pensions and promotion, necessarily precipitate a good discourse of "shop." The pensions, introduced late in the day, were strictly necessary, for the simple reason that first-class Civil Servants refused to stay on with a concern which might end any day, or eject them. The Secretariat lost much good talent like that. Now, however, it seems to have settled down to a period of calm. Its most urgent task seems be the cutting down of the paper war.

The League has travelled a long way since that occasion when the staff would have had to have gone salaryless one week unless Guatemala paid up its annual quota. To-day the Secretariat feels old enough to start its museum, certain to prove of increasing historical interest.

END

The Glasgow Smasher

(*Continued from page* 61)

Woe, woe, woe, ye sinners! To hell with alcohol!"

Four policemen dragged into the room a dishevelled, wild-eyed prisoner, who stood breathing through distended nostrils and muttering to himself.

"Foosh!" gasped Mr. Glencannon. "'Tis the Yonkee bruiser Radway, fra' off the *Inchcliffe Castle*!"

"That's him—that's him!" cried the publicans. "Noo ye've got yere mon, Inspector!"

"Put him in a cell," ordered Inspector MacNab. "He looks dangerous."

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon blandly, easing his way towards the door, "I'm sorra that I canna' be o' further sairvice to ye, Inspeector MacNab, sae I'll just bid ye a vurra guid evening."

"It was charming of you to drop in, Mr. Glencannon," replied Inspector MacNab cordially. "I really must insist that you spend the night with us. Lock him up, Campbell—drunk and disorderly!"

Sometime in the early hours of the morning Mr. Glencannon was awakened by a voice from the darkness of the adjoining cell.

"Hey, Chief, are you awake?"

"Aye," said Mr. Glencannon. "Noo that ye've awakened me, I'm awake. Ye sound to me lik' the Yonkee Radway."

"Well, I am," came the voice. "Say, Chief, do you happen to have a flask of tanglefoot on you? Boy, what I could do to a good shot o' hootch, right about now!"

"Hootch!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon. "You, Radway, a teemperence fonotic and teetotaler, theersting for alcohol! Guid losh, what's the world coming to!"

"Shucks!" snorted Radway. "That temperance gag didn't fool you too, did it? Why, say, under different names, I've smashed up saloons in Sydney, Vancouver, Cardiff, Londonderry, and wherever them International League of Lunatics will pay the five pounds reward."

"Ye have?" said Mr. Glencannon. "Weel, weel, weel! And do they always get ye oot and pay ye?"

"Sure! They're a pretty powerful outfit. Why, I'll bet you that by midnight tomorrow I'll be coming back aboard the ship with two hunnerd'n seventy-five smackers in my pocket!"

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Glencannon to himself, and in the darkness his brows were wrinkled ominously. "And when ye're coming through the shadows i' the yards, ye Yonkee swundler, the new Theerd Engineer and I will just retrieve for the Clan Glencannon those fufty-five hard-airned poonds!"

END

Films

(*Continued from page* 49)

is universal. I do not believe that this is a new development in public taste, but merely that it has nowadays more opportunity of expression.

The success of the "Secrets of Nature" series, the travel and adventure films and the news reels has taught the film industry a lesson, and films of this nature are being better and better done. There are two "news reel" cinemas in London, "The News Theatre" and "The Tatler," and one in Paris, and they are always full; and now comes a new series of "travelogues," for which I predict an enormous popularity. Beginning in October, the Fox Film Company are releasing at the rate of one a week for a year "one reel excursions for eye and ear." They have aptly named this series "The Magic Carpet of Movietone." It is no less. One is transported to all corners of the earth; one sees and hears the very life of people in far-distant places, events and customs and scenery which have hitherto been utterly inaccessible to the average person. These little films are something more than scraps from the news reel gazettes. Each one is a composition: *multum in parvo*. The photography and the cutting are not only technically good, but are imaginative and revelators. Natural sound effects add to the vivid impression they make, and the musical accompaniments have been appropriately chosen.

The variety of the subjects is inexhaustible. Among the earlier releases there is one called "Giants of the Jungle," taken in Assam, India, which shows how trained elephants are used for building and transport and to "blaze a trail" through the jungle, and also pictures the "luxury" elephants of the Rajahs in all their splendid panoplies. In another, called "The World at Prayer," we see and hear man at his devotions in such far-apart places as Lourdes, the town of miracles, to the Near East, when from the minarets the muezzin's strange chant calls the faithful to prayer. Wild horses and cattle, sheep and real cowboys are the "stars" in "The Wild West of To-day." "The King's Armada" pictures the British Fleet during the spring manœuvres off the coast of Gibraltar, including photographs taken from the great aircraft carrier, H.M.S. Argus. Another of these travelogues was made "Back Stage on Broadway," another in the Tyrol. Ireland, Siam, Singapore, Damascus and New York, called "The City in the Clouds," are among the varied places dealt with in this fascinating series. All that one has to do is to sit still and go round the world.

END

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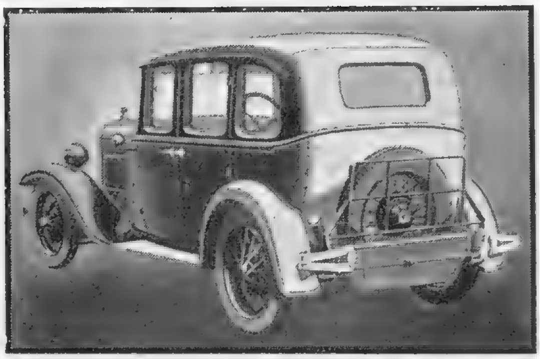
THE NEW DE LUXE HARLEY TWELVE-SIX (*below*). *Notice the sliding roof and bumpers front and rear, which greatly enhance the smart appearance of the car.* (*Right*) *The fine lines of the three-quarter rear view can be observed, and the neat housing of the spare wheel.*



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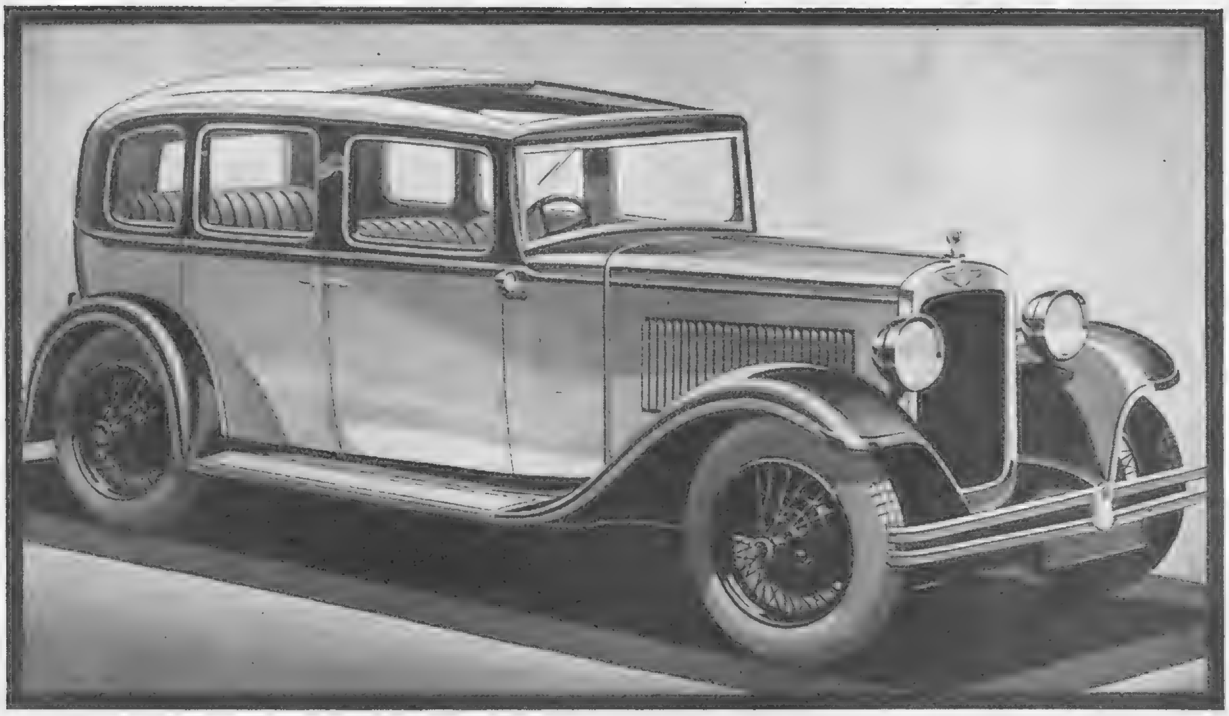

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The *Golden Virgin*

(*Continued from page* 67)

lying on the mats of her father's house, face down, silent, till the dawn.

Next afternoon, the friends of Kafi came with songs and dishes of food, according to custom. "There's a ship coming in," they told her as she and Jerome took the savoury bundles at the door. "Hide Kafi away, white man," they said, "or the sailors'll carry her off." For she was, that evening, the loveliest thing that had ever been seen in the islands; slim as a taro stem in her new smock of emerald silk, her black hair, held by a crown of frangipannis, falling to her knees; her eyes, no finer than Liliwai's but filled with twice the fire, lighting her face like lamps, so that you could see nothing else, so that it caught your breath to look at her—Kafi was a queen. Every woman is a queen once, but she was queen of queens—that day.

They did not trouble about the ship. They went in again, and when they had fed their hunger, Kafi said, "Now I have a present to make to you, my white man," and Jerome answered her with the words that lovers use. She laughed and said, "A new present."

"What is it?" he said, beginning to be curious.

She said, "Am I not clever; as clever as I am lovely?" They spoke the island Maori together, whereas Liliwai, being proud, would use the English tongue, ugly in its island version.

"You are as clever as the golden crow of the legend," Jerome said. It was a fairy tale they knew. Kafi clapped her hands and laughed.

"You are right, Papalangi (white man)," she cried. "Golden, gold—you are right."

"What?" he asked her. "You don't mean that you know——"

"I know something," she said, and nodded till all her cloak of hair fell forward and hid her face. Parting it, and peering forth, she went on slyly, "I know half, my Papalangi; it's for you to find the other."

Jerome was serious at once. If there was indeed talk of the treasure. "What have you found out?" he asked her.

She told him that she had taken shelter from the sun in the church one day when she was hot and tired with dancing; it was the day the steamer last came in; that would be some months ago. She liked to look at the statue; the lady with her hands stretched out, standing on a big lump of coral stone where once (so people said) there had been an altar. The gold wasn't real; she knew, because she had scratched it with her nail.

"It's real," Jerome told her. "Gilt. Thin as a leaf. I never could understand why it was done."

While she was there, someone came in, a Frenchman sailor from the ship. He had not noticed her, because she kept hidden behind the big bush of flowers that grew at the side of the church. He and another man were walking about looking at things, and the sailor said that the statue was all wrong; he said it had been put there by some heretic who knew nothing, and someone should move it away. "Why?" the other man had asked, yawning; he wasn't very interested. "Because," the sailor said, "they never put that kind of statue in that part of the church." "Why not?" the other said. "Not right on top, they don't," the sailor said. "If it was stuck up there it was done by someone who knew nothing; she'd ought to have the Child in her arms, and she hasn't; that kind goes in another place." "Oh, fiddle-de-dee!" the other man said. Kafi didn't know what that meant, but it seemed to be rude, for the men began to quarrel, and they went out of the church and she didn't know what happened after. But she heard the Frenchman say, "If I can come back when this trip is over, I'll come, and bring a mattock and spade. And the other said, "Too right you will, with me standing looking on. If you think there's anything there, we'll go halves in it."

So they went to the ship, and the ship sailed away. But Kafi, she thought and thought, and she said to herself, "When I marry my white man, I'll tell him about this." And she was telling it, because there was nothing the white men loved like the thought of gold. Island people didn't——

The shout that Jerome raised resounded from wall to wall of the timbered house, echoed into the store beside it, and roused the sleeping house-boy into a moment's drowsy wonder.

"Girl, you're a marvel," he cried. "I see it, I see it!"

"What do you see, Papalangi?"

But Jerome was not there to answer her. Clapping on his hat, he had rushed out of the house; was hot on his way to Eneas Rugg.

"Old boy," he cried, "I reckon we've got it at last."

Eneas did not need to ask what he had got. "'Ow did you hear?" he demanded.

"It's that bronze statue, I'll swear," Jerome answered, panting with excitement. "It was left there as a blind—and a mark."

"A blind mark?"

"No, idiot. The gilding was meant ——"

"I get you. Sort of red 'erring. People would hear of the gold statue in these islands, and they'd see her, and they'd say 'Hiron gilded; nothink in it,' and they'd give up before they started. I wonder 'ow many ——"

"But there's more. Kafi says that a French sailor said that the bronze statue was put up there by someone who knew nothing about the religious business at all; he said that it wasn't the proper thing to put that brand right up at the top; seems they put one with a Baby in its arms, when they do the correct thing. . . . Don't you see what it means?"

"Blest if I do."

"Why, it was put there for some other purpose—as a sort of leading mark, if you know what I mean."

Eneas had been cobbling the sole of his seldom worn shoes. Now, deliberately, he put the last and the hammer aside, and rose to his feet. "Come on," he said. "I got a mattock here; you take the spade."

THEY found the church deserted in the cool of the evening; the little bronze-gilt statue, set high on her pile of coral boulders, caught the last rays of sunset on her face and almost seemed to smile.

"Poor little girl," Jerome said sentimentally; "they've given you rather a rough spin of it all these years."

The tougher Eneas simply remarked, "She looks like as if she knowed something. Well, if she does, we're goin' to know it, too."

Eneas, with sailorly forethought, had brought a compass. "I lay," he said, "she'll be pointin' out something with them hands. That was why they put 'er right up on top of everything; the hangle ——"

"I wonder," Jerome interrupted, his excitement suddenly evaporating, "if we're only chasing wild geese, after all?"

"Maybe aye and maybe no," was Eneas's answer. "And maybe we wouldn't be no better off if we got it." He began to take a bearing from one of the pointing hands. Jerome waited.

Through the silence that filled the little church—a silence that somehow seemed deeper, more regretful than other silences—the long rumour of the coral reef steadily rose; the smoke of it, pale in sunset, showed between the stems of the leaning palms. It was as if the soul of the islands had found voice. "You can't be more than happy," the reef said, in the distance; and the wind among the palms uncertainly echoed—"Happy?"

"Them bearings," Eneas announced, "if followed, leads right out, nor-east by east, and nor-west by west, acrost the yam gardens, which they've been dug up again and again, world without end. I reckon your Kafi 'ad a nightmare."

Jerome said, "Give me the compass," in the same tone that Lady Macbeth may have used when she asked for the daggers. He took it, half walked, half ran, to a point behind the ruined chancel, busied himself with the compass and a scrap of paper, and then, lifting his head, demanded, "What would you do if you wanted to bury it here, and mark the place, for yourself or someone else, so that it could be found any time—and use that bronze image in the job?"

Eneas, hands in his pockets, stared and said, "Dono."

"You'd take the bearings facing the other way. Don't you see, they're bound to cross?"

Eneas let loose a shout. "'Ow did you guess that?"

"The sort of head I have," Jerome proudly told him. "Now let's try the spade and mattock, and the crowbar."

Where the bearings, taken from the figure's outstretched hands, crossed behind the church, it was rocky ground; but Jerome, hot on the scent, was not to be put off by that. "They'd have had several men to carry the thing," he said. "Enough to shift any stones that had to be shifted. I recken people have dug everywhere but here. I reckon the most unlikely looking spot. Heave away!"

Eneas, encouraging himself with strange sailor cries, "Heave, bullies! Heave and wake the dead!" set his weight, with Jerome's, on the crowbar they had brought. A huge stone lifted, tottered, slid away . .

"There's bones 'ere," Eneas objected, turning pale. "'Ere's a skull bashed in. 'Ere's another. And ribs, and all manner."

"Get on. That's—that's another proof. Don't you see? They killed the men who brought her here, so that they couldn't tell. Heave!"

One last heave, that almost broke Jerome's back, and tore a breathless curse from Eneas, lifted the final stone of a buried heap of stones, set one beneath another. It was getting dark now. Eneas's fingers shook as he lit a match and threw it into the hole.

"Glory God Almighty!" he breathed, harking back, in that moment of emotional stress, to some Little Bethel of his childhood.

Jerome said simply, "Gosh!" and sat down on the ground.

They had both seen, looking up out of the enveloping soil and sand, the face of a woman. Life-size. Gold.

Eneas took a torn handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his head. "It's true," he whispered. "Lord, she must be worth—she must be worth—millions."

"She must be dashed heavy," Jerome objected. "It'll need a good few men to shift her, and where are we going to get them? You can't, in these days, pick your carriers, and then kill 'em to keep things quiet."

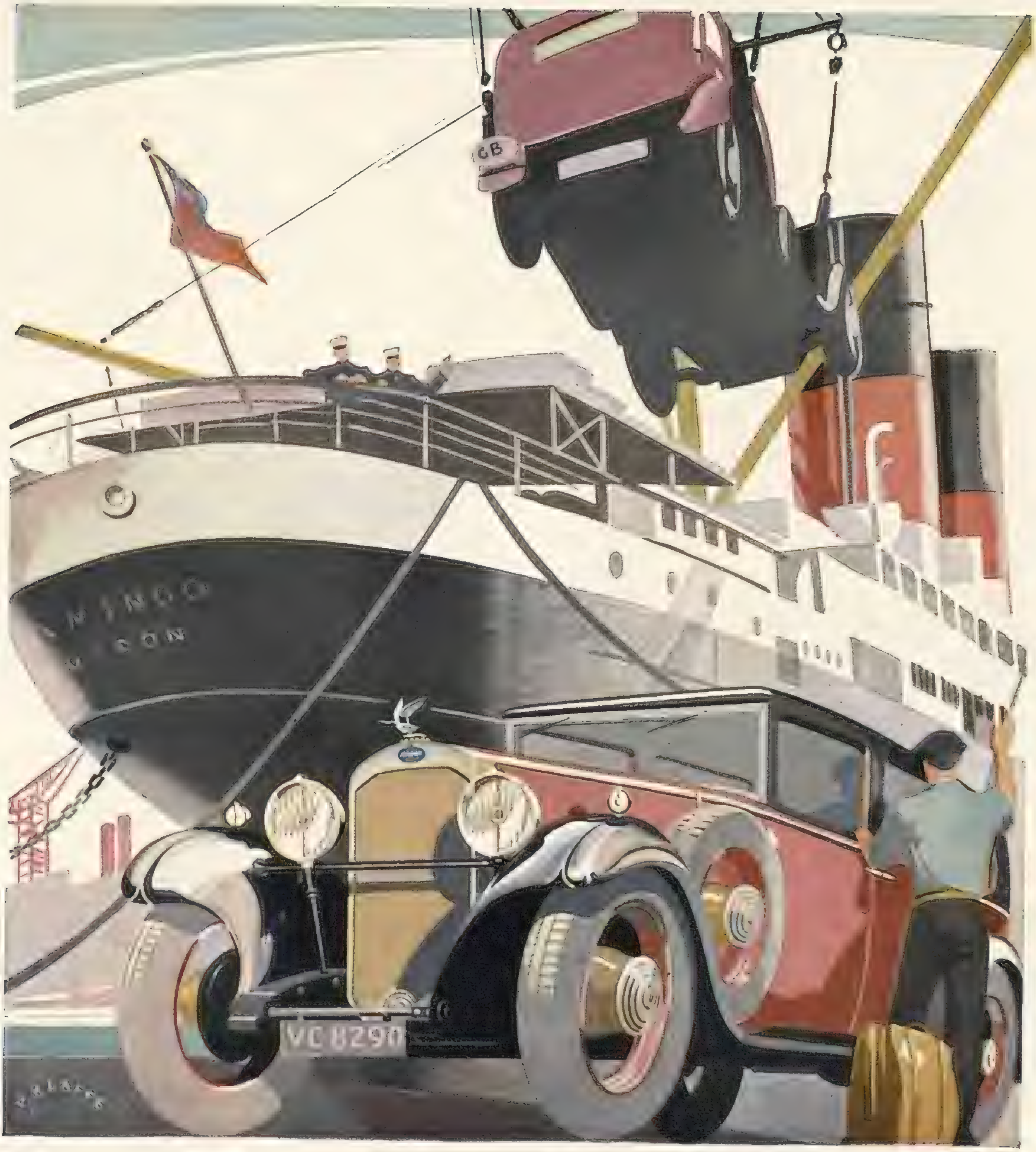
"Cover 'er up and say nothin'," advised Eneas. "Don't forget the steamer come in this afternoon. Wait till she's well away again." He checked for a moment, breathless. "You and me are goin' to be kings of all the world—if we can keep this to ourselves."

"And I know who's going to be queen," Jerome added. "Chuck earth into the hole and hide the tools in the big hollow maupei tree; no one'll think of looking there. Hurry. If I don't get back soon to Kafi, she'll think I've run away."

When they had gone it was once more very silent in the little ruined church. The moon showed up in a rose-blue sky above. Last colours fled. It was night.

Out of the thicket where the maupei grew, something came creeping on light feet; something that wore a long cotton gown, and carried tools heavily in its slim hands. Liliwai. . . . She dug for half an hour before she came on a hard substance that rang beneath her pick. Then, like the men, she threw a match into the hole, saw what they had seen, laughed a little, and, having rested, filled the hole

(*Continued on page* 109)



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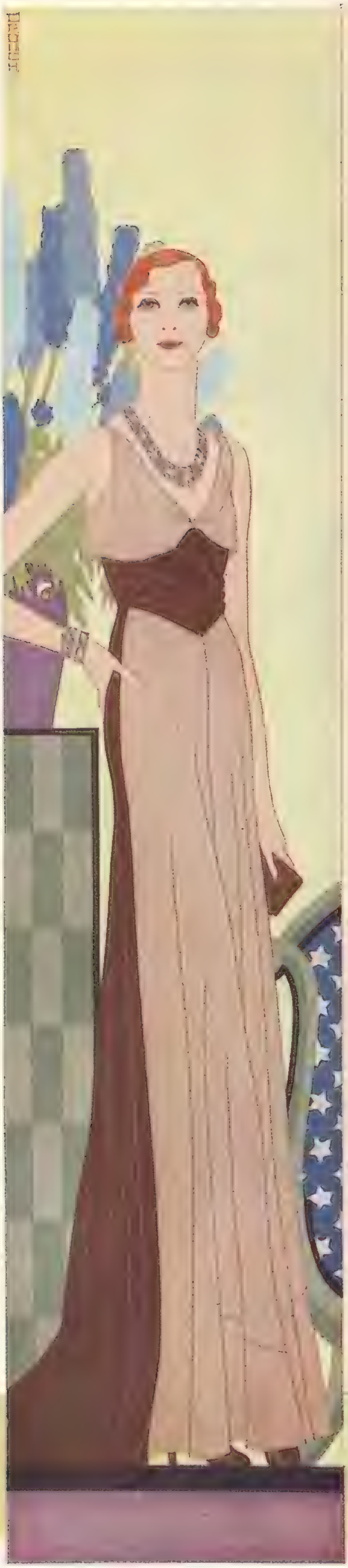
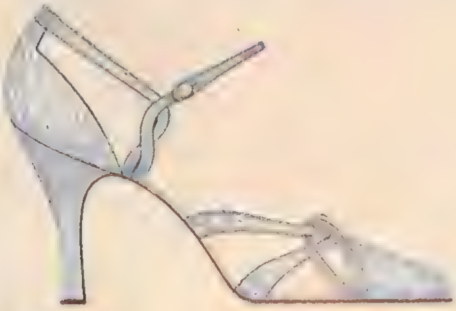
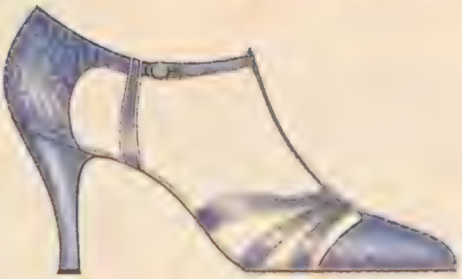




At Malmaison or Monseigneur this is the type of evening shoe that will be seen in Tinsel Crêpe and Satin in Green, Blue, White and Black
Model 7404 - - - 22/6 a pair



For the Cocktail Party this new evening sandal is admirable. In Moiré Metallique and Satin piped with Silver. Satin-covered Louis heel, in Green, Red, Blue, White and Black
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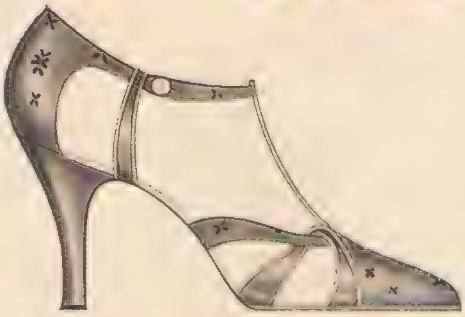

A happy harmony of Tinsel, Brocade and Satin with dainty Silver Piping. This evening shoe is one of the latest Dolcis models In Green, Red White and Black
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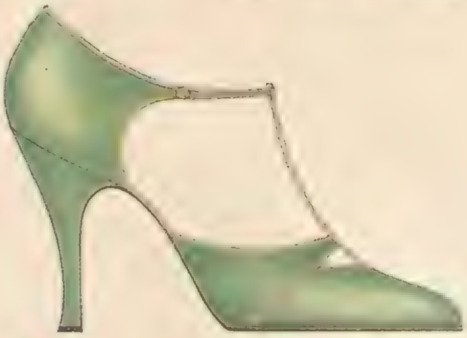

A refreshingly distinctive evening Sandal in Silk Crêpe with Gold Piping, in Green, Red, Blue, White and Black
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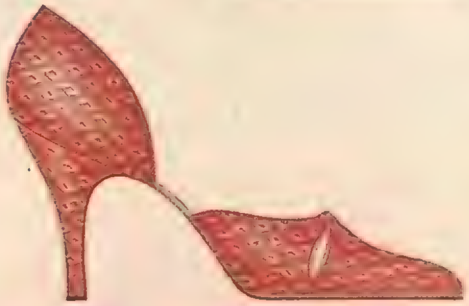

This season the smartest Court shoes for evening wear have open shanks. The model sketched herewith is daintily piped with Silver Kid in Satin or Crêpe Faconné, in Black also White for dyeing.
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again. The tools she returned to the hollow tree.

IN his fine sawn timber house, Jerome, with Kafi, was drinking champagne and eating tinned plum cake. "We're rich, Queen," Jerome was saying, his eyes bright with wine. "We own the whole world between us—just you and me, and my mate."

"More wine," said Kafi. "What do you think she's worth ?"

"I wouldn't sell my chance of finding out," Jerome assured her, pouring another glass, "for a million gold pounds."

"What can you buy with a million ?"

"Everything in the world."

At the bare thought, Kafi seemed to expand; her eyes grew bigger, her breast swelled with a covetous sigh. "I want—I want," she began; broke off, and suddenly exploded—"I want the whole world !"

THE high chief, Taroti, was very, very old. They called him Liliwai's grandfather, after the careless island fashion, but Eneas and Jerome had always supposed him to be great-grandfather at least. Taroti could remember the days when Adelaide was thickly populated; the days when the Mission came; the days when smallpox, that terror of the Pacific, killed off the mission folk and all but depopulated the place. He could remember, after that, certain things that happened on Adelaide; how a band of young men, engaged for shelling by some adventurers from South America, had mysteriously disappeared. All drowned, it was said, by the capsizing of a ketch. But Taroti had had his doubts. He wasn't High Chief then; he did not own depopulated Adelaide. He lived on another island, with two wives who quarrelled a great deal, and thirteen or fourteen children; he had his family to look after, and did not much care what happened to a place that he might inherit some day, and might not. The aftermath of the smallpox, wiping out two heirs, saw to it that he did inherit. But by that time, the adventurers had gone, with the leaky little ship that had brought them to Adelaide from nobody knew where. It was said they meant to return. They did not return. They never made any port with their leaky ship, save the port of Davy Jones's locker. And in time Adelaide Island, never much interested in the affairs of the outside world, forgot all about them. What old Taroti knew or guessed, he never told anyone. Chief blood can keep secrets. He was very old now. He had no one belonging to him save his great grandchild Liliwai, who had married, native fashion, Jerome Gunning, and who was now back in his home. If he had any love, any care left for human beings, it centred in her.

On the night after Jerome's second wedding he noticed, without remark, that Liliwai was out in the forest a long time, alone, and that when she came back she was earth-stained and weary. Taroti, a queer but impressive figure, white-wool-haired, loose skinned, clad only in a cotton pareu that showed every rib in his old body, watched her as she sat on the floor doing nothing in a dignified manner. His black eyes, deeply barred, were brilliant still; little escaped those eyes. But he made no comment. Only, that night, when everyone was asleep, he went to his Chinese camphor-wood box, took out of it a roll of parchment and studied it long and deeply. Taroti could read. After attaining chiefhood he had gone to a native college in Fiji and learned many things that he had cheerfully forgotten since. But reading, more or less, had stayed. Satisfied with what he saw, he locked the parchment in the box again, curled himself up on his mat and was instantly asleep.

"HOW many men do you think she'll take to shift ?" Jerome asked o Eneas.

They were bending over the hole where the Golden Virgin still lay undisturbed; it was night, and Eneas had swung a hurricane lantern down into the hole, so that they could see the figure, from which they had scraped away almost all the enveloping earth and sand. As to moving it—one might as well have tried to shift the dome of St. Paul's. It was hardly life-size; perhaps it might have equalled in bulk a small childish woman, but any hefty island girl would have made two of this golden figure. Nevertheless, the great maupei tree where they had hidden their tools was not more firmly rooted to the ground.

"Gosh !" panted Jerome, sweat running down his hair. "How heavy is she ? She's scarcely bigger than a lamb."

"'Bout as big as that scrawny little chap Taroti, and he weighs six stone twelve, for I put 'm on the copra scales the other day," Eneas replied. "'Ow much heavier is gold ?" You was purser on the Union before you come here; you must have done some figuring."

"Give me a pencil, and I'll see," Jerome answered. "I reckon she's heavy; I reckon she'll be, maybe, three or four times the weight of you or me."

"She can't be. You're ten stone !"

Jerome busied himself with his pencil. In a few minutes he held up the result to Eneas, placing it well in the lamplight. "Look there," he said. "She's just about the weight of fourteen men like me."

"Gord !" he said. Then, "It would want fourteen men to get her away."

"Or maybe more," Jerome corrected.

"What are we goin' to do ?"

"I don't know yet. Only thing I can think of is to lay low till that cargo boat's gone."

"She still here ?"

"Yes. Couldn't unload with that tide we had yesterday."

"Are you sure no one knows ?"

"Sure as death. Sure as the chap was who killed all his witnesses and buried them."

There was silence then in the wood of the maupeis, in the dark. A long way off, outside, the reef continuously sang, caring for none of them. With the noise of the reef, by and by, began to mingle another sound: the feet of men coming slowly up the beach.

"My Gord !" dully cried Eneas. "That's the fourteen—comin' from the ship."

CHIEF TAROTI was very old, so old that he never slept all night, waking always two or three times before the dawn, and lying contentedly enough upon his mat until sleep returned. He had no troubles to poison his rest, hadn't Taroti. Taxes, bills, difficulty of keeping up with his neighbours never had touched his peaceful life, or the lives of any of his tribe. Wives were dead, children and grandchildren married, gone away.

This night when he woke he did not fall asleep again. Taroti's hearing, for his age, was abnormally quick. At once he noted unaccustomed sounds from the neighbourhood of the ruined church; faint click of tools; trampling of feet, talking—all subdued but to the keen ears of the chief perfectly audible. For a minute or two he lay quiet, gathering his thoughts. Then, in the darkness, he rose and went to his camphor-wood chest, heard the lock ring twice as he opened it and closed it again; pushed a roll of parchment in behind his leather belt, and still in the dark, went forth.

At the back of the ruined church, in the light of a couple of hurricane lamps, strange doings were afoot. Taroti, taking his time and moving noiselessly, saw without surprise Jerome Gunning and Eneas Rugg in violent dispute with a crowd of men from the steamer. The lamps, set on the ground, threw orange light upon furious faces; fists were clenched and shaken, seamen's knives began to flash.

"You cursed thieves !" Jerome shouted. "Get out ! It's ours. Findings keepings—you've nothing to do with——"

One of the seamen made a lunge at him with a knife. Eneas, standing a little way behind, kicked the knife out of the sailor's hand. The man, overbalancing, went down, and instantly his fellows closed about him.

"Get out yourselves," coolly advised the man who seemed to be the leader. "It's no more yours than ours, and we're ten to one; and, anyhow, you couldn't shift it, not in a month of Sundays. Here, boys, get busy and cut three of them young trees for sheerlegs. You and you dig away underneath it, and pass them wire ropes under. Leon, that other tree will just do for a carryin' pole if you lash eight or nine smaller ones acrost it; I'll put two men on each. Bump yourselves, heave ! We ain't got a week to spare."

Stunned, the two discoverers watched the reeving of their booty. The sheerlegs was put up over the hole; wire ropes and blocks, groaning, lifted the figure by slow degrees. Level with the ground, it was swung over, dropped, and laid down in the light of the lamps; a dulled yet shining figure, scarce as big as a twelve years old girl; primitive in type, and roughly fashioned, yet, in all its roughness, worth a sum incredible—the Golden Virgin of Cocos.

Jerome could no longer restrain himself; he gave a doglike howl of disappointment and would have flung himself upon the figure if Eneas had not held him back.

"They got knives," he said warningly. "No use losin' y'r life as well as y'r money. 'Ow did they 'ear about it ? Seems to me someone's bin havin' the loan of y'r. Was it that new wife of yours ?"

"No, no. She couldn't even if she would've. We've hardly been out of each other's sight. I can't think for the life of me. They're going to carry it off !"

The eighteen sailors, having secured the golden statue to a narrow tree-trunk, and further lashed nine cross-pieces to the tree, were preparing to take hold and heave. Jerome struggled to pull away from Eneas's resisting hands.

"Let go of me," he panted. "I'll—I'll ——" What he intended to do remained unknown.

A thin, sharp voice, coming out of the forest darkness, cried authoritatively, "Stop ! Put that down. Mine." And the sailors, amazed, ceased heaving.

Taroti appeared in the lamplight. He was entirely self-possessed, very much the chief, and he wore, the night being hot, a breech-clout and a belt only. The big sailor who had been ordering about his fellows recovered first.

"Up she goes !" he cried. "Heave !" And as the little image slowly rose, he turned to Taroti. "What the hell do you mean ?" he bluntly asked.

Taroti, with a native banana leaf cigarette pinched in one corner of his ancient mouth, replied, "I mean mine. The island mine. The people mine. You can't touch nothing s'pose I don't let you. I Taroti, high chief."

"Oh, you are ? And how are you going to stop us doing what we like with what we've found ?"

"Eighty-seven, or I think eighty-nine of my young men, they stopping you," Taroti sweetly replied. "You see that big tree all hollow; that's our drum. S'pose I drumming on that tree——"

"Suppose you don't do any such (adjectival) thing !"

"You not letting me finish; very bad manners. Suppose I drumming, my eighty-seven or nine young men they hear, they hold off. Suppose not drumming they cut your ship cable and send her on the reef."

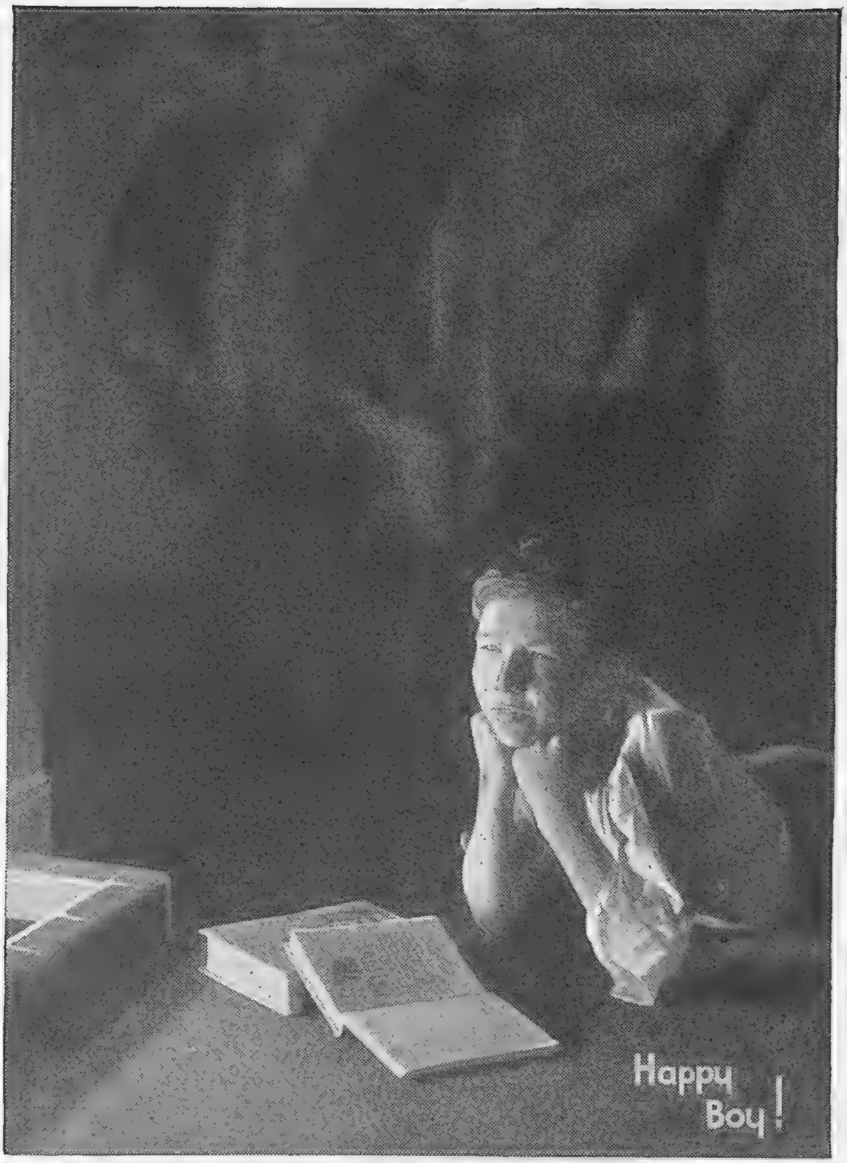
"All very well," said the big man, breathing quickly. "but I don't take your authority, Mr. Carrots, or whatever you call yourself. Who do you suppose you——"

Taroti plucked a parchment from his belt, and held it out in the lamplight. "That's my deed of ownership from Thee High Commishner of Thee Western Pacific," he rattled off.

Jerome and Eneas gasped. They had never heard of such a deed, but they knew that Taroti was speaking the truth.

"Got it when he went to Suva that time his old man died," Eneas suggested.

Jerome was silent. He was thinking of Liliwai; wondering whether he might not have acted a little differently if he had known quite all about her grandfather. Native chieftainship was one thing; actual ownership, backed up by the British Government, was another. And Taroti, he knew, forgot, forgave nothing. He was to have proof of that. The big sailor, (*Contd. on page* 110)



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a sharp judge of men, had somehow gathered that Taroti did not want the treasure for himself, that there was something else behind all this.

"Well, old gentleman," he said conciliatingly, "I don't want for any of us to bump up again the British authorities; perhaps you'll call off your chaps and let's talk business."

Taroti struck the hollow tree a few sharp blows. "My young men go home now," he said. "We talk."

The sailors had set down their burden.

"All the time," Taroti oratorically said, "I thinking some day some man finding that gold what they hid here long, long time ago. I think, then bad times comes for Adelaide my island, men fight, men drink, kill. Always it's so when men finding gold, big pearl, anything the white man want. I Taroti, old man, wise old man; I know. . . . But gold it is like blood, must come out. Never always hid. This gold have come to the sun at last. Now I say, Taroti, that the gold mus' be taken away. I not want it. I am wise man. You want it. You can have it, if you take it quick, very quick before it do harm to my island. But——"

"But look here," shouted Jerome, "we found it, Eneas Rugg and I. Where do we come in?"

Taroti might not have heard for all notice that he took. He went smoothly on, a queer little shrivelled figure, naked, splay-footed, white-woolly-haired, yet every inch of him a leader, a chief.

"But I say one thing. You shall take with you my friend, and give him share of all you get."

"Your friend? Who's he?"

Jerome held his breath. After all—perhaps——.

Taroti, with a masterful gesture, beckoned Eneas forward. "This my friend, friend of my house. He go to-night with you."

The big sailor stared, laughed, seemed to decide that Taroti was eccentric, and must be humoured. "Ay, ay, we'll take your friend," he promised. "We'll whack out a share for him, if that's your price. What about his mate?"

"His mate," Taroti smoothly answered, "will stay on this island. He does not want to go." And Jerome, bursting, found that he had nothing to say.

At sun-up, when the steamer was making the passage, loud shrieking rose among the women of the island. Kafi was nowhere to be found. They looked for her along the reef, in the forest, through all the gardens. They wept as they looked, for something told them that of Kafi they had seen their last. Jerome did not help them. He sat sullenly in his house, remembering Kafi's eagerness about the gold; Kafi's impulsive words, "I want the world—I want everything!"

Liliwai and her husband are a reasonably happy couple. Perhaps that is because Liliwai, a chieflike woman, knows how to keep her own counsel. Jerome will never know who visited the boat in secret; who made the bullets that Chief Taroti fired.

They have heard of Eneas from time to time. He is married to Kafi, and they are spending their share of the treasure very fast. Eneas drinks, and Kafi is somewhat too popular in the night-clubs of Buenos Aires, where colour counts little.

The "rau" thatched house of Eneas Rugg stands almost bare to the winds; sun spills through the rafters, and banana birds peck and quarrel about the floors. Jerome comes there once in a way, sits long enough to smoke a pipe in the verandah, where he and Eneas used to "yarn" together, and wonders how he would have fared if he had got his share and gone as Eneas went. It is idle to wonder; he will never go.

Wind blows in the palms; reef-thunder, outside, never ceases; the murmurous silence and the peace of the island world are in his heart. He has forgotten Kafi; Liliwai's children play beside him. A man, he thinks, can't be more than happy.

END

Paint this Special Lotion on your face to-night—

and see the difference to-morrow

However scrupulously you may cream or wash your face every day—your skin still secretes certain poisons that are beyond the reach of *any* ordinary cleansing, yet *must be removed* before your skin can breathe and function at its individual best. Cream and massage will loosen them; soap and water will wash much of them away. But only Cyclax Special Lotion will *attract* them—irresistibly as a magnet attracts iron; drawing every particle of impurity to the surface of your face, ready to be eased away with skin food before washing in the morning. One single application will free your skin of poisons that have been tiring and worrying it for years, and once your skin is in healthy condition a weekly application of the Lotion will be sufficient to carry on the good work. This essential cleansing is the basis upon which I have built my entire Cyclax Treatment.

I am not asking you to give up hours of your time to the care of your skin

Ten minutes night and morning should easily cover all the rest of the routine. You simply nourish your skin night and morning with a skin-food that, like all Cyclax preparations, is medically sound as a doctor's prescription; remove all trace of skin-food with Cyclax Soap and water in the morning; use a liquid non-greasy powder-base that will protect without clogging the pores or attracting stray particles of dust in the air; and a powder blended exactly to match your colouring. That ten minutes will enable you to start *each day afresh* with a skin that is looking its youngest and best and that will remain so as long as it is cared for with Cyclax. (If you have any special problems on which you would like an opinion please write me at the London salon. . . or better still call, if you are able. I shall be so very pleased to help.)

Cyclax preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country.

Frances Hemming.

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Draws all acid waste matter out of the skin. Removes blackheads, sallowness and sunburn. 5/6, 10/6.

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Nourishes and braces. For normal skins. And in three other strengths. Cyclax Special "O" Skin Food for dry skins. Cyclax Special "E" Skin Food for building up relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skin Food for exceptionally sensitive skins. 4/-, 7/6.

CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK.
(Slightly astringent.) Prevents relaxing of the skin. 4/-, 7/6.

CYCLAX SOAP.
Specially prepared, with exceptionally abundant lather which removes every trace of skin food. Softens and whitens the skin. 3/6 per tablet.

CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION.
Gives the skin velvety finish under powder. For dry skins use Cyclax "Sunburn" Lotion. 4/6, 8/6.

CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION.
For cleansing the face when washing is inconvenient. Instantly removes dust and make-up. 4/-, 7/6.

CYCLAX POWDER.
Made in 7 shades or specially blended to suit colouring. 3/6, 6/6.

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Service Advertising F.

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D.A.92

THE NEW BUILDING IS NEARLY COMPLETED—

but Much of the Money is Still Required

The Illustration on the right is the new wing of the Cancer Hospital, which includes a new Radiological Department and accommodation for patients who can contribute towards their cost. In order that the work of Research may be extended and carried on under the best conditions, **£150,000** is being expended in the erection and equipment of the new buildings.

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Please send cheques crossed Coutts & Co. to the Secretary

The Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Rockceting *to the* Stars

(*Continued from page* 13)

thought! Would they be obliged to live in airproof shelters, donning airproof suits and masks every time they went out of doors. The Moon colony would have a hard time of it, judging from what little we already know of the conditions there. The planets might be better. Astronomers claim a canal system for at least one of them. Water must mean atmosphere, vegetation, perhaps life. It is rank presumption on the part of man to think for an instant that the Universe was created to keep him amused and guessing. Or that the Earth we know is the only inhabited world. Just because we have not progressed sufficiently scientifically to penetrate, mechanically to reach, or spiritually to communicate with other worlds, it does not mean they do not exist. And if they exist, that they do not know much more about us than we know of them.

"Looking backwards, we can see that man's progress is ever upwards. It is an almost undisputed fact that life came originally from the sea, and that the more intelligent, if weaker, of living creatures gradually found their way on to dry land," wrote Gerald H. Daly apropos of Tate's castles in the air. "Thus through the ages, the life that was going to take the highest form emerged on to dry land, to sunshine and apparent ease. So to-day man on dry, or semi-dry land. But this is not man's ultimate home," the writer goes on to say. "He is still living in a sea, a sea of impure air, for the atmosphere is a great sea only differing in density from the sea of water. This atmospheric sea is just as full of monsters in the form of disease as were the seas of old, from which early life fled.

"So man is only in the middle of his upward journey, and undoubtedly the next step is his emergence from the atmospheric sea at the bottom of which he will always encounter disease and discomfort. Even to-day it is well known that if the human race could be suddenly transported to a height of about ten thousand feet above the earth's surface, consumption would soon be non-existent, as that height the ultra-violet ray from the sun would be an infallible cure owing to its great power."

Perhaps, after all, man's aspiration to the skies is not the impious challenge to God that the example of Babel has taught us to believe. It may be no more than evolution, and as acceptable to the Creator as the evolution of jellyfish to man, if scientists who hold that theory are to be believed. There are still prehistoric-looking monsters at the bottom of the sea who failed to evolute on land, and molluscs too, as contented in their rut or on their rock as were their forbears a billion years ago. Horrible thought that the posterity of unenterprising humanity of these centuries may be relegated in time to come by the air-minded, sun-seeking evolutionists or evolutionised sprouting wings, as aquarium specimens at the bottom of the sea of atmosphere.

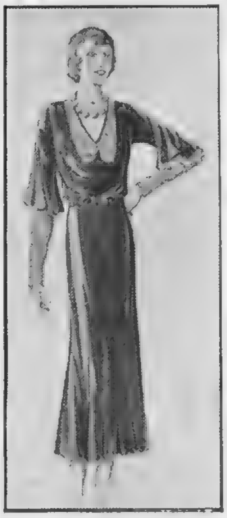
Rockets for celestial exploration and interplanetary communication are constructive arms of man's intelligence and progress. But the rockets of destruction are already preceding them.

In the scientific research section of the German Reichswehr experiments are being made with a new possible war-terror, a Rocket-Torpedo. The Versailles Treaty prohibits Germany having any heavy artillery, military aircraft, or tanks. Ever since then German scientists have been concentrating their minds on new defensive measures that are not touched by that Treaty. A torpedo is not "shot" from a gun. Therefore it is not "heavy artillery."

The Rocket-Torpedo is driven through the air on its own motive-power, which may be liquid oxygen, or a new gas with which experiments are being made. Such a rocket, carrying high explosives, can have a range far beyond the heaviest artillery. In fact, experts claim that if present experiments succeed, it will be

(*Continued on page* 114)

corot models by instalments

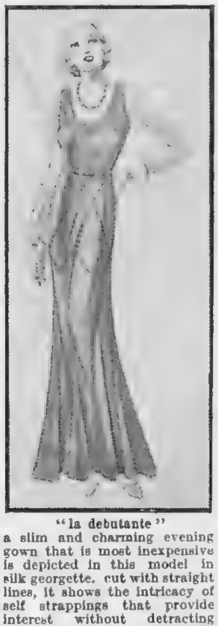


"petit diner"

delightful gown suitable for afternoon or semi-evening wear, made of heavy quality peau d'ange with the new cape sleeve, gauntlet cuffs and vest made of rows of narrow beige lace. in one or two shades.

12/- monthly

cash 4 gns.

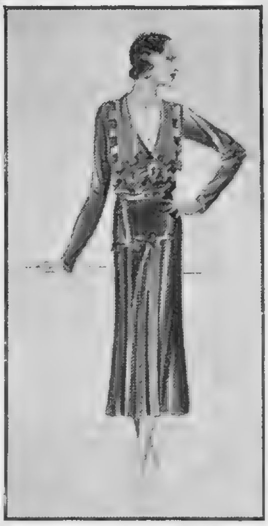


"la debutante"

a slim and charming evening gown that is most inexpensive is depicted in this model in silk georgette. cut with straight lines, it shows the intricacy of self strappings that provide interest without detracting from simplicity. self belt is finished with charming buckle. slip of crepe de chine. in practically all colours and black.

13/6 monthly

cash 4½ gns.

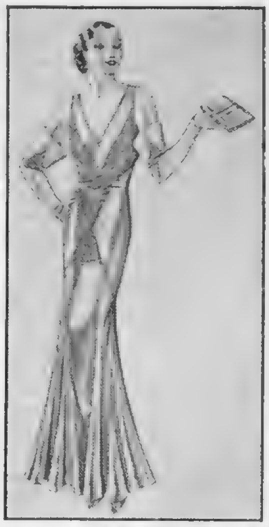


"carminita"

unusual in design is this afternoon frock in heavy suede crepe, with its jabot front picot-edged with the turreted effect that is distinctive. skirt flat pleated, with the novel edging shown again. in many colours and black.

7/6 monthly

cash 2½ gns.

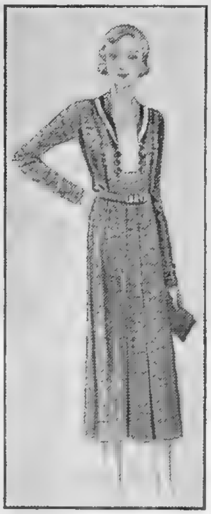


"la favorita"

distinguished evening ensemble of evening gown in heavy morocain, with its matching gauntlets and evening bag. pin tucks provide the trimming on both gown and gauntlets, and the bag may be piped with contrast. in several new shades and black.

24/- monthly

cash 8 gns.

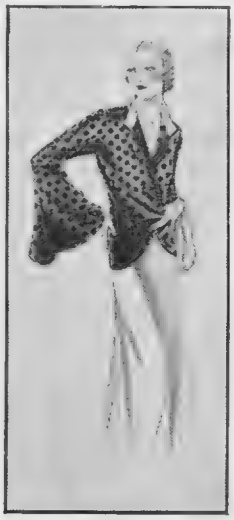


"le provencal"

light-weight tweed weave frock for street, business or house wear. inset vest and collar of suede crepe. box pleats retain the slim hip line, and a self belt is trimly buckled. in many mixtures in the new season's shades.

7/6 monthly

cash 2½ gns.

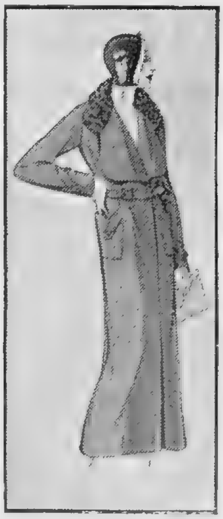


"la fiancee"

a delightful bridge or evening coatee is in supple velvet with its uncommon embossed spot design, and a dainty collar of white broadtail cloth to finish. note the cut of the lovely sleeves that fall over the wrists. in black with lining of white art. satin.

9/- monthly

cash 3 gns.

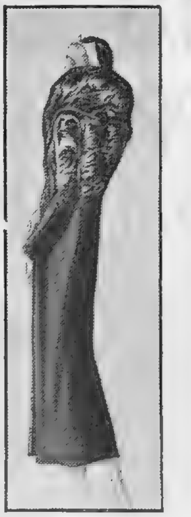


"cliveden"

for a coat that will give good wear we would suggest a model in a mixture tweed, collared with caracul in a matching colour. this model is perfectly tailored on slim and youthful lines, and shows the wide rever that is sponsored. in several mixtures, lined throughout.

16/6 monthly

cash 5½ gns.

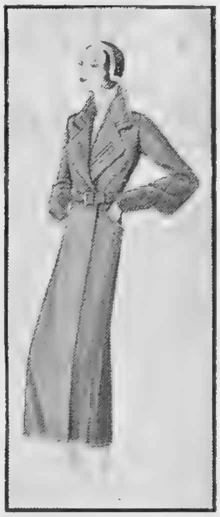


"malmaison"

a delightfully designed coat that combines fine black face cloth with the latest broadtail cloth trimming. note the unusual deep yoke top of the fur cloth, with its lavish roll collar that buttons snugly to the neck. perfectly cut and beautifully finished. lined throughout.

21/- monthly

cash 7 gns.

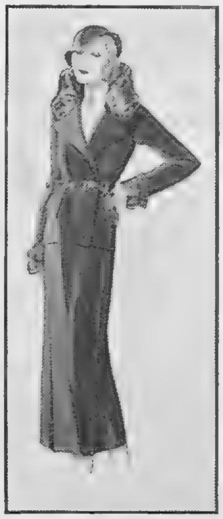


"the arandora"

for those who prefer the untrimmed tweed coat, this model combines in its many qualities all that could be desired. made in several of the latest shades in a good wearing tweed, it shows the use of the selvedge in three-tone effect on the most uncommon sleeves, collar and revers. lined throughout.

18/- monthly

cash 6 gns.

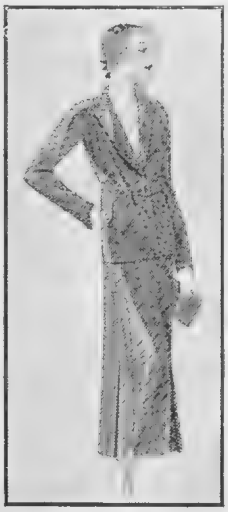


"unter den linden"

for a new line on the costume, we would present this model in fine black hopsac. a snug, comfy collar of broadtail cloth, with the same material used for the cuffs and the chic belt with its bow buckle. in black only.

18/- monthly

cash 6 gns.

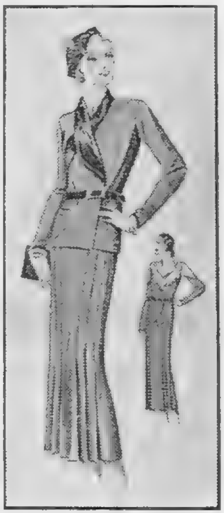


"promenons-nous"

tweed-chenille weave cardigan suit. popular length coat, trimmed with silver buttons and buckle. new gored pleated skirt, in several shades.

16/6 monthly

cash 5½ gns.



"la reception"

delightful ensemble in original feather basque material consisting of frock and matching jacket. frock has deep yoke of satin to tone, and coat is finished with novel scarf collar in broadtail cloth. one or two exclusive shades.

30/- monthly

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Write to the Kotex nurse at Room C, 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, for information vital to you—and a copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."
Mothers and guardians of children especially should send for this booklet.

Rocketing to the Stars

possible to "shoot" rocket-torpedoes from London to Paris, or vice versa.

Range, within the duration of the motive-power, is determined partly by the angle at which the rocket is set off, based on mathematical calculations similar to heavy artillery fire, and partly by a clock-work contrivance that is set in advance, and controls the time in flight. Little imagination is needed to picture the terror of such rocket-torpedoes loaded with tremendous charges of high explosives, hurtling down from the sky on to large cities and crowded centres. Faster than the peaceful inter-planetary transport rocket can be developed and exploited will this newest machine of destruction be perfected and its sinister power increased.

It seems just possible, therefore, that the molluscs and minnows of the atmosphere ocean may be destined as the only survivors of our civilisation, cunningly crawling out, and foolishly aspiring up in their doomed turn, when the science that is raising us, irrevocably levels again.

END

Exercise and Scientific Sleeping

(*Continued from page* 87.)

the passing from consciousness to unconsciousness is very sudden.

It is during sleep that the nutritive part of the blood is brought to the waiting tissues. Absence of sleep means that the tissues are losing their nourishment, and malnutrition is one of the worst results of insomnia.

Difficulty in getting to sleep is sometimes caused by a heavy meal. An early and light dinner may sometimes banish insomnia. In any case do not woo sleep. By scientific living and a nonchalant attitude, sleep will come naturally.

Do not do brain work up to the moment of going to bed, as the brain takes some time to settle down, so to speak. A few of the stretching exercises will go a long way towards helping you to get into the condition of readiness for sleep.

The difficulty that many people have in getting up in the morning is largely occasioned by inadequate rest, and this being so, I am not surprised that much will-power is needed to do physical exercises as well as the other preparations for the day.

Some people have had enough initiative to study this matter of sleep in its relation to health, and have found, as I have, that nine and ten hours' sleep are more conducive to perfect health and mental balance than seven or eight.

Why struggle to get up? Why not sleep until completely rested, and getting up becomes a pleasure instead of a curse? I have found myself that nine and a half hours suits me perfectly.

While discussing sleep, it is well to consider the other conditions.

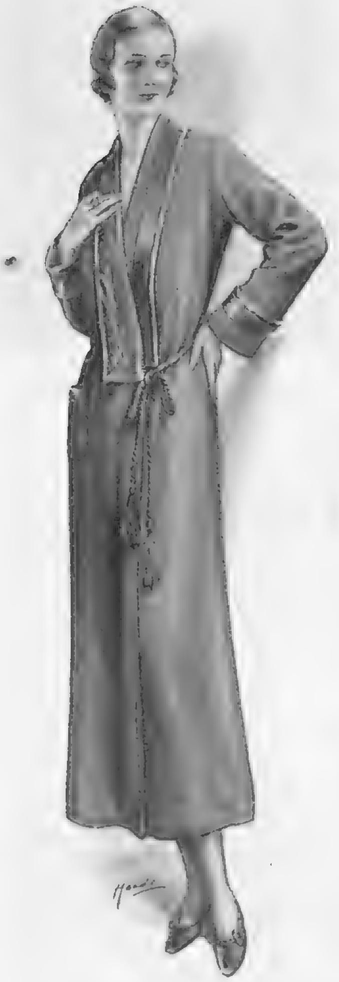
Some people think they should not lie on their left side because it is apt to press the heart. This, like many other things, is a popular error, and to lie for a few minutes at least on the left side helps to dispel any gas there may be in the stomach, which is sometimes the cause of sleeplessness.

Your bed should be a comfortable one, and the best that you can afford. The wire mattress should be spiral, and the upper mattress made of hair. Have only enough bedclothes for warmth; heavy bedclothes cause fatigue because of their weight.

It is best to use a low pillow and no bolster; thus the body lies flat, and the neck is not ricked at an unnatural angle. Loose fleecy bed socks and hot water bottles are a common-sense aid to most people who suffer from cold feet. The hot water draws blood from the brain and this is one of the first essentials for sound sleep.

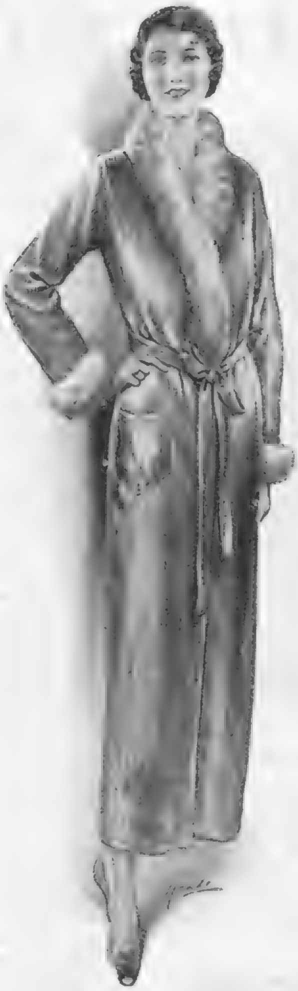
NEVER resort to drugs for insomnia until every other means have been tried, and then only under trusted medical advice. All sleeping draughts are, in my opinion, under suspicion.

WALPOLE BROS.
[LONDON]
LTD.



This Dressing Gown has been designed for comfort. Made of heavy quality all-wool Molleton cloth, it is both warm and useful. Its lines are simple but distinctive. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with stitched satin. This is the kind of gown that can be slipped on at any time and will always look well. It may be obtained in the following colours, Reseda, Purple, Saxe, Rose and Red.

Price 32/9



Corduroy Velveteen is one of the very few materials that are both attractive and hard wearing. In this Dressing Gown it has been combined with fur to produce a really handsome effect, that is enhanced by the graceful lines. The warm and cosy appearance of the fur is not belied, for the gown is lined throughout. Walpoles have here achieved an unusual combination of daintiness and durability. Obtainable in colours of Saxe, Light and Dark Rose, Reseda, Parma, Grey, Nattier.

Price 49/11

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And there is no reason why you should be confined to a limited range of colour. A particular eye-shadow, a certain variation of lipstick, a blending of powders and presto! you can wear that exquisite shade which defied you

Many of the Paris couturiers insist upon Elizabeth Arden's selection of colour combinations. For every colour has its particular demands. Certain powders subtly lighten, or darken, your skin, certain make-ups bring out a hidden sparkle in your eyes, reflect the tone of your gown

A good appearance, a chic ensemble, depend upon the harmony of your make-up. In Elizabeth Arden's Salons you will receive expert advice, or Miss Arden will gladly give you personal suggestions by letter

ROUGE AMORETTA . . . a beautiful cream rouge that blends easily on the cheeks, giving a natural, soft tint. Skilfully applied, it looks completely natural and lasts throughout the day. If you are very fair—try Light Amoretta or Light Rosetta. For the average skin—Medium Amoretta. "Red Head" is perfect for the clear skin so often found with Titian hair. American Beauty, Dark Amoretta and Dark Rosetta are the deeper shades—ideal with dark hair and olive skin. 7/6 8/6 15/6

VENETIAN ROSE COLOUR . . . a clear liquid rouge, perfect for a "transparent" skin or an oily one. Being waterproof, it does not rub off; being transparent it cannot be detected. 4/6 8/6

ARDENA POWDER . . . scented vaguely and charmingly. By varying the shade to tone with your frock, you will be able to put a different face on things! Mat foncé and Ardena are favourite shades for daytime. Poudre de Lilas is enchanting for evening. 12/6

NEW LIPSTICKS . . . in enchanting shades, give the final touch of chic to your make-up . . . and are really indelible, besides. Newest of all is "Chariot" . . . a dashing "different" red . . . and there are many others, equally attractive. 6/6

FOR YOUR EYES . . . there is Miss Arden's alluring Cream Eye-Shado to give added depth, colour and accent to the eyes (eight entrancing shades . . . 4/6), and Venetian Cosmetique to transform your lashes into a definite asset. Black, brown, green or blue. Box with brush 5/6

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When iron gives place to tenderness. Mrs. Raymond Cooper pays attention to a pair of cocker spaniel puppies

A Look-back *at the "Eve" Northern Foursomes at Woodhall Spa*

Left: Miss Neill, Mrs. Freeman Robinson, Mrs. Barton and her son David

Right: Mrs. Bloomer (semi-finalist), Miss N. Watson and Miss Moss Blundell

During the next few weeks we are going to indulge in one last wild rush of competition golf. After that we shall settle down to the equally important, if less pleasurable, business of choosing officials, whether for club or county, or for the services of the Council and various Committees of the Ladies' Golf Union. It is easy enough for the average golfer, the long handicap, or the player who takes no part in open meetings, to say that these things do not concern her, that she is indifferent to who captains her club, who is their delegate to the county, or from the county association to the L.G.U. One can understand that attitude: in a sense one may even commend it, for there is always grave danger that when women set their mind to organising they will be so overcome with their own importance and with the ramifications of the scheme which they have organised that they lose sight of the very objects for which that organisation exists, and flounder in a maze of detail. To be a little casual is surely better than that, but it is just the reason why individuals should bestir themselves in the matter of selecting, or electing, those who are to represent them as officials. If they will choose the women of broad minds, of varied interests, there will be far less danger of pettiness, of the magnification of small issues and of forgetfulness that, after all, golf is a game, and even when highly organised should be treated as such.

The choice of club officials is usually the matter which most intimately affects club members, and therefore the whole of the golfing world. The Hon. Secretary is the hardest post to fill, and the smooth working of the club perhaps depends more on her than on anybody else. If she is careless or dilatory in dealings with the L.G.U. handicap manager; if she fails to put up intelligible notices or to know the rules when appealed to over knotty points, dissatisfaction is sure to arise. But it is almost impossible to offer advice on the choice of this hard-working official, because the number of members who will undertake the post generally seems in every club to narrow down to one or two, and these are burdened with the office year after year without any other member offering to take a hand. That is not fair; neither, in the long run, is it good for a club. It is all very well to say that Miss So-and-so knows the work from A to Z and that anybody else would make a hopeless muddle of it. Both contentions may be true, but they ought to be disregarded, not only for the sake of Miss So-and-so, but also because Miss Somebody Else will soon learn, and it is worth risking a little temporary inefficiency to train up a young member who can bring fresh enthusiasm to the work. Eggs proverbially ought not to be all in one basket, and, moreover, it is only just that the hard work as well as the pleasure of club golf should be shared out amongst the members.

Captaincy is generally looked upon as an honour. It ought also to be looked upon as a responsibility involving a very great deal of hard work. Therefore, if one may whisper a word in the ear of club members, do not necessarily choose for your captain the richest or most influential member of your club, or even the shortest handicap. There are other things than these which go to make your successful captain. Pick someone, if possible, who has an enthusiasm for the young players, because it is the young players who ultimately make or mar a club, and a captain who has no idea between snubbing young golfers or telling them that they are the most wonderful players she has ever seen will do infinite harm. A round or two with a young golfer can show her better how the game should be played in the matter of manners and etiquette than any amount of unsympathetic snubbing.

Then the captain should have the knack of making her own team feel that they are all individually trusted and valuable. That is the way to win team matches. She should be ready to back up the Hon. Sec., not too busy to lend a hand when her fellow official is hard pressed or away from home, and in many clubs she will find herself required to take the chair at committee or general meetings, and should therefore have some knowledge of committee work.

So much for her duties to her own members, but the ideal captain should also be the ideal hostess, whose first duty when a visiting team arrives is to make each of them welcome, see that the best caddies await them, that there is space for them to take off their coats and change their shoes, that, in fact, they are treated just as a hostess would treat a guest in her own house. These may sound little things, but any team who plays a number of club matches will tell you that the captain of the club visited has it in her power to make their day a pleasure or merely something which must be got through to oblige their own side. Pick, therefore, a captain who may be relied on to be pleasant to your visitors.

A fully illustrated Account of the "Eve" GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP will appear in the November issue of "Britannia and Eve"

International Golf

INTERNATIONAL golf is thoroughly in the air, and the golfing world is all a-tiptoe at the moment over what will happen when Great Britain plays France at Oxhey in ten days' time. The French golfers succeeded this year in retaining their own Open Championship; in fact, Mrs. Walter Payne was the only English player who reached the semi-final. That means that Great Britain's chances of winning the first international match played under the auspices of the Ladies' Golf Union must not be taken as certain. The difficulties of choice are extreme, particularly in so small a side as six. But if Miss Wethered actually takes the field at their head we can at least hope to make a brave show.

If we have not done so well this year in the French Open, if the Dutch championship went to a player of that nationality, the English golfers who went over to Germany certainly did well, and it is satisfactory that there should be an all-English final, in which Mrs. Garon beat Miss Rudgard by four and two in the thirty-six hole final. With Miss Wilson making a bid for the American and Canadian titles, as much has been done this year as could possibly be hoped for at a time when nobody has superfluous funds available. Good wishes to all concerned, and especially for a real spirit of international friendship!

E. E. H.

THE "EVE" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the August Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss P. Rae	Wearside	86	18	68	78	10 below
Miss M. L. Walker	Heathfield	77	14	63	72	9 ,,
Miss M. Gibson	Oakdale	80	11	69	76	7 ,,
Miss Kathleen Silston	Warrington	87	18	69	76	7 ,,
Miss D. McQuaid	Royston	81	15	66	72	6 ,,
Mrs. E. Pappin	Bidston	87	17	70	76	6 ,,
Miss Monica Ratcliffe	Mullion	79	13	66	72	6 ,,
Mrs. Marcus Fleeson	Ashton on Mersey	85	17	68	74	6 ,,
Miss N. Hardstaff	Seacroft	87	16	71	76	5 ,,
Miss Phyllis Moore	Stratford-on-Avon	74	4	70	75	5 ,,
Miss D. M. Dawes	Northampton	92	19	73	77	4 ,,
Miss E. Firth	Warrington	90	18	72	76	4 ,,
Miss M. C. Dingley	Banstead Downs	87	15	72	76	4 ,,
Miss E. V. Spittle	Olton	84	14	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. R. Astley-Smith	Fairhaven	89	16	73	77	4 ,,
Mrs. Morant	Ferndown	76	4	72	76	4 ,,
Miss P. M. Morris	Cirencester	76	14	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. E. V. Gurney	Northampton	87	13	74	77	3 ,,
Miss P. Tate	Tamworth	86	16	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. A. L. Murphy	West Lancashire	84	13	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. D. H. Anthony	Wimbledon Park	88	18	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. W. P. Gregg	Haydock Park	89	18	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. Clement	Anglesey	72	1	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. A. Gray	Came Down	84	11	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. M. Panikkar	Blackpool N. Shore	82	9	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. P. Edmeston	Worsley Park	86	14	72	74	2 ,,
Mrs. J. Nicholson	Camberley Heath	89	16	73	75	2 ,,
Miss M. E. Sabine	Oakdale	83	9	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. C. W. Brims	Alnmouth	88	13	75	77	2 ,,
Mrs. M. S. Carter	Murcar	92	17	75	77	2 ,,

CLASS II (Handicaps of over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Hubert J. Williams	Abergele	93	36	57	72	15 below
Miss C. M. Wormell	Blackpool (N. Shore)	90	26	64	76	12 ,,
Miss Joan M. E. Wiggins	Walton on the Naze	96	30	66	77	11 ,,
Miss D. M. Pontefract	Nevin & District	92	32	60	71	11 ,,
Miss Margaret Cameron	Kirkintilloch	90	31	59	70	11 ,,
Miss Blanche Parks	Horsforth	98	32	66	76	10 ,,
Miss J. Simpson	Thorpe Hall	101	36	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. W. Wilson	Eltham Warren	94	28	66	76	10 ,,
Miss J. Mackerron	Cruden Bay	92	24	68	77	9 ,,
Miss M. Wade	Halifax	89	27	62	70	8 ,,
Miss D. Hunn	Shooters Hill	91	25	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. J. Watt	Arbroath	107	36	71	79	8 ,,
Mrs. Anderson	Oxley Park	99	34	65	73	8 ,,
Mrs. B. Naylor	Lightcliffe	93	31	62	70	8 ,,
Miss Ryley	Highcliffe	88	27	61	69	8 ,,
Miss I. Campbell	Kirkintilloch	98	36	62	70	8 ,,
Miss D. Aveyard	Hillside	101	35	66	73	7 ,,
Miss Bates	Crewe	99	33	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. Wattleworth	West Byfleet	96	27	69	76	7 ,,
Miss Mary Birnie	Peterhead	98	27	71	78	7 ,,
Mrs. V. Ward	Shirley Park	106	36	70	77	7 ,,
Miss P. C. Murray	Aberdeen	83	20	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. M. Steeds	Weston super Mare	99	29	70	77	7 ,,
Miss I. Lewis Owen	Holyhead	95	30	65	71	6 ,,
Miss Elsie M. Edmondson	Nelson	84	19	65	71	6 ,,
Mrs. J. Ball	Dean Wood	96	36	60	66	6 ,,
Miss Madge Bottomley	Lightcliffe	101	29	72	78	6 ,,
Mrs. J. S. Hamilton	Sandmoor	90	20	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. Drewry	Seacroft	101	30	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Naity	Sundridge Park	93	20	73	78	5 ,,

THE "EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Leading Results for August

Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.
Langholm	63	52	76·47
Ryde	67	40	59·68
Cowes	42	13	29·67
Thonock	80	18	22·50
Nevin and District	11	2	18·18
Lightcliffe	59	2	3·38
Cruden Bay	35	1	2·86
Hockley	80	2	2·50
Kingsthorpe	87	2	2·29
La Moye	45	1	2·22
Warrington	150	3	2·00
Oakdale	112	2	1·78
Camberley Heath	140	2	1·47
Tamworth	70	1	1·44
Brand Hall	76	1	1·32
Highcliffe Castle	80	1	1·25
Royston	85	1	1·18
Gorleston-on-Sea	87	1	1·15
Blackpool North Shore	130	3	1·13
Oxley Park	90	1	1·11
Alnmouth	100	1	1·00
Hillside, Ltd.	100	1	1·00

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club.	Percentage.
Langholm	58·29
Ryde	55·32
Thonock	40·19
Cowes	26·09
Trentham	5·37
La Moye	4·72
Tamworth	3·21
Hockley	2·25
Camberley Heath	1·42

The Girls' Golf Championship.
Miss Pauline Doran, who repeated her victory of last year, and Miss Dorrit Wilkins, again runner-up, and cups. A full, illustrated report will appear in the November issue

Autumn Foursomes

Hotel Accommodation

SOUTH KENSINGTON HOTEL, Queen's Gate Terrace, Kensington, S.W.7, offers competitors special terms of 10s. 6d. each person per day to cover room, breakfast and bath, or 15s. per day to include dinner also.

The hotel is close to bus and tube (Gloucester Road) routes for both Ranelagh and Roehampton.

All entries for EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **OCTOBER**

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

.... *of which I am a member.*

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

BRITANNIA AND EVE has much pleasure in congratulating the following players who holed in one

Mrs. C. H. Smith, 15th, Lancaster.
Miss M. Cowen, 2nd, Dolgelley.
Mrs. Halliwell, 8th, Seascale.
Mrs. E. B. Parker, 6th, Cinderford.
Mrs. Sheila Barder, 11th, West Byfleet.
Miss H. S. Gerrish, 10th, Southwold.
Miss M. Taylor, 12th, Atherstone.

"Britannia & Eve" in 1932

April 5 to 8. Northern Foursomes at Royal Lytham and St. Annes.
April 21. One Day Spring Medal Foursomes at St. George's Hill.
Scottish Foursomes at Cruden Bay in the week preceding the Scottish Championship.
Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges and Autumn Foursomes to be announced later.

Twilfit Regd.

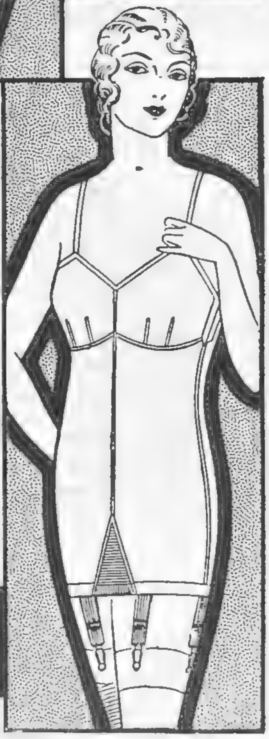
Sets the vogue for Autumn Foundation Garments

English Made Fully Guaranteed.

●

Model 4714 BR. "Twilfit" wrap-round model in good quality Pink Broché and Elastic, firmly boned at back and over abdomen. This Corset is thirteen inches deep in front and fifteen inches at the back. Sizes, 24-36 ins.

21/-



"TWILFIT" SUSPENDERS 1/3
Extra Length, 1/6½
Haberdashery Dept.

●

Model O1261 BR. This "Twilfit" Corselet is made in Pink "Swathelene" and is cleverly designed to mould the figure to graceful feminine lines without the aid of a single bone. Fastens at bust only with hooks and eyes. There is no elastic on hips. Bust sizes, 32-38 ins.

18/11

Illustrated Corset Catalogue No. 44 sent post free on request.

All the latest models can be seen and fitted at

D. H. EVANS
(D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd.),
Oxford St., London, W.1.

Manufacturers: Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd., Arundel Factory, Portsmouth.

In *the* Peace *of the* Quiet Hills

A Health Resort on the Rhine

THE fresh exhilarating air of the mountains . . . rich green forests, dark and mysterious . . . in the distance the shadowy silhouette of the Cathedral of Cologne . . . and the Rhine, like a ribbon of silver, winds its twisted way through all, until it is lost in the far-off blue haze.

Have you ever pictured to yourself a scene like this? Maybe you have as you retire tired and disconsolate from a heavy day's work at the office, or as you rest before the fire after a wearying round of household duties. It may seem to you then an idle day-dream, yet there is such a place; you will find it in the paradise of the seven hills (or the Siebengebirge), the spot forming the gate by which the old father Rhine enters the plains of the lower Rhine. Here, on one of the seven hills, the 334 metres high "Petersberg" or "Stromberg" as it was once called, is built the health resort "Kurhotel Petersberg."

The Marble Dining Room

A Double Bedroom

An hotel of the first class, equipped with every modern contrivance, the Kurhotel Petersberg comprises over one hundred and fifty bedrooms, with private bathrooms attached to the majority of them. Flowing water, fresh from mountain springs, is supplied to every bedroom.

The reception rooms are luxurious, and even the most jaded appetite will receive stimulation in the long verandah restaurant, which overlooks the beauties of the Rhine. The reading and writing rooms, drawing-room, as well as the conference rooms, afford every comfort, whilst the two model tennis courts offer solace to the tennis enthusiast.

And how to reach this hotel of the hills? There is the rack railway between Konigswinter and Petersberg, which starts from the Konigswinter Railway Station (a stopping place for fast and express trains). There is also a good motor road, completed in the autumn of 1926, exclusively for the motor traffic to and from the hotel, and many of the Rhine steamers call at Konigswinter.

The Entrance to the Kurhotel Petersberg

The Kurhotel Petersberg lives a social life of its own quite apart from the outer world. There is, for instance, the excellent house band which performs three times a day, and special entertainments are organised in rich variety; garden parties, firework displays, illuminations of the hotel and park with Bengal fire, song and dance evenings, and every Saturday evening a house ball.

Of the surrounding country there is so much to say . . . From the wooded heights of the Petersberg you can see the Rhine side of the Drachenfelds, round which so many legends have been woven, with its famous ruined castles—then there is the old University city, Bonn, with the lightly swung arch of its bridge—and the Rhine winding by castles, through forests, field and vineyard, picturesque villages and busy cities, forming the Drachenfelds three lakes as it were.

The Vestibule to the Hotel

"Can't We Be Friends?"

(*Continued from page* 43)

those years of marriage with that brute; Louise, with her sweet, soft, merry mouth, her lovely neck, her graceful turn of head, the laughter which she wore like a cloak over the tragedy her eyes sometimes showed—eyes that seemed to have looked into the Gorgon's face and gallantly stared her down.

Louise had refused to give up her child for her love. Now, all in one night, she had lost both child and love. The beautiful throat was bruised and twisted; the gay, soft mouth set stiff, and the eyes were afraid at last, frozen in death's horror, as though the Gorgon had waited and got her in the end.

Dorinda was horribly shaken, horribly upset. Her pity moved her to cry. But Louise had never meant much in her life and there was an agreeable, ghastly prestige in having known this latest talk of London.

The real jolt came two days later when Alec was arrested.

Alec's trial was to Dorinda like the dreams of drugging or of fever. She was as sure of his innocence as of her own. She knew beyond the sullying reach of doubt that he could never have done it. It wasn't in him, it wouldn't have been possible for him, to batter a woman to death. He must have left her at the time he said; someone else must have come and done the job. Her husband, perhaps, or her husband's lady friend, who had been as anxious as Alec that he should not be reconciled to his wife. But no one had seen Alec leave or anyone else arrive.

The time of death (so said the expert) must have been about half-past one or two. Alec was the last person who had seen her alive. He had dined with her. The servants had noticed that the two had seemed constrained at dinner, and had heard them having a violent altercation after in the drawing room. They had, however, been told not to sit up, and had duly gone to bed shortly after ten. It came out that Alec had been a very frequent visitor, and that lately he and the deceased had had terrible rows. Alec stated that he had left the house at ten past eleven. No one had seen him leave. He had gone straight home. No, there was no chance that his servants had heard him arrive. The married couple who looked after him had had leave to stay away that night with relations. The chauffeur-valet didn't sleep in. Alec had to admit the rows. He had thought she would marry him, and she had decided to stick to her home. They had had an eternal farewell a week before the date of the murder. Then he had determined to have one last try to make her change her mind.

The murdered woman and the accused man had both, unfortunately, kept quantities of each other's letters. These, produced in court, were very damaging. They must have been heavily in love, both of them, to have written so wildly, so foolishly and so much. Alec's letters were passionate, extravagant, rather charmingly inconsequent. They gave endless opportunities for being misread. They were full of gay ambiguities and sinister possible double meanings. The reckless strain in which he spoke of his jealousy and her husband meant very little to an intimate friend such as Louise or Dorinda—but, put before a court, they were fatal.

And he had no case at all. He could only say that he had left at ten past eleven and gone home. He had no one who could establish his alibi. No one had seen him leave. He had not taken a taxi; he had been unhappy and upset, and had walked all the way home to calm himself. He had not looked in at any bar or club. He had met no one. He had written no letters at home for the midnight post. He had not rung anyone up. His house, but for himself, had been empty. Of course, he hadn't meant everything in the letters. He always wrote nonsense. Louise had understood.

Slowly and surely everything went against him. Could anyone

(*Continued on page* 121)

WHEN someone reveals to you the rare dress-possibilities of "COURGETTE," you are soon off to the shops! Here is treasure indeed — a light-textured, light-hearted crêpe fabric that does not plead for caution. Naturally, with your various *ensembles* in mind, dainty colour concerns you strongly. So "COURGETTE" is produced in to-day's softest and most effective shades, to which the fine weave and dull surface give added beauty.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

Though enlivening the wardrobes they enter, frocks and dresses of "COURGETTE" need involve no "luxury" outlay—notice the price per yard, and remember it is a Courtauld Fabric.

36/37 inches wide. 4/11½d. PER YARD

"Courgette" (REGISTERED)

A COURTAULD FABRIC.

SOLD BY LEADING DRAPERS AND STORES.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write direct to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS *Ltd., (Dept.* 1), 16 *St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.*1

The New Coats for Autumn

The charm of individuality in dress is to be achieved quite inexpensively at Debenham & Freebody's

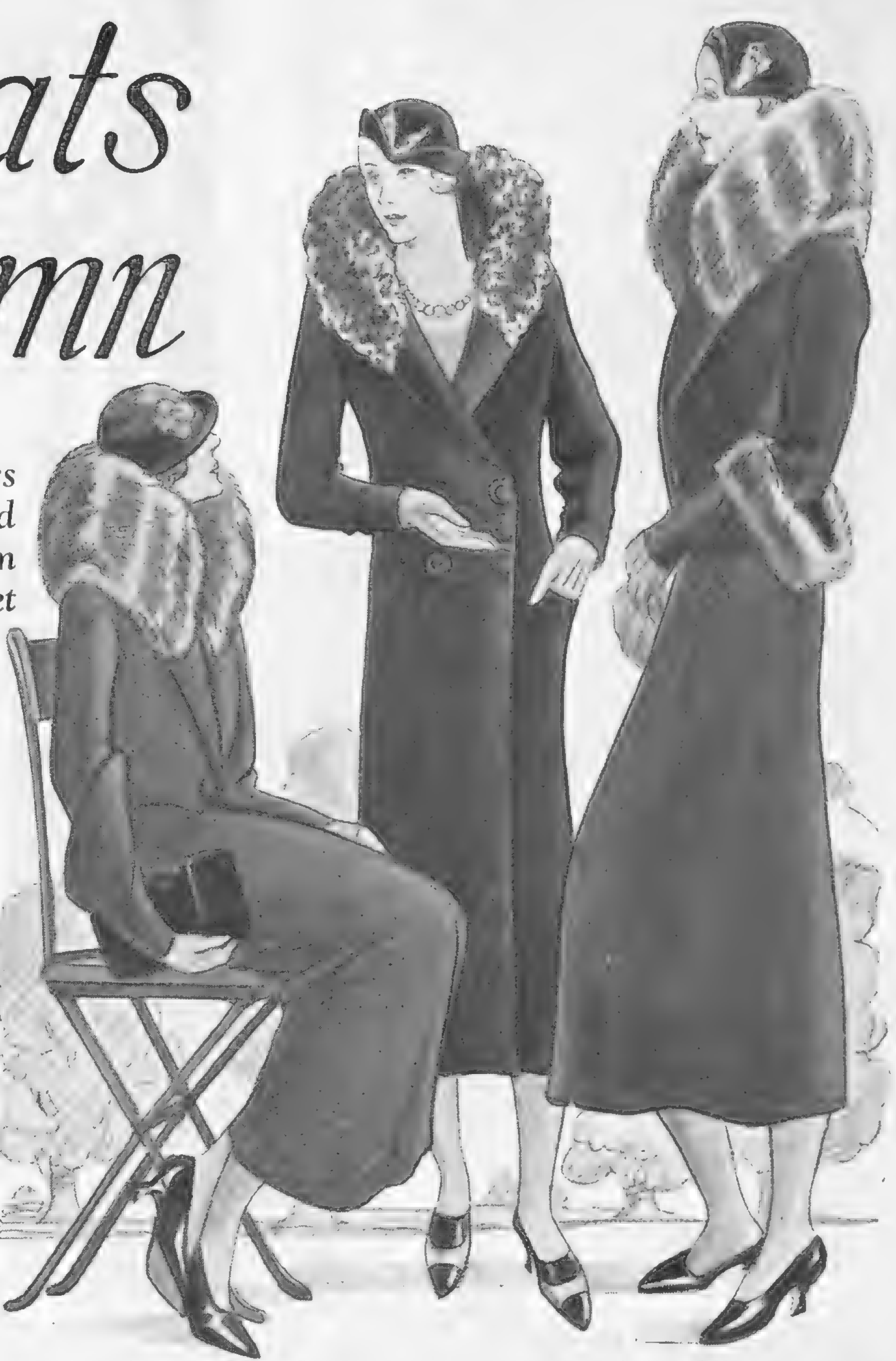
Being a few notes on exclusiveness in dress with economy—exemplified in the beautiful salons of Debenham and Freebody in Wigmore Street

THE FOREMOST HOUSE FOR FASHIONS FOR 140 YEARS.

IN every period of its long existence, the House of Debenham and Freebody has been the acknowledged leader in the ruling fashions of the day.

From the very first, by the fact of its resources and organisation, the House has enjoyed a high reputation for the exclusiveness and quality of its models: and no less for a definite moderateness in price that is also characteristic.

TO-DAY, when economy is the theme of all discussion, the House maintains this great reputation, offering indeed to its patrons that distinction and elegance in its models which is traditional, at prices which, on comparison are found to be a real economy.



Perfect tailoring gives a slimming effect to this ATTRACTIVE COAT made in SOFT MELTON CLOTH, it has novel cuffs and a large natural opossum collar; lined crepe de Chine. In good colours and three sizes. **10½ GNS.**

Smartness combined with practicability is the keynote of this AFTERNOON COAT of FINE QUALITY MELTON CLOTH, cut double-breasted fashion, it is trimmed with a collar of Persian lamb, lined throughout. In black, clerical grey, and good colours. **8½ GNS.**

NOVELTY CLOTH with a ribbed effect is used for this ATTRACTIVE TAILORED COAT, it is cleverly cut and slightly flared from the waist. The new cuffs and collar are of sable dyed squirrel, lined crepe de Chine. In black, nigger, navy, and green. Three sizes. **12½ GNS.**

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE ST

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Debenhams Ltd.

else have been so silly and indiscreet as Alec? And how could luck be so steadily hard? He had had no luck, his letter had told Dorinda, since he and she had said goodbye. It was too much, it was too horrible. She couldn't bear it. Of course, he could never have inflicted physical hurt upon a woman. He, the sentimental, the easily got-round, the generous, the kind. He who had even had twinges of repentance over stags and foxes. He, who once, when not feeling very well, had thought for two days of becoming a vegetarian! He who had been so sorry for Louise.

It had been bad enough to think of death and Louise. Yet she had been a tragic character. It was not wholly inappropriate. But death and Alec! That death should cut short a career so gay, so high spirited, so unpoetic, so decorative, so worthless, so of the world worldly! It was too incongruous. What was there of Alec that could survive death? He enjoyed life so. He was a character of sophisticated comedy. You couldn't think of him as being translated to a higher sphere, as being crowned and white and radiant, or as being glad to go. There wouldn't be any fun for Alec in a higher sphere. He did so love his horses, and his philandering. It was unbearable that he should have to die.

Dorinda remembered how all had at last gone well with her, and how the world had turned on him, and how she had loved him more than she had ever loved or could ever love again, even though she loved her Teddy now with all that was left of her heart. It was terribly strange and moving to think how happy she had once been for Alec's sake, how absurdly, infinitely happy. It was no less strange and moving to think how miserable she had been on his account. Incomprehensible that he had had power to make her suffer so when the engagement was broken off! She could not now recapture any reason for having minded like that. But she could vividly remember the horror of that atrocious word "Never." He would never be sweet to her, and she would never be his love again. And the word "Never" had piled itself up and up around and before her into a great black wall, shutting out everything and towering above her, threatening to fall and overwhelm and utterly blot her out. Yes, she owed him something still, since he had once mattered like that. She thought of herself putting on a new dance dress and dancing shoes for Alec. She thought of herself sitting in flowery meadows with Alec's head in her lap. So Dorinda gave her old love his alibi, and swore to the court that she had spent the night of Louise's murder with him at his house.

How chivalrous of Alec to have preferred execution to bringing dishonour on a woman's name. That, then, was why the servants had been sent to stay with relations. Perhaps that was why he had suddenly made one last despairing effort to win back Louise before committing himself to Dorinda. Certainly, his affairs seemed a little involved, but men will be men. At any rate Alec was acquitted.

HAGGARD for lack of sleep, Dorinda sat reading Alec's letter, forwarded on to her at the tiny country cottage where she had retired in secret to think.

"Darling, darling," it ran, "where have you hidden yourself, and when may I see you? My poor darling, you mustn't hide yourself from me, because we're going to be married as soon as possible. We do deserve some happiness, after all that, don't we? I awfully hoped at first that they'd get the swine who did in poor darling Louise. I was longing for him to swing for it. But now, I hope the swine will get off. That trial was awful. I don't want anything ghastly to happen any more to anyone at all.

"My beloved sweet, how could you do such a marvellous thing? Angel face, I wish it had been true! Please, please, let me come and tell you how wonderful you are, and don't keep me

(Contd. on page 122)

BY APPOINTMENT

The most popular dance number-"4711"

On every Dance Floor one famous Number remains in constant favour—"4711," this fascinating and genuine Eau de Cologne. When oppressive heat causes headache and indoor enjoyment becomes fatiguing, the cool, fresh odour of "4711" Eau de Cologne is invaluable. Applied lightly to the forehead, with maybe a spot or so behind the ears, or in the palms of the hands, this exhilarating fragrance restores vivacity, and creates a glorious feeling of personal well-being. "4711" Eau de Cologne is socially correct, acclaimed by those discriminating people who use the Vanishing Cream, Face Powder, Bath and Talcum Powders, Toilet and Bath Soaps, and Bath Salts which form part of a complete range of "4711" Beauty Aids, identified by the famous Blue and Gold Label.

"4711"
Eau de Cologne
In wicker covered bottles at 7/6, 14/-, 27/6 and 52/6.

In pear shaped bottle with nickel screw cap - - - 10/6

In other convenient sizes for every purpose and a wide range of prices including 2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 15/6 and 36/-

No. 4711.

Genuine Eau de Cologne
Blue & Gold Label

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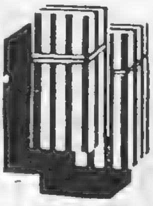

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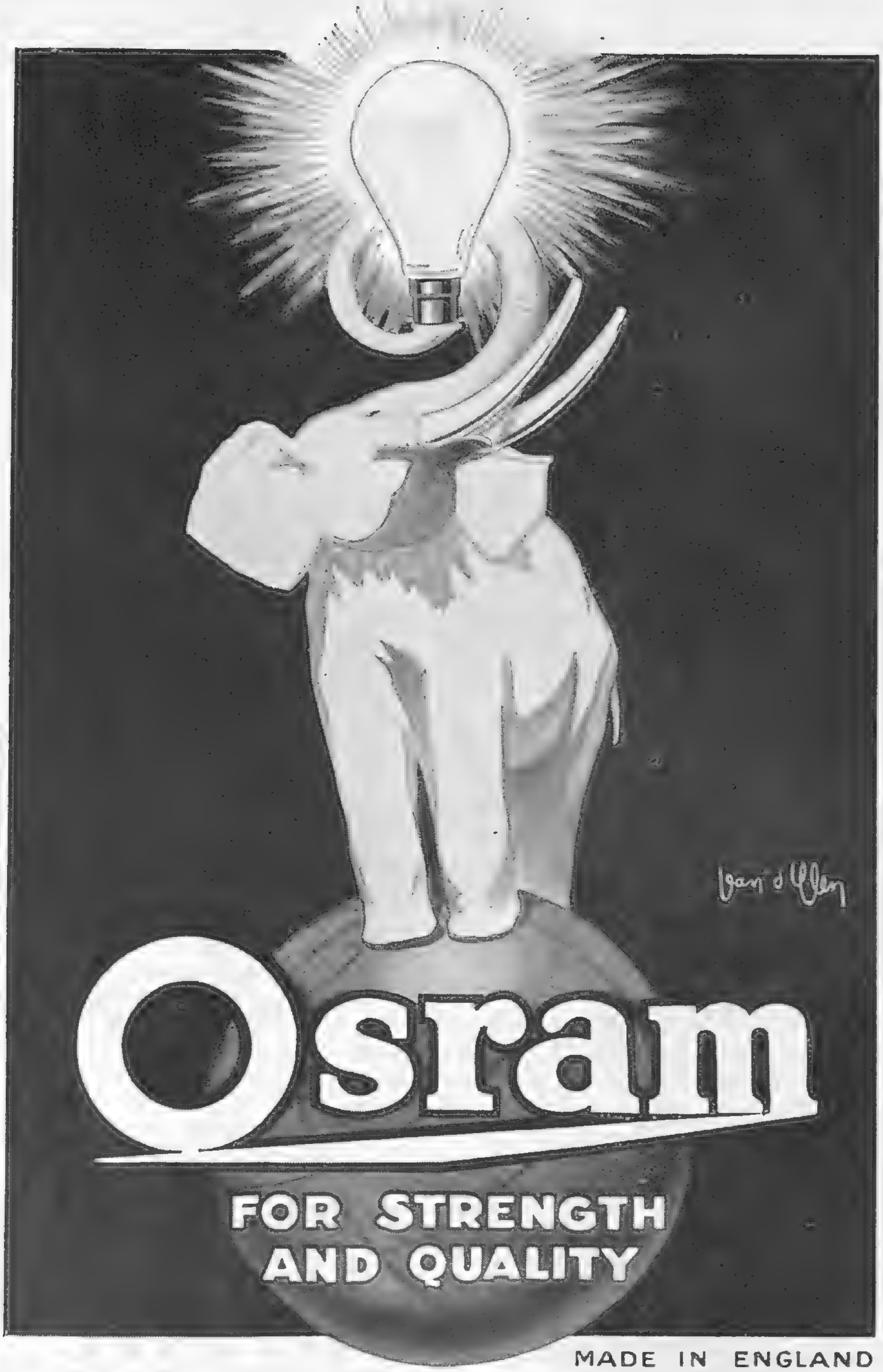

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waiting any more. And you do understand, don't you, how it was about poor darling Louise. It was all a mistake, I was so sorry for her, and of course she's awfully attractive—was, I mean, damn it—and I suddenly had a flare up of thinking I was in love with her. And it didn't last long, but I didn't want to let her down, and things were wearing awfully thin when she suddenly changed her mind about me. And that made me mad to get her back just out of perverseness. Only all the time at the back of my mind, at the back of my life, there was you. I never loved anybody else like I love you. Everyone else was quite different and generally merely an accident. So now you know everything, and I'd do anything in the world to please you, and make any sacrifice to show you how sorry I am I've ever made you cross. Darling, I've bought you a lovely horse and a perfectly sweet bracelet, and I'm *so* worried about you. *Please* let me come now. All my love for ever,

"Alec."

She could hardly even smile over this letter. The beginning of a miserable, incoherent reply, explaining that she couldn't marry anyone because she'd always love Teddy now, and couldn't bear to see anyone yet because she was so wretched at losing him, was all blotted with tears. For it was quite hopeless. Even if Alec saw him and explained, why should Teddy believe him, since Alec was bound anyway to tell any lie that could help her now? What difference would it make to him if he did believe the truth, since her reputation was so publicly blasted? What was to become of her? She who loved him so. It must have hurt him dreadfully; nobody's life was worth hurting Teddy. Perhaps she was mad not to marry Alec now, but somehow she couldn't think of it; she couldn't think of Alec at all; she could only think of Teddy.

"Dorinda," said a man's voice behind her.

And she saw him all blurred with little rainbows through the curtain of her tears.

"Teddy!" said Dorinda weakly.

He took her hand and kissed it; he stooped and kissed her hair. "Darling, I've had an awful lot of trouble finding you. Your maid wouldn't take a bribe, but in the end she gave you to me for nothing. She said you hadn't been very well and she thought I might be good medicine."

Hope ebbed and flowed in Dorinda's heart.

"Then have you—have you spoken to Alec?"

"No, I've had no time. I came here straight. I knew you didn't do it. I saw how it was. I thought it was marvellous of you. You didn't do it, did you?"

"Teddy, no."

"My blessed child, my poor love, when are you going to marry me?"

She was in his arms.

"Teddy, sweet, it's wonderful of you to have trusted me."

He said, "I'm conceited enough to think you loved me, you see."

Some hours later Dorinda, having destroyed her first draft, wrote an answer to Alec's letter. There was ever so slightly arrogant a smile on her lips as she composed. "Alec, dear," wrote Dorinda, "I'm awfully sorry and I'll never forget how sweet you've been to me, only, you see, Teddy and I love each other and he insists on my marrying him. But can't we be friends?"

END.

Ranee's
Character Delineations from Handwriting
Full particulars are on page 132.

Baked Jam Roll.

Baked Jam Roll — crisp,— delicious,— most nourishing,— is no more trouble to make than a milk pudding, if you use 'Atora,' the ready-shredded Suet.

Recipe for BAKED JAM ROLL.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in a greased tin. *Sufficient for 6 persons.*

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

Make it with —
Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good **BEEF SUET**

434

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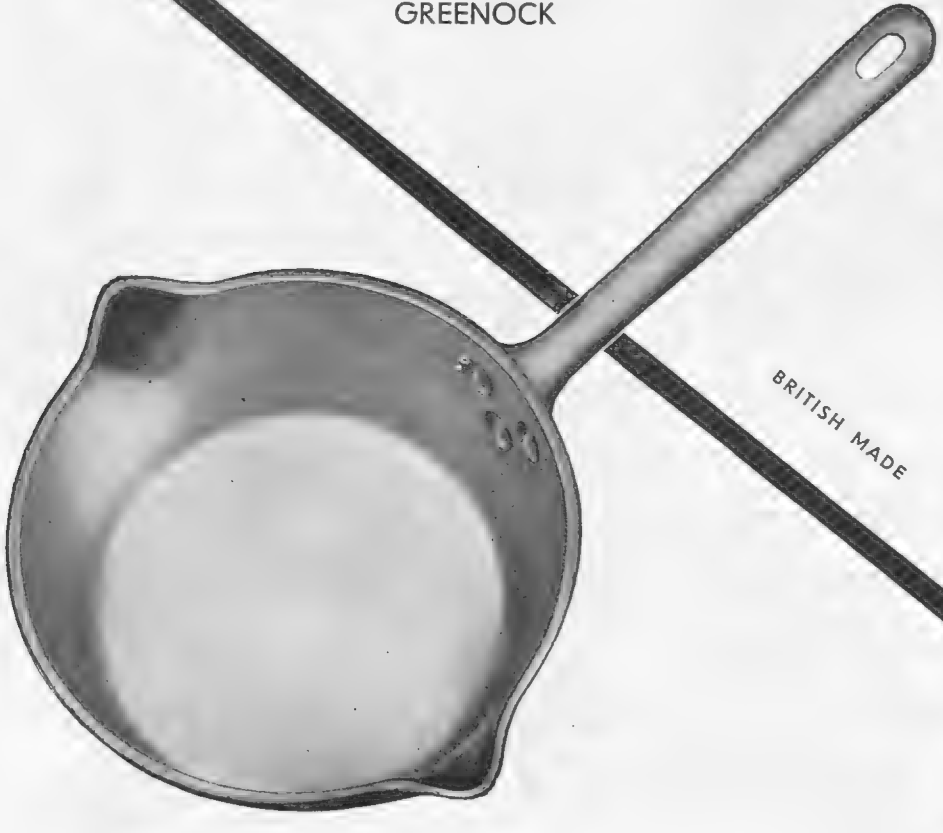

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The Assassination of Paul the First

(*Continued from page* 39)

and the young Grand Duke, and it was many months before the governor managed to win over the regard of the Tzarewitch to terms of something approaching friendship. Once he had Alexander on his side, Pahlen began to scheme for the removal of the mad Emperor.

History has been harsh in its judgment of Count Pahlen. That he was a traitor there is not the least doubt. He owed his great position and almost unbounded authority to the favour of the mad Emperor, who had kept him at St. Petersburg for more than four years. But his subsequent share in the conspiracy and assassination may also be excused on the ground that he was also a great patriot.

At first Pahlen worked for a simple abdication in favour of the Tzarewitch, the Grand Duke Alexander. But it was known that Alexander was averse to succeeding to the throne if his father still survived in a distant fortress. He also let it be known that he would be no party to murder.

The conspirators were in a dilemma. News of the plot against the throne had reached the ears of Paul, and the position of Pahlen became very difficult.

The governor of St. Petersburg was obliged to think out a plan not only to save himself but also to bring the conspiracy to a head.

THERE are various versions of what happened in those last fatal hours. One historian who is as reliable as most states that Pahlen sent the Emperor anonymously a list of all the men implicated in the plot. Naturally he was at once called to the presence, where he found the guards doubled and the Tzar tinkering about with all manner of trapdoors and sliding panels which he had had fixed in his apartments to make his escape if he was attacked. The wretched Emperor was alternately a raving lion and a puling child. He beseeched, he stormed. He walked about the room flashing a sword and uttering defiant threats at all men. Then he threw himself on the bed and wept with huge convulsive sobs. One moment he rushed at Pahlen with the glint of a madman in his eyes. The next moment he was grovelling on the ground asking pardon of this stern nobleman he had brought from Riga. It was one of the most dreadful interviews which had ever taken place in the unhallowed city of St. Petersburg. The Tzar ended it by ordering the arrest of all the conspirators, and then Pahlen seized his opportunity. He hinted that there were three other figures in this drama whose names he had not read in the anonymous letter. As governor of St. Petersburg and head of the secret police he had known of the existence of this plot, but had refrained from taking action because of the high position of certain of those implicated. The Tzar cried out loud and screamed questions at the impassive Pahlen. He knew exactly what the governor meant. The three high personages were the Empress Maria Feodorovna and his two sons, the Tzarewitch Alexander and the Grand Duke Constantine. They must be arrested. For the space of half an hour he raged about the room and eventually squeaked out "Go on. Arrest them, I say, arrest them!"

Pahlen must have smiled a little cynically at this order. It was the moment he had waited for throughout this long storm of abuse and madness. He asked for written instructions and the Emperor scratched his name to a document which the governor prepared. He then left the Emperor, who said, "How lucky I am to be served by such a faithful subject as you, my Pahlen!"

The Count from Riga immediately went to the dark room in which the conspirators had assembled. He was a master of dissemblance, and his first words declared that the Tzar knew everything and that each man was in danger of arrest. The Russians have ever been prone to a certain dull panic, and for a moment there was the greatest confusion. Finally a brighter and bolder spirit among the plotters suggested they could add to their numbers by enlisting the services of those officers who had been disgraced for trumpery reasons.

Any suggestion was better than none, and for a moment Pahlen was forgotten. Presently he spoke again and hinted that the Tzar also suspected his wife and two sons, and that perhaps they had even greater allies than the disgruntled officers.

After a little while order was restored and Pahlen, speaking with that same cold voice which always characterised him, calmly ordered a number of sleighs to be made ready and wait at the entrance of the various state prisons.

In the meanwhile Pahlen went back to the palace of St. Michael, in which the Tzar and his sons were living. He proceeded at once to the apartments of the Tzarewitch Alexander, and again adopted the aloof, reserved attitude which he had found so profitable in the last six months of intrigue.

Alexander was slightly alarmed and demanded to know why the governor of the city had waited on him at so late an hour. Pahlen then produced the document on which the Emperor had signed orders for the arrest of his two sons.

"I require your sword, Highness," said the count.

Almost mechanically the young prince unhitched his cavalry sabre from his side and laid it on the table.

At the same moment Pahlen sank to his knees and, grasping the hand of the prince, said in a voice of great emotion:

"You must help us to save our country. Your father is mad."

Prince Alexander was horrified and refused to answer. Pahlen continued to plead, finally becoming eloquent about the wrongs which Russia was suffering and the evils which must result from the continued reign of the mad Tzar. Alexander said he would never believe such things, and Pahlen, realising that the moment was desperate, added that in the morning the whole nobility would rise against the Tzar and demand the re-establishment of their powers and appointments. Alexander still remained obstinate. Pahlen suggested an abdication. Alexander scoffed. The Count from Riga then said that in such circumstances there would be an assassination. There could be no doubt of it. The Tzarewitch had all the superstition of the Russian Tzars and produced a crucifix. In one of the most theatrical moments of all time, he commanded Pahlen to kneel and swear by the sacred symbol that he would die in the defence of his father in the event of the life of the Tzar being threatened. Pahlen, who had a good deal of the hypocrite allied with the patriot in his veins, knelt like a good conspirator and said he would draw no sword against the Tzar of All the Russias.

Pahlen then left the palace and travelled to the various state and military prisons in St. Petersburg in a closed sleigh. By the end of his journey he had gathered together half a hundred disgruntled and outraged officers, who went to the sleighs mechanically thinking that their journey to Siberia had begun rather sooner than they had expected. They were forbidden to speak a word until they came to a courtyard, where a word from an officer bade them descend. Still thinking they were in captivity, they walked slowly after their guards and eventually came to a badly lighted room. There was a table on the far side, and presently a shrouded figure showed itself to be the Count Pahlen, governor of the city. He removed a cover from a pile of weapons on the table and commanded the astonished officers to arm themselves.

This strange procession then entered the main portion of the palace through the garden. In their ranks was General Beningsen, who led the way. When the sentry at the gates tried to stop them Beningsen showed his orders and was given a *laissez passer*. By dint of (*Continued on page* 126)

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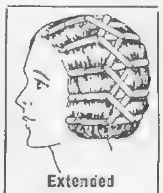

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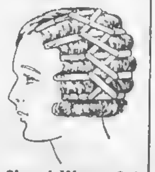

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much persuasion they came to the royal apartments, where they were told the Emperor was asleep. There was a solitary hussar on duty and he was at once suspicious. He drew a sword but before he had a chance to use it he was shot down by one of the conspirators.

The noise of the shot awakened the Emperor, who had been sleeping very badly as if conscious of the dreadful fate that was approaching. He staggered to the door clad only in his stockings and nightshirt, and was immediately surrounded by a crowd of young and furious officers.

He shrieked at their presence, but a quiet voice informed him that he was in no danger. He had but to surrender and abdicate and all would be well.

At this moment he had a recurrence of the madness which had made his reign such a scar on the history of Russia. He swore the most violent oaths known to the Russian language that he would never resign his claims to the throne of his fathers, and that the conspirators might do their worst.

"I would rather die than live under such conditions," he spluttered.

Some one struck him, and the Tzar of All the Russias fell to the floor. He looked up with agonising eyes and asked what wrong he had done.

"You have been a tyrant for years," said some one in the crowd.

The Emperor snarled.

Again he was struck—this time with the flat of a sword.

"You have reduced your nobles to slaves," said another.

The Emperor snarled again.

This time some one pricked him with the point of a dagger and the prostrate sovereign was heard to groan.

"Give me time to pray. God, give me time to pray!"

He grovelled on the deep fur rugs which covered the floor.

But by this time the patience of the conspirators was exhausted. One of them, for ever unknown, seized a sash and wound it round the neck of the mad Emperor. He was heard to groan and mutter. Then the death rattle uttered its last dreadful sound and the Tzar Paul I was no more.

Alexander came to the throne immediately, yet the conspirators did not profit greatly by their service to Holy Russia. Most of them were sent to obscure commands in Siberia, and Pahlen himself deemed it politic to return to Riga, where he died in comparative neglect. END

Good Men Don't Understand Women

(Continued from page 21)

"No," she answered.

"Then you must not do this."

"They shut her out. Did you see?"

"People will talk, my dear lady. It isn't fair to your husband."

One of the churchwardens' wives, a bustling matron, came waddling out to the doctor.

"Is she ill?"

"Faint," said the doctor. "You go back, Mrs. Blair. I'll look after this little lady."

"You've *got* to go back, you know."

"I'm not going back."

They looked at each other. Something in her eyes stopped any further expostulation on the doctor's part.

"Very well," said the doctor. "I'll tell everybody you felt faint and were forced to go home. You'd better go now. I will make it all right. I will go back in a minute or two."

She found Elsie beside the kitchen fire, face downwards on the floor. She raised her gently.

"It's all right, child. We'll see this lunch through and then we'll go away together. Go upstairs quietly and pack your box. We'll catch the 3.35 to London."

"Where to, mum?"

She said slowly, wondering a little at the strange sense of peace it brought her:

"I have a friend there. It will be all right. Don't worry."

"I COULDN'T stick it, Andrew. It wasn't real."

"I see. Are you going to stay?"

"For a little while if I may. I brought my maid. She couldn't stick it either."

"All right. She can have Smith's room. Smith is away on holiday. Do you want me to go away, Fannie, or can I stay?"

"Oh, stay. It doesn't make any difference. I don't want to interfere with any of your arrangements. Aren't you going to ask me any questions?"

"No, I don't think it is necessary. You are here again and that is all that matters, and I have found out it matters more than anything else in the whole wide world that you should be here. I shan't worry you. Go back to that place in Dover Street tomorrow and get your hair in order. I hate it like that."

"It should be marvellous when it is waved again. It has had practically two years without a hat or a wave."

"I should get a permanent whilst you are at it."

"Don't you want to know anything, Andrew?"

"No, except that you are here. I have a full week. I shan't worry you. If you want tickets for the theatre ring up Keith Prowse—same old place—and book them in my name. Clement is still here and will take your orders, and can be relied on to be as discreet as ever. Have your old room."

"Oh, Andrew, it is like heaven to be here again."

He went very white. He looked suddenly old, bleak.

"Thank you," he said, "for that."

She took Elsie to matinées. Elsie had never been to London before. She took her to the Tower. She took her to Westminster Abbey, to St. Paul's and Madame Tussaud's. They lived the sequestered life of provincials staying at an hotel.

They rarely saw Andrew, but she was increasingly aware of him. He did not entertain at all at the flat. Any engagements he had he cancelled and entertained his guests out.

They had the place to themselves.

He said once:

"Are you going back?"

"I couldn't. It wasn't real," she replied.

"I didn't think it was. I only hoped you would never find out it wasn't real."

"Good men don't understand women, Andrew. I've got a right to think it out."

"Think on, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

It was very peaceful there. It was as strangely peaceful as it had been in an hotel garden and then in a country vicarage, but this peace had a fundamental groundwork. It was not built on hope or illusion but on knowledge.

One evening Elsie came to her. She was white and her eyes were blazing with self-righteousness.

Fannie looked up idly. She was manicuring her carefully cared-for nails.

She was a little surprised at the girl's unceremonious entry into her room.

She said, without reproof,

"What is it, Elsie?"

"Mrs. Clement is out to-day, mum."

"Yes, I know. What of it. Has someone called. Is there anything to be paid?"

"No. I didn't know you were in."

"I let myself in about an hour ago."

"Mrs. Watchett was here."

"Oh, no! Old Watchett? Why she was cook here three years ago, and then she was ill and Mr. Grotian pensioned her off."

"Yes, mum, so she told me. She came to see Mrs. Clement, but she was out, so I gave her some tea."

"That was right, Elsie. Of course, she is old Clement's cousin or something. I forget what."

"Yes, mum. And she told me what you was to Mr. Grotian before you married the vicar and what he was to you."

"Well, I don't think that was necessary, but still . . ."

"Well, mum, I wouldn't stay another minute under the same roof."

Fannie looked up. Her lovely little face had a queer expression. It was a queer expression of release.

"I see, Elsie. So that's how you feel. Well, what are you going to do ? "

"I am going back home. I am going back to mother. It's made up my mind for me, mum, I can tell you that! The vicar was quite right. I'm going to marry Pike and let him make a decent woman of me."

Fannie said queerly,

"Because of me, Elsie ? "

"Well, yes, mum, in a manner of speaking."

"I see! Elsie, I see!"

ANDREW GROTIAN came in. She sat over the autumn fire and the room was vivid with gladioli and chrysanthemums. It blazed with flowers.

Andrew Grotian came and knelt down by her chair. He was fifty and he was a little tired, but still very handsome.

"Been worrying, Fannie ? "

"Yes, of course."

"But not too unhappy ? "

"Not very happy, Andrew."

"No, of course not. It has been difficult." He paused a minute. "Elsie was married last week. She married that fellow called Pike. Your husband told me to tell you that. He seemed very triumphant about it. I don't quite know why."

"I do, Andrew."

"He'll give you your divorce, but on one condition."

"What is that ? "

"That you marry me, honey ? No other. I don't think it need make any difference. I've always loved you. I don't think marriage can upset that. I used to think it would, inevitably, but you get used to things. You get used to the idea of marriage. I don't think marriage will alter the fact that we laugh suddenly at the same things, and we like going to the same places, eating the same kind of things. That we like the unexpected, and we don't believe in much. Don't let marriage put you off."

She trailed her fingers down his face.

"Aren't you funny ? " she said in an odd, broken little voice. "Aren't you an old funny ? "

"You've got to be broad-minded Fannie, about marriage both ways. You've got to accept it broad-mindedly as well as reject it. I told him you'd marry me. That it wouldn't make much difference to us now either way. He didn't seem to understand at all." He laughed lightly. "I shouldn't call him at all an understanding kind of fellow."

She lent her head against his, crying helplessly.

"Will you take me to New York again ? Will you take me to Vienna ? Shall we go to Brussels ? Shall we go where people are just nations and not really people ? "

"We'll go anywhere you like, honey, You've only to say the word." She lent a little closer to him, crying a little more stormily.

"I want to get among people and forget persons. I want to get out in the world and forget places. Did Lawrence seem terribly upset ? "

"No, he had seen the bishop. The bishop had been most uplifting. The bishop thinks he should get away from there. There is another much better living."

"And Elsie ? "

"Oh, Elsie," said Andrew Grotian, "she went back to the vicarage when she left here and worked for the vicar until she married. She is still obliging him till he gets a new living. Now I come to think of it, it was she who brought me tea."

END

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WHAT IT IS

It is called *Rouge Incarnat* and is probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

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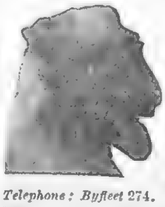

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Queen Victoria's Love Story

(*Continued from page* 9)

and she wanted to be quite certain that Albert knew "that there is *no engagement* between us."

IN the autumn of 1839 Albert came to England again, this time to Windsor. He also had no wish to marry, but the ambitions of his family had driven him away from his private wishes. He hated the indignity of being left in doubt and of being brought to England to be surveyed and judged again.

Prince Albert arrived at Windsor in the evening, and the young Queen went to the top of the staircase to meet him. Her doubts weakened again. She wrote: "It was with some emotion that I beheld Albert, who is beautiful." Next day they rode through the Windsor forest, talking, Albert listening to the story of the old Saxon kings who had hunted here. But many days passed before they spoke of any but impersonal things.

On the fourteenth of October the Queen sent a messenger to the Prince. Prince Albert had been hunting in the morning, and when he returned about half-past twelve o'clock the Queen sent for him. He went to her closet, where she was alone. After a few minutes she said to him that she thought he "must be aware why I wanted him to come and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished (namely, to marry me)."

Then the doubt disappeared completely. She was in love again. "There was no hesitation on his part, but the offer was received with the greatest demonstration of kindness and affection." She thought him "perfection in every way, in beauty, in everything."

"I love him more than I can say. . . . These last few days have passed like a dream to me . . ." she wrote to her uncle.

Still Albert's record of the occasion was cold. "Victoria is so good and kind to me," he wrote. "I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown to me."

But still he wrote nothing of his own feelings. They danced and they rode together, and then Albert went back to the little Duchy of Coburg, where he had always lived as a child.

The Queen was in an ecstasy. "I do so adore dear Albert! He is quite an angel," she wrote. But Albert himself wrote no more than this: "My future position will have its dark sides and the sky will not always be blue and unclouded. . . . My future lot is high and brilliant, but also plentifully strewn with thorns."

THE Queen and Prince Albert were married in February of 1840. In the early morning the Queen rose to write Albert a little note, folded in billet form, which was taken to him by hand. It ended "Send one word when you, my most dear beloved bridegroom, will be ready." She signed it "Thy ever-faithful Victoria R." At almost four o'clock in the afternoon their carriage set out for Windsor. She must have looked very pretty in her white satin pelisse, trimmed with swansdown, with a white satin bonnet and feathers. Albert was in "a plain dark travelling dress."

The rain had been falling in the morning, but towards evening, when they arrived, "the sun shot forth its beams, and the bells, as if awakened from slumber, burst out in joyous chimes." They were going by an old and noble road. From days as far away as that of the Norman Conqueror the kings had come this way to Windsor Castle. By when the Queen and Prince came to the town, night had fallen, and the walls of the houses in Windsor "glowed with crowns, stars, and all the brilliant devices which gas and oil could supply." As their carriage turned they came to the Castle and they passed in under the gate where the mutilated body of Charles the First had been carried almost two hundred years before.

The great doors of the Castle closed, and the Queen wrote in her diary: " I and Albert, alone."

THEY were up and walking on the terrace very early next morning. " Strange that a bridal night should be so short," wrote Greville. Victoria's happiness was complete. She wrote to her uncle: " He is an angel. . . . To look in those dear eyes, and that dear sunny face, is enough to make me adore him."

But Albert wrote no letters, and the Duchess of Bedford, who was with them, wrote that while it was obvious that the Queen was " excessively in love " with Albert, he was " not a bit with her." He gave the impression " of not being happy."

And thus it was that they set out to rule England together. The story of their political struggles and their public anxieties belongs to the history books. But behind this common experience of government they came to understand each other slowly. The Queen had learned how to be a rebel in the two years of her freedom. She had dismissed her mother and she had become angry with the Duke of Wellington. She had rapped Peel across the knuckles, and she had even put aside her Uncle Leopold, " as one does a piece of furniture," in her desire for lonely power. She had written in her journal, before marrying Albert: " I thought it was ten to one that I should not agree with anybody . . . I have always had my own way. . . . Suppose he should endeavour to thwart me and oppose me in what I like, what a dreadful thing it would be." Greville, who wrote this, added that the best thing for her would be if Albert had some " firmness and resolution, and should show it, for her guidance and restraint."

And this was the duty thrust upon Albert, in these first few years when England heaped distrust upon him, never realising that he was working with almost saintly unselfishness for the good of the country and for the development of the Queen's character. She neglected him, she excluded him from the conferences with her Ministers, and she treated him as a lover, but not as a master. " I am only the husband and not the master in the house," he wrote to a friend in Germany.

Albert was a Prince of discipline and restraint. He worked quietly, always to increase her power and never to draw the limelight to himself. Morning after morning they sat at their desks, side by side, and slowly Albert's wisdom overwhelmed her. He had brought quiet, sound knowledge from Coburg, and this was what she had lacked in her education. But many months were to pass before Albert wrote to his brother, telling him that " Everything is going on so much better since I have been here." His uncle had said that Victoria had changed " much to her advantage." He taught her to respect people whose opinions were different from her own. The Duke of Wellington, whom she had described as a " rebel," was asked to Buckingham Palace and " treated with the greatest civility by the Queen." " There is something like sunshine in the Palace now," wrote Greville.

There was something almost feminine in the way Albert achieved and enjoyed his victories. He had no vanity, so he was content to sit back and see the Queen praised, providing he knew in his heart that he had gained his own ends. With the increase of his power and the spreading of his interests, he came to understand the Queen. She relied upon him more and more, and, if unrestrained love never came to him, there grew up a quiet affection which was a suitable and graceful complement for her more extravagant and spontaneous nature.

He wrote to his brother, a year after they had been married, that they were " a couple joined in love and unanimity. Now Victoria is also ready to give (*Continued on page* 130.)

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The popular belief that "a cold will run its course whatever you do" has been responsible for very many avoidable deaths from Influenza, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, etc.

Always have "Vapex" in your home. Be ready for the first slight symptoms of an oncoming cold—the warmth of the palms, the "rustiness" of the throat, the hot head, the "below par" feeling. Used at that early stage "Vapex" acts like magic, gently stimulating the respiratory system to increased resistance. Your cold will soon be a thing of the past.

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up something for my sake, I everything for her sake."

It was not until they had been married for almost five years that they went to his childhood home together. The Rosenau was just as it always was in the summer, with its harvesters in blue blouses, its pots of petunias, and the chicory flowers shining among the grass. "My Albert's birthplace," the Queen wrote in her diary. "The place he most loves." It was "like a beautiful dream." They celebrated Albert's birthday at the Rosenau. She walked about the rooms with him, looking out of the miniature windows, seeing the holes in the wallpaper he had made when he was a little boy learning to fence. She was able to rest her hands on the table upon which Albert had been lifted to be dressed when he was a baby.

In this little German castle their happiness was complete. In the afternoon they walked alone by the stream in the forest. The farm wagons were moving up the hill and the blackbirds were swooping down among the rich corn. The pine trees sheltered them as they walked. Once they came to a pool which Albert had known when he was a child. He made a drinking cup for her out of his hands, because the water was cool. A peasant woman came along the path and saw them. She said "Guten Abend." The Queen answered her and gave her some money. "She shook my hand for it," wrote the Queen. "I don't think she the least knew who I was."

END

Home-Made Wines

(*Continued from page* 82)

4-6 months, then bottle. If the wine is cloudy with stirring, ¼ oz. isinglass may be dissolved and added after fermentation ceases.

Sloe Gin

INGREDIENTS.—1 *bottle gin, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, almonds, sloes.*

METHOD.—Divide the gin into two bottles, then half fill each bottle with picked sloes. Add the sugar and the almonds blanched and shredded. Shake well until the sugar dissolves, and leave for about ten days, shaking at intervals. Put aside in a cool place for three months, then strain through muslin, re-bottle and store for use.

Cider

The method of making cider depends on the district in which one lives. The simplest method is this:—

Gather mature apples and leave them in an attic to mellow. Extract the juice by pulping or rolling—a proper mill is really more satisfactory for this purpose. Put the juice in a tub and keep it in a warm atmosphere for a week. The clear liquid is then drawn off into a cask, bunged tightly and stored in a cool cellar. If wished, 1 lb. honey and 1 oz. tartar may be added to every gallon of juice, while a pint of rum and an ounce of mixed spices added after fermentation ceases are a great improvement.

Protect Your Home

WHETHER it be a cottage or a castle, a mud-hut or a mansion, a home is man's most cherished possession—a possession which, if the need arises, he would risk his life to protect. It has been so ever since the beginning of things and will continue so, I suppose, to the end of civilisation.

Yet, the very same man who would sacrifice all is possibly guilty to-day of overlooking the first steps that will help him to safeguard his home and possessions from the common everyday dangers.

Going on the theory that "familiarity breeds contempt," perhaps it is because the words "insurance" and "policies" have become so much part and parcel of our daily lives that we do not value fully the advantages that we are offered by the modern world of insurance.

Let me give you an example of a case I heard recently.

Three years ago Mr. A built and furnished a small house in one of the outer suburbs of London. No one could have been more proud of his home than Mr. A, and no one could have planned it with more care and forethought. Nothing was forgotten. He took out a fire and burglary policy, and that was the end of the matter so far as he was concerned. A few months afterwards a large, overflowing tank caused a considerable amount of damage to both furniture and structure, and Mr. A was soon involved in a large expenditure for repairs. Had he but gone into the question of insurance thoroughly and in a businesslike manner he would have learnt that it is possible to take out a comprehensive policy which protects the house-owner from almost every conceivable risk.

By means of a small outlay you can have the most complete householder's insurance imaginable. In addition to the more usual fire policy you are protected against legal liabilities incurred by you as a householder, such as accidents to servants who are in your employ and liability to the public for personal injury or damage to property through some defect in the building or while on the premises.

Other important risks covered are theft damage by storm and flood, breaking of mirrors, bursting or overflowing of pipes, damage caused by the impact of road vehicles or cattle, and—a risk which is daily becoming more acute—damage to your property by aircraft or from articles dropped therefrom.

The importance of the inclusion of this latter clause in up-to-date insurance policies has been quite frequently demonstrated of late, when unsuspecting householders have been surprised by the unexpected arrival of an aeroplane in their garden.

Another risk which I have previously mentioned that is growing in importance is that of damage to one's home or outdoor possessions by road vehicles. A case in point occurred not long ago, when a lorry ran into a house and caused enormous damage.

One interesting contingency that is covered by this comprehensive policy is "loss of rent in respect to the insured's private dwelling house, and reasonable additional expense incurred by him at an hotel, lodging house or boarding house in consequence of the said private dwelling-house being so damaged by any of the perils previously mentioned so as to be rendered uninhabitable. . . ."

The advantages of this clause would in certain circumstances be invaluable.

Then again, compensation in the event of fatal injury occurring to oneself in one's house, occasioned by burglars or fire, is also a feature of the policy.

There are, of course, many other contingencies which are covered but which are too numerous to elaborate here. But full particulars and all possible assistance will be sent from the Norwich Union Insurance Company upon request.

Remember, where insurance is concerned there is no time like the present, for to-morrow may be too late.

Every practical-minded man and woman will admit that it is a sane precaution on the part of the householder to protect, at a small outlay, the home which has probably cost hundreds of pounds and many years' hard work to acquire.

Protect EVERYTHING in your home

with **ONE** *Insurance policy*

DID you know that for 5/- premium per £100 value you can insure everything in your home against Fire, Burglary, Larceny, Lightning, Damage by water, etc.?

The Norwich Union Householder's Comprehensive Policy is created especially for Householders, and it enables them for a small sum to safeguard all those cherished possessions which go to make a HOME.

Many additional benefits are included without extra charge, such as accidents to Servants Loss of Rent, etc. If you own your house, that too can be insured in the same policy against Fire, Lightning, Storm, etc., for a very moderate extra premium.

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ONE RENEWAL

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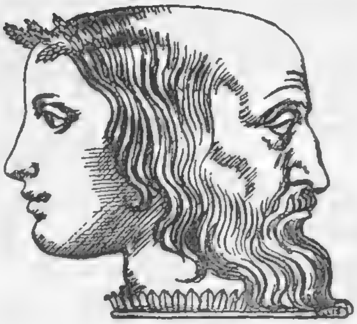

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The John Hassall Correspondence Art School,
Dept. H9/1, ST. ALBANS.

Our Literary *Competition* Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post October 16th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse in eight lines on the necessity of using "make-up."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—October 16

HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post October 30th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best prose transcription of Keats' *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—October 30

Results of 110th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," Catherine Lawrence, Trixie Ford, J. H. G. Gibbs, "N. M. B.," S. Christine Straker, Ruth Dobson, "Hannah May," "Melisande," May Belben, H. Broadberry Seaman, E. Raworth, Marjorie Crosbie, B. Gibbs, "J. A. S.," Lettie Cole.

"WRITING A LYRIC."

The gold is there for all to take—
Sea and river and silent lake,
  Whispering heather,
  Wind and weather,
World in slumber and world awake;
Life in bud and life in flower,
Apple of Eden (sweet or sour),
  Rue and roses
  That Love discloses,
Sunlit dawn, or cypress-hour;

Ecstasy of a lark in June,
Feet that dance to a lilting tune,
  Or (music stranger)
  The voice of danger,
Menace veiled in a misty rune—

Torn from the place where they belong,
Poet, you work these marvels wrong,
  If you lack the burning
  Torch for turning
The many-coloured spate to a song!
GERTRUDE PITT.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the six best titles for short stories.

Awarded to Doreen M. Hamby.

Hon. Mention: E. Stone, Katie Gandy, Ena D. Reynolds, "J. A. B.," Annie M. Waters, H. M. Hancock, Gordon H. Morris, May W. Harrison, Doris Seth-Smith, J. H. G. Gibbs, Marjorie Crosbie, B. Gibbs, S. C. Straker, "N. M. B.," Marjorie Daniels, May Belben, M. Callender-Rule, B. Porter, Violet Ralph.

TITLES FOR SHORT STORIES.

1. Interlude.
2. Cross-roads.
3. Then the door closed.
4. Star Music.
5. The Open Book.
6. June Magic.

DOREEN M. HAMBY.

Results of 111th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to K. Gandy.

Hon. Mention: Marjorie Crosbie, H. Broadberry Seaman, F. A. Edinborough, "J. A. B.," "Pom," May W. Harrison, M. Elton Young, Ruth Dobson, May Belben, M. Asher, Lettie Cole, M. A. Jacob, Margaret Marshall, Vera Manners, J. H. G. Gibbs, "A. R."

WINTER SCENE.

Deborah's in the kitchen, bakin' pies;
On a rug by the hearth, Tib the tabby-cat lies;
The firelight twinkles in her grave green eyes.

All covered with windmills, in a Dutch design,
Stand the plates on the dresser in a stiff blue line;
There were twelve of them once, but they're now only nine.

There's a cupboard in the corner, where Deb keeps rice,
And raisins and candy-peel, and cinnamon, and spice;
Deb always locks it carefully, she *says* in case of mice.

The clock ticks quietly and old Tib looks wise;
A pot simmers softly, and an hour soon flies
Whilst Deb stands at her pastry board, bakin' pies.
K. GANDY.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best triolet on any aspect of sea bathing.

Awarded to F. Peel.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, S. C. Straker, M. Harrison, Murielle Scott Morris, B. Paul, B. Gibbs, H. M. Rhodes, "Pom," "C. A. P.," "J. A. B."

A TRIOLET.

When Phyllis bathes, we well may guess
  What most affords her real delight:
'Tis not the Ocean's cold caress
When Phyllis bathes,—we well may guess.
Her artful gait, her subtle dress
  Combine to weave a witching sight—
When Phyllis bathes: we well may guess
  What most affords her real delight.
F. PEEL.

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* **Handwriting**

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve" 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

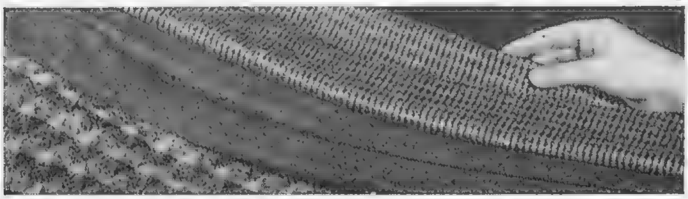
In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

ISOBEL USES

THE PURE WOOL FABRIC POSSESSING QUALITIES QUITE ITS OWN

JASKA

You will appreciate why discerning moderns are choosing Jaska for autumn wear. Although fully shrunk it is beautifully soft in texture like the most expensive Kashmir. As trim as a woven cloth, it has the serviceable qualities of a knitted fabric. Jaska is a British achievement.



The Lovable Fragrance

Complexions that keep the first fair bloom of Youth —

The Yardley Way —

offers a simple, effective and complete Beauty treatment which will safeguard your complexion and bring new freshness to your skin.

The modern Woman whose day is filled with social engagements and daily duties has no time for elaborate beauty ritual. Nor any need. Simplicity should be the keynote of her cosmetic rites, and can be, now that the wonderful new **Yardley Complexion Cream** is available—a cleansing cream, a beauty cream and a powder foundation all in one.

One Soap — One Cream — One Powder each the best of its kind, hold the secret of the loveliness of a fair complexion.

Yardley Lavender Soap, known as the LUXURY SOAP OF THE WORLD, will remove the dust and grime from the surface of the skin. It is so gentle and soothing, so fragrant that it may be used as often during the day as you like. But more than surface washing is needed to penetrate the pores and free them from all disfiguring impurities.

Yardley English Complexion Cream completes the cleansing by sinking into the pores of the skin and clearing out the tiny specks of dirt embedded beneath its surface. But it will do more than this: it is a skin food and a powder foundation as well. Use it again at night and let it remain on. While you sleep it is rebuilding the relaxed tissues and refining and beautifying your skin. Use it again in the morning as a base for **Yardley Lavender Complexion Powder** . . . a filmy powder, light as chiffon.

This Sensible Daily Care of the complexion fully and completely suffices and will bring a new and lasting freshness to your skin, refine its tint and texture and preserve its fine quality against the unkind years.

Soap
33 Old Bond Street London
Established 1770

Here in these three Yardley preparations you have the entire secret of skin beauty. Lavender Complexion Powder (Seven tints 1/9). Compact 2/-. English Complexion Cream 3/-. Lavender Soap 2/6 box of three tablets. Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

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The Children's

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

No Age Limit

Patrons:
H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

Money Prizes

Little Sheila Apted spares a second for the camera. Usually she does the "snapping" herself

S. MacLeod with two very contented members of the Salon Pets' Club

Saloners' Portrait Gallery

NEWS of the MONTH

EVERY one has now, I hope, carefully investigated and duly digested the rules and regulations concerning the 41st Annual Competitions, which were published last month. Rather a formidable-sounding sentence that, in connection with such a jolly function as Our Day. But what I want to emphasise is that, behind all the excitement and interest of entering, there are certain little formalities—very simple ones—to be complied with, clearly explained in the notice published, and which, if read carefully, will save a great deal of unnecessary correspondence. Already applications for forms are coming in, so if you have not yet written for one, my advice is do so as soon as possible, to prevent any chance of finding, later, that a section is full up.

* * *

G. ANTHONY HERN, A.C.S. 1407, not yet fifteen, as his Associate initials indicate, has recently matriculated, and was the youngest boy in his school to do so. Well done, Anthony!

* * *

AS they were all under ten, I took and fetched the last party of little Cinderellas who went to Littlehampton under the auspices of the Salon Holiday Fund. We began by being rather shy of one another, but soon discovered that, like the rest of the world, we were, really, quite talkative, and before long it was insisted upon that I should inspect the lovely new clothes that Fairy Godmothers had so kindly provided for everybody. One pale blue silk frock for Sundays aroused tremendous envy in us all, and was brought out of its hiding place *twice*! In fact, I only just succeeded in getting the last suitcase firmly fastened again, with all its riches safely rescued from the floor of the carriage, before we steamed into Littlehampton . . . I am most grateful, and so are the Cinderellas, for the very substantial help—in most cases Fairy Godmothers supplied the whole of their "godchild's" expenses—received from Betty Metchim, Mr. and Mrs. Champion, Hermione Vivian, Mary Roberts, Christina Collinge, Violet McNeill Hamilton, Doris Birchall, Beatrice Mackay, Mrs. Kellett, Lady Dunbar, Jean Dewar and her Great Massingham Company of Girl Guides, Beryl Mitchell, Elizabeth Lambton and Peggy Dean.

Squares for the Community Quilt arrive by every post, and it is an exciting job opening the parcels to see how different people have interpreted the broderie Anglaise design. Our heartiest thanks are due to all those who so kindly lent a hand. I hope to publish a picture of the Quilt and names of workers in the December issue.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, July 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendolen E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 3843. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; Madge Turnbull, G.C.S. 5847.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841. Hon. Mention: Sylvia Corbridge, G.C.S. 4503; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

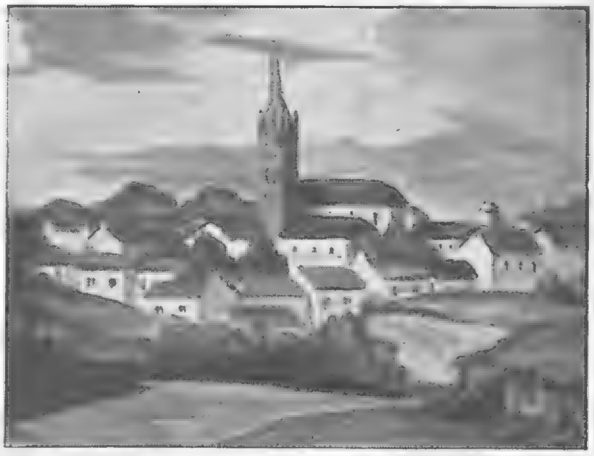
Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Kathleen Bell, G.C.S. 5754; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4578.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189, and John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065. Hon. Mention: Mary Nourse, M.C.S. 2962; Patricia Hepburn, M.C.S. 3261.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Helen Dixon, M.C.S. 3254, and Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042. Hon. Mention: Diana Wilton, M.C.S. 3192; Winifred K. Mitchell, M.C.S. 2867.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Awarded to Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166.



Dolly Davies, who competes regularly from the south of France, takes an hon. mention for this interesting 'landscape study'

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Moyra Fraser, A.C.S. 1336.

Literature Competition.—How I Would Spend £2 on Books. Prize 5s. Awarded to Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433. Hon. Mention: S. M. Fraser, A.C.S. 1335; Pamela Carr, A.C.S. 1438.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Knitted. Prize 5s. Awarded to Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881.

Award of Prizes, August 3

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355. Hon. Mention: Jean Wheelhouse, G.C.S. 5773; Dolly Davies, G.C.S. 5700.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693. Hon. Mention: Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845; Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730.

Needlework Competition.—A D'oyley. Prize 10s. Awarded to Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783. Hon. Mention: Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Book Plate. Prize 10s. Awarded to Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719. Hon. Mention: Barbara Booth, M.C.S. 3215; Angel Verschoyle, M.C.S. 3136.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162. Hon. Mention: Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150; Marjorie Haggas, M.C.S. 3229.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Magazine Cover. Prize 5s. Awarded to Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441. Hon. Mention: Daisy Higgins, A.C.S. 1197.

Literature Competition.—What I shall Do These Holidays. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jennifer Skinner, A.C.S. 1421. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433.

Open to All

(Snapshot Competition)

Any Outdoor Scene.—First prize 10s. Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060. Second prize 5s. Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: H. Stainton, G.C.S. 5781; Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126; Sheila Apted, A.C.S. 929; Joan Cohen, A.C.S. 1406.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(October—November)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, November 2nd. A Design for a Calendar. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. Write the first three hundred words of a Novel, entitled "The Spectre Up at Issingham." No. II. Closing date, November 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. A Lyric.

Needlework Competitions.—Prize 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. Anything Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, November 2nd. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. A D'oyley.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, November 2nd. A Portrait Study. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. A Design for a Christmas Card.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, November 2nd. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. Your Favourite Cinema Star and Why.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, November 16th. A Novelty.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. Draw a Group of Common Objects. No. II. Closing date, November 2nd. Anything Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. A paper on "Books I Mean to Read." No. II. Closing date, November 2nd. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. A Verse Suitable for a Christmas Card.

Open to All: Age Specially Taken Into Account

Handicraft Competition.—Closing date, November 16th. First prize 15s. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Subject left to competitor.

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

Salon *Conducted by “Levana”* and *Competition Circles*

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Photography, Handicraft, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*July* 15)

Winifred K. Mitchell.—The first line of second verse is just a bit too colloquial and disturbs the rest. “ But tired am I ” would sustain the required effect, without in any way changing the meaning.

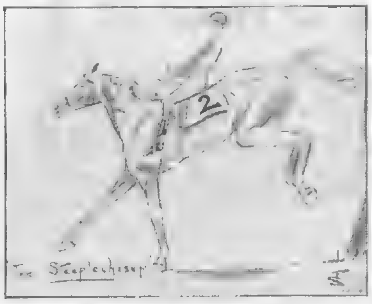
Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Although the form of it is unnecessarily unorthodox, still, this remains one of the most interesting entries I have had from you. Get a better first line. It asks a question which it would be easy to answer.

Amy Read Russell.—If not a copy, this is remarkably well seen and translated, although values are a little too equal throughout. If a copy, I think you are now strong enough to try interpreting in black and white, for yourself, directly from the scene itself. . . . The knitting is most neatly executed, but would have been better, I think, on bigger needles.

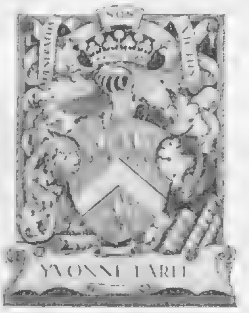
Joan Wyatt.—Here you have a theme which would work out very well. By reason of the simple straightforward method you have adopted in dealing with it, it has a certain charm, but it requires further elaboration. At present it lacks point and is under-developed.

Mollie Dawe.—Very sound in design except at the base where the solid stem finishes rather clumsily. A pattern derived and following nature so closely must embark on some extra cunning to surmount this difficulty.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—This is very nearly first rate, and the germs of an excellent one-act farce are all over it ! The last part hasn't quite as much grip as the situations should supply. I should re-write from page ten. . . . Study details of hands and features carefully until you have mastery. They are the weak spots of all your art work.



You can see by this that Pamela Searight has quite a lot of 'horse sense.' Awarded a prize (July 15th Competition)



Another clever art entry, by Yvonne Earle, also a prize-winner (August 3rd)

Submitted by Sybil Stallibrass. Note the dainty edge. Awarded the Needlework Prize, Aug. 3rd

William H. G. Reed.—“ Such are ” would I think be better for line nine, and the last line does not give an accurate explanation of your idea. Otherwise very good indeed. You have obvious talent.

Diana Wilton.—This just fails to reach absolute accuracy of explanation of your idea in lines eight and ten, but is full of promise elsewhere, and a very interesting achievement.

Diana Seth-Smith.—An excellent exercise in model drawing, and a very careful study, which should help you a lot. Your pencil is too hard, and you press too heavily with it. Make very faint lines until you are certain you have everything in its correct place.

Marjorie Naylor.—Very dainty in execution, but a bit too exaggerated in the proportions of the lady even for a mannered composition. Her legs being far too long, the skirt has got out of all proportion—a slip very easy to make with a costume of this type.

Edith Bannister.—Charming in idea, but in places your facile pen tends to run away with you. I feel that the last line of the first verse should express the opposite effect. I wonder if you will agree.

May W. Harrison.—The figures are rather too substantial for fantasy, but in proportion and anatomical accuracy this shows a big advance. The colour as a whole is most pleasing, but the treatment should have been more severely decorative.

Margaret Smith.—Good solid work, but your colour has been too much mixed and has lost some delicacy in consequence. When you have avoided this, as in the stream, there is immediate improvement in the effect.

Marjorie Haggas.—Look carefully again at lines two and three, verse three ; the sense of this is very contradictory, as you will see. Otherwise, very neat versification, although a better climax should be sought for.

Patricia Hepburn.—Excellent as pattern, and quite a pleasant colour scheme although the presence of some definite neutral, or brown colour, would have added refinement.

Mary A. Jones.—Decidedly interesting although it would have been useful if you had stated what it is intended to decorate. Sharper definition of the heads would help rapid elucidation. The faint background pattern is most attractive.

Marjorie Ibbotson.—Very satisfactory both in pattern and colour as an individual piece. It is better to show the effect, even if roughly, of the repetition. I suspect it is a bit stiff for its purpose, in this respect.

Betty Crowther.—You develop a situation well by means of very good detail and dialogue, but at present there is not sufficient plot or significance in your stories. The climax here, for instance, is poor. You must improve in this direction, as you have talent much above the average.

Dorothy M. Yoxall.—Dainty in execution, but lacking interest in composition. More sky or else none at all would have helped in this respect, and a more fairy-like conception of the natural surroundings could, appropriately, have been indulged in.

Mary Nourse.—The breadth of this is admirable, and it is very pleasant in tone and colour. The steps on the right are oddly shadowed without any reason being supplied. Trim your paper edges so that they are quite square.

Jessie Wilkes.—This is told far too snappily and in far too detached a manner. It might work up well though, with care, and a more subtle approach.

Joyce Bidder.—Disproportionate size of figures dwarfs the demure girl. The suggestion of pretext is a bit too subtle and comedy rather lacking ; still, a lot of charming work if not quite sufficiently light-hearted.

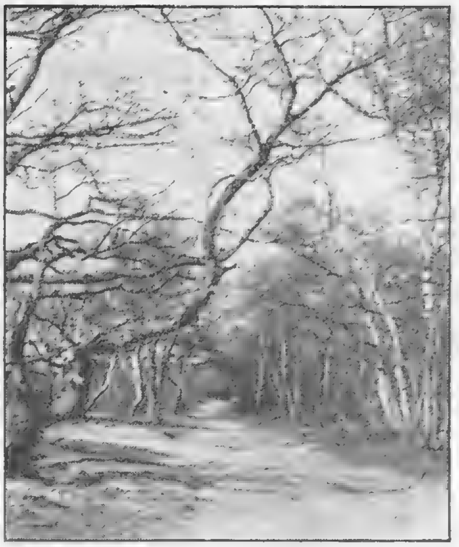
Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Your work is always interesting, and this pencil head, though rather harsh in quality, is full of excellence. An even softer pencil and greater distance from the glass would help a lot. The mouth is exceptionally small and the nose fails to project, but the upper half is delightful.

Bridget Lucas.—The balance and swing of your figure are excellent, but the details of knees, elbows, wrists and ankles need study. Modulate your outline more and don't make drapery and hair in movement too stationary. You should do well.

Pamela Searight.—A very spirited and clever sketch with broken line and tint well used. One would expect more give in the near fore fetlock, and perhaps more head, but the spirit and vein are admirable.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—A very daring subject with a great deal of dramatic force in the frightened sheep. The brilliant light should concentrate on the foreground and blot out all beyond ; then your too solid clouds would look possible. Admirable, ambitious and some success.

Betty Weir.—You draw children's figures very well, but always settle the height of your horizon in the most casual sketches, then you will get consistency. The sand group is easily the best of these in drawing and colour. Sketch hands from life when you can.



The Beauty of Bare Branches. Olwen Lawton's successful snapshot entry. Awarded first prize—

Frances Hudson.—Good in proportion and stance, though rather tame and boneless. A bit more constructional modelling and emphasis would help, though the big forms are well suggested. Rather too photographic.

Peggy B. Tansley.—You have managed the go of your equestrian figure in spite of faulty anatomical details and unsettled effect of light and shade. Paint all you can from nature direct to secure a sound foundation for your talent.

John Waterhouse.—Your charcoal spotlight subject has highly artistic quality of black and white and is within a little of having a great success. The orchestra figures are too high up and too big for the rest, but you have got a lot of suggestion of effect, light and movement by cleverly subtle means.

Violet P. I. Horn.—There is much that is very strong and good in your study ; its chief defect is want of atmosphere in the background—largely a matter of technique. The objects in front should blur it a bit. With this exception capital in all respects.

Veronica Price-Harris.—This is not quite so well drawn as some of your work and there is rather too much evidence of haste. Swiftness of work is good, but should be the result of certainty. You are so well advanced that a little deliberation won't hurt. Very good, but not your very best.

Sylvia Corbridge.—This, if you can get it to the right quarter, might be saleable. It is very well done indeed, although the construction being obvious, instead of subtle, just keeps it out of a higher class.

Arnold Parkin.—The last couplet is a bit clumsy. Sincere, interesting work, in need of a better technique.

E. Hook.—A very difficult subject, boldly tackled, but impossible, at your age, to bring off unless you sketch from life instead of from memory. Make certain of facts, then you will go ahead.

Ann Hannay.—The method by which you secure that your last line shall rhyme must be abandoned. The beginning, on the other hand, promises well.

Penelope Burra.—A clever impression, lovely in colour and artistic in feeling, but evading essentials. Some stern practice in accurate drawing is now your chief need.

—and The Beauty of Bridges—awarded second prize. Submitted by Florence E. McCoy

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Simple Method that Anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

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Those who know their limitations, but who do not understand the laws which govern Thought and Action, have discovered SELF—and should read this AMAZING LETTER:

Mr. Alexander Paterson.

Mr. Alexander Paterson writes: "During many years of studious thought in the provinces of science and philosophy, the part of knowledge which interested me most was the subject of Thought itself. Since enrolling as a student of your course, I have made the greatest discovery of my life. The discovery of SELF. Apart from the wonderful effect it has had upon my personality, I recognise it as one of the biggest possibilities of all times. The discovery of Self is not sufficient. It must be developed along right lines. That is the wonderful work which you are performing with your course. The exercises contained therein, if conscientiously carried out in their proper sequence, are wonderful in their effect upon the Mind and Personality of the Student. Education is important, but knowledge of Self and its development is countless times more important and explains why sometimes men too poor to obtain either college or university training leave their mark on life."

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"Noble thoughts enrich the mind
—And Mind is Man.
It is the POWER which lies behind
—I will—I CAN."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 537-C), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

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The Children's Salon

Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

S. Curtis.—Your command of the right word and the significance of the detail make this impressive, but its effectiveness is always in peril because the plot is based on a false note. If you can overcome this tendency your work would be in another category at once.

Moyra Fraser.—Very sound work for your years. Try to analyse effects more closely and you will then see where you are wrong. Get all the practice you can.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—If you could leave this plot to explain itself a little more, particularly towards the end, by dialogue, instead of at second-hand from the author, it would be much more effective. It is an interesting theme worth working at again.

Olive Dockree.—The composition isn't quite up to your usual standard, although the general arrangement and the ideas are quite as good as ever.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—The distant landscape is very cleverly suggested, although rather false in colour for a blue day, this applies also to the foreground. Take your sketching things out into the open and make careful notes. The verses, though pretty, sound a rather exaggerated note, of which you should be careful.

Deirdre Patrick-Wilson.—Sound proportion and modelling, but the bony surfaces at wrists and knees are too slurred, and the mass of the face seems very small. A more uneven margin of background would have helped the effect.

Sybil Ingram-Johnson.—Good action. Heavier shadows, however, ought to appear with this strong lighting. It is very difficult to tackle such subjects successfully except on the spot. Sketch direct from nature as much as possible, to increase knowledge of facts.

Irene McCoy.—Excellent characterisation and skilfully handled, but the theme is rather thin. Still, very interesting work, full of promise.

Olwen Lawton.—A mere description, even if done as well as this is, is scarcely sufficient. Some more definite idea must sway the whole.

Clare Ackroyd.—Very sound technically, but the interest is a little too evenly distributed, and it would have been better to have avoided the big gap between the long word. Charming colour.

Olive Dwyer.—Daintily written, but the opening verse should avoid the double repetitions. The rest is much stronger, especially the two middle verses.

Marjorie Webb.—You have seized the sitter's chief characteristics, but while concentrating on the features have neglected proper consideration of the size and shape of the head, particularly above the brows. The needlework is typically neat and clever in its stitchery. Very many thanks.

Aziz Bhatty.—Your keen imagination and sense of beauty are well illustrated here, but your idiom is not always correct. Still, if you persevere, you should be able to overcome this difficulty.

Pamela Carr.—Only send in one entry for each competition. I am dealing with "Those Relations" now. This is naturally told and freshly written, but suffers from inexperience. You can't help this, at present. But read carefully and you will soon be able to correct your own work.

Barbara Stallibrass.—It is better to try to see a tree in full foliage, chiefly, in its broad masses of light and shade, the leaf "spots" can rarely be seen so frequently as you have recorded here. Half close your eyes to realise this broad effect.

Norna J. Palmer.—The first three verses are very good, neatly fashioned and effective in their simple charm. The two remaining ones are not so well handled.

Amy G. Haydon.—A beautiful piece of work, charmingly finished in every way. Thank you so much.

Irene Walker.—Many lines are clever and interesting, but are too often followed by clumsy ones, which I feel sure you could avoid if you were more self critical. Try to send in regularly.

Claribel Ireland.—The last verse needs a little polishing. It is a very pretty idea worth further attention.

Sheila Apted.—Your restrained sense of colour, avoiding all exaggeration, is remarkable for your years. I look forward to the day when you are old enough to compete regularly. Write to me again soon.

Trixie Ford.—A plot so full of dramatic possibilities should not be treated in this almost nonchalant manner, which wastes some excellent material. Have another shot at it. The little garment is very appropriate for its purpose, but the needlework not quite so interesting as usual.

Sheila MacLeod.—In its way excellently told, but not good material for a short story, which should be an episode rather than a life history. You have decided talent.

Annie M. L. Hale.—The jumper is very well done, the knickers are not so good. Very many thanks for them. This type of thing always sells splendidly.

Helen Dixon.—The form and many of the lines are lovely, but the reasoning leaves something to be desired. Criticise this aspect of your work severely. You ought to do well.

Alison Ackroyd.—Very effective and well sustained, but examined closely there is too much repetition of ideas. I believe you can get over this with a little further effort.

Florence E. McCoy.—A more subtle method must be introduced with the entrance of the figure in black. If you can rise to the heights of your plot you ought to secure a most interesting result.

Honor Fielding.—Charmingly planned and stitched. You are on the way to being a first-rate needlewoman. My many thanks; it should prove very saleable.

Madge Turnbull.—Good design and very neat execution, but even dream castles are all the better for being architecturally possible. However, this is excellent illustration and with a better grip on facts you ought to do very good work.

(*Continued on page 138*)

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Designed by Sir Christopher Wren and erected in 1671-7 at a cost of £14,500 to commemorate the great fire of London, The Monument, in which there are 345 steps, is 202 feet high.

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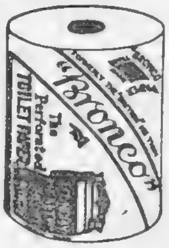

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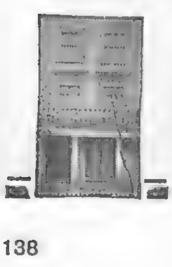

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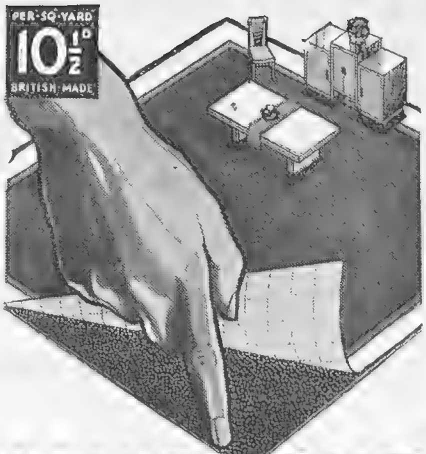

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The Children's Salon

Correspondence and Criticism—contd.

Kathleen Bell.—Colour and craftsmanship are alike excellent. A very pretty little "study" most cleverly carried through.

Barbara Booth.—Not sufficient allowance is made for the folds in indicating the pattern on the skirt. As the latter proceeds right and left the flowers would be seen in perspective. Attractively set down, otherwise.

Mabel Sanders.—Handled with your usual dainty care. A very neat and satisfactory piece of work, for which many thanks.

No Name M.C.S. 3267 (Yorks, Meltham).—There is no point in writing in this old-fashioned manner, and your talents would be better employed in work on more up-to-date lines. This is in the style of a period which, in most instances, is best left alone. Very good promise is shown.

Alida Wilton.—A difficult job very cleverly accomplished. You will find them splendid for their purpose. I have had a pair of this type.

Molly Roberts.—Original and interesting, but the form leaves something to be desired. This method can be very effective, but should be indulged in warily.

(*August 3rd*)

Daisy Higgins.—Unusually advanced work for your age. Sound in design and admirably suggested. Only experience seems to be lacking. Send in again soon.

Barbara Booth.—The vertical lines bring the design together, but the path cannot hold them up in the arbitrary manner suggested, and the top growth of the tree is a bit unusual. As black and white pattern, full of charm and interest.

Dora Malfatti.—I suspect that some old work of criticism first came your way in dealing with this poet, and that a first impression remains. You have expressed yourself well in this paper, but even in the last sentence have not given modern times nearly enough credit for a quite different outlook.

Zenobia H. Forster-Brown.—You get a little out of your depth in the last verse; it misses the charming simplicity of the earlier ones. The landscape is well designed, but a more decorative method is better for this purpose. Look at some good examples.

Angel Verschoyle.—Very prettily written, but it might have been developed a little more, considering its significance. A very pleasing little bit of black and white, well designed, and full of promise.

Margaret Smith.—Pleasant colour, but rather flat in effect. Get your heavier tones by a series of washes which will keep your colour cleaner. You have plenty of talent, but it needs directing.

Effie Dundas.—Reflections are never more vivid than their originals. Your river, therefore, needs toning down. Don't let poster work confuse your sense of true values when sketching from nature. Some excellent work in foreground.

Patricia Hepburn.—Cleverly designed. A rather bigger book would be a better support for the right-hand bird, and the lettering here has reversed the laws of perspective: minor faults these, but important.

Florence E. McCoy.—An admirable story. Work again at the last sentence or two, which present a lame appearance compared with the rest.

Betty Metchim.—Admirably designed and a clever interpretation of the title—but not a book plate. The latter is a plate pasted as a rule on the inside cover to denote its ownership, and concerns itself with a crest or other personal matter.

Edith Bannister.—The last verse should be brought into line with the first in the ordering of its rhymes. So much variation between the two is scarcely permissible in work of this type. Otherwise very good.

Veronica Price-Harris.—It would have been better to have taken a sheet of paper of the correct proportions associated with this magazine, and the lettering should have been a contrast to the colour scheme of the flowers. The latter are very charmingly suggested.

Dahlia Anson.—Good tone, but arrived at by rather too scratchy a method. It will help you greatly to look at some black and white work of this type by a master hand.

Penelope Burra.—The lettering, representing an interesting alphabet, is somewhat too spread out. It would have been better to have placed it entirely in the upper half of the sheet, and to have given a list of contents in small type below.

Peggy Christie.—Not at all badly put together, and lively enough in matter. The arrangement of the latter is a little bit too casual, however. When one has thought out the points one wants to make, they need to be carefully handled to get a neat and apt effect. Send in regularly, if possible.

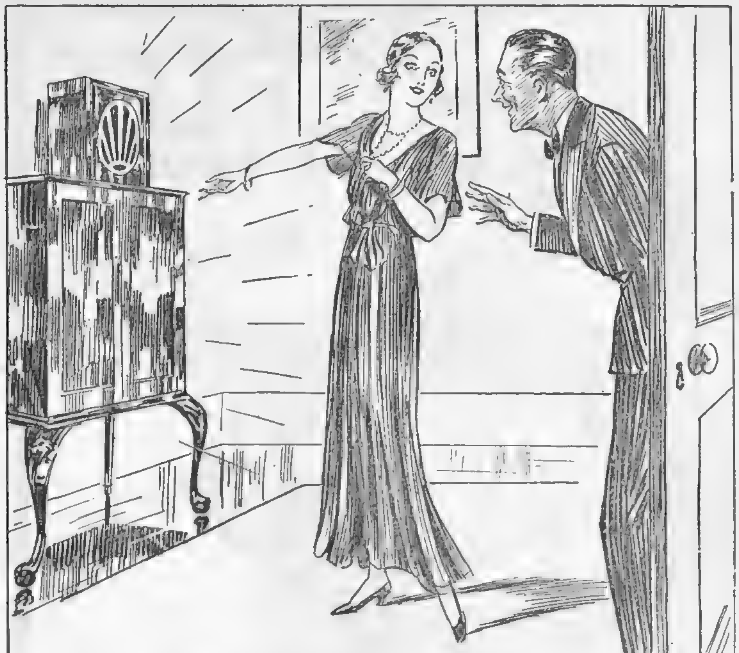
Jill Maunsell.—Although in the manner of a famous predecessor, still, very good, and with a little more emphasis on the exciting part of the plot a most readable and enjoyable paper would result.

Kathleen Whittaker.—A book plate refers to the owner of the volume, and not to its subject. The figures are well posed and the design well planned, but the damsel's dress falls as if she were standing, instead of sitting.

Helen Fawcett.—The management of the trees and pierced lights hurts breadth and repose in an otherwise charming impression. Halation gives a softening roundness to pierced lights, and the sky should have slightly more tone. There might be more drawing in your brushwork, but the oil feeling is good.

J. Wheelhouse.—A graceful and artistic note, though the green ink is not a very happy thought. Black and white or full colour would have more charm; still, one welcomes experiments, and this is undoubtedly big style work.

The Children's Salon
COUPON



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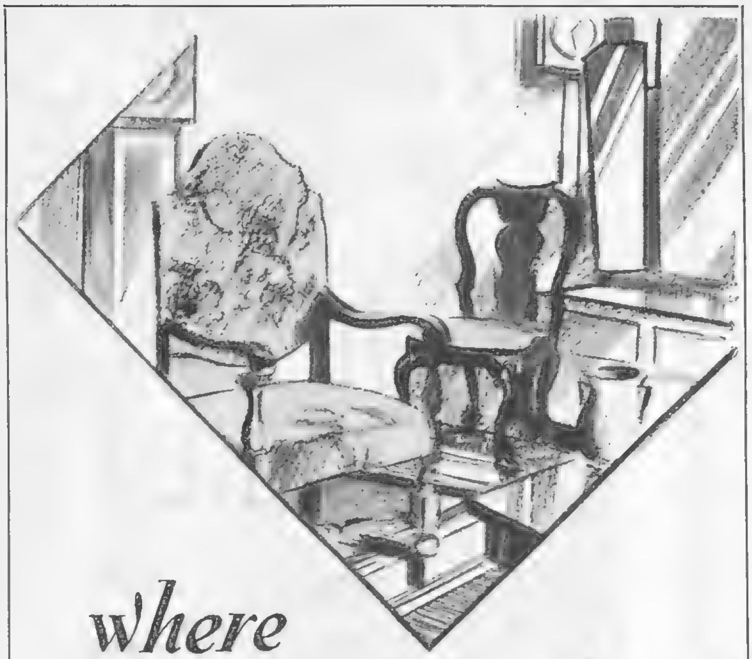

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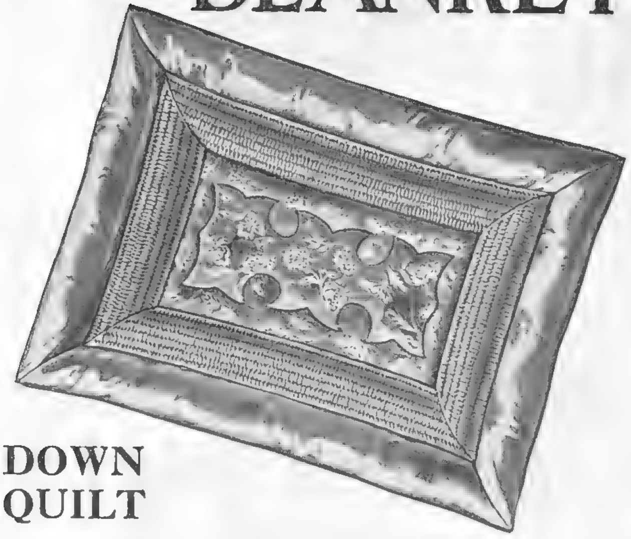

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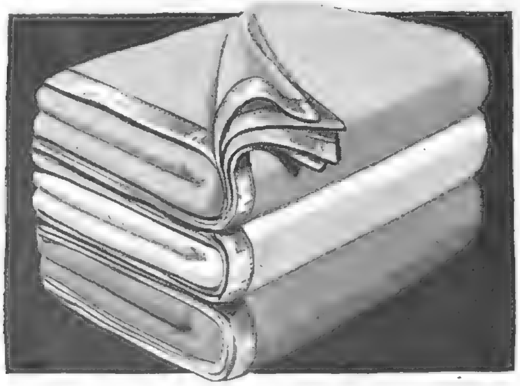

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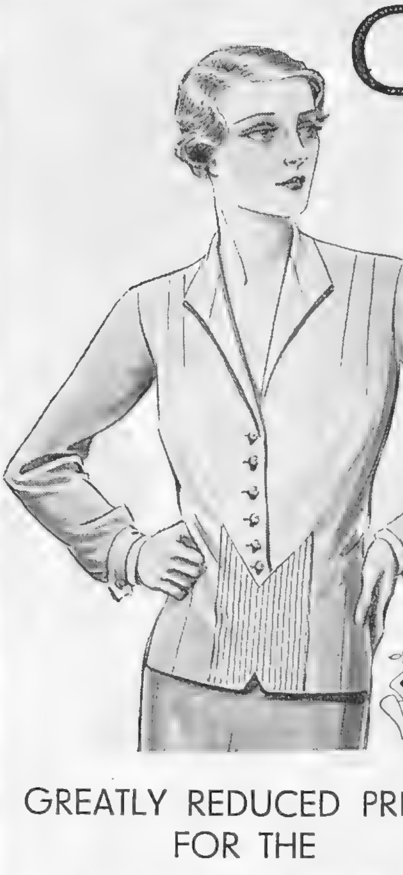

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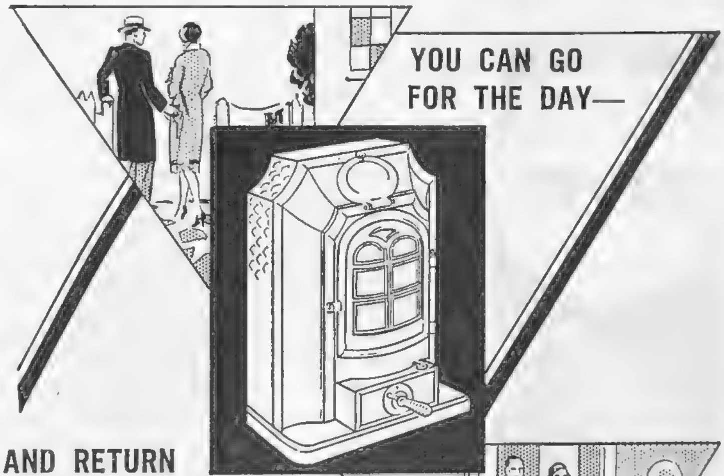

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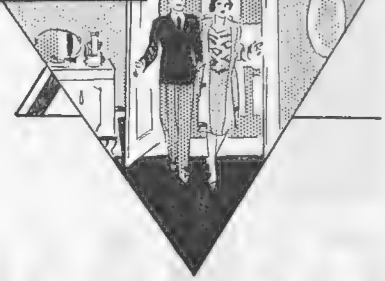

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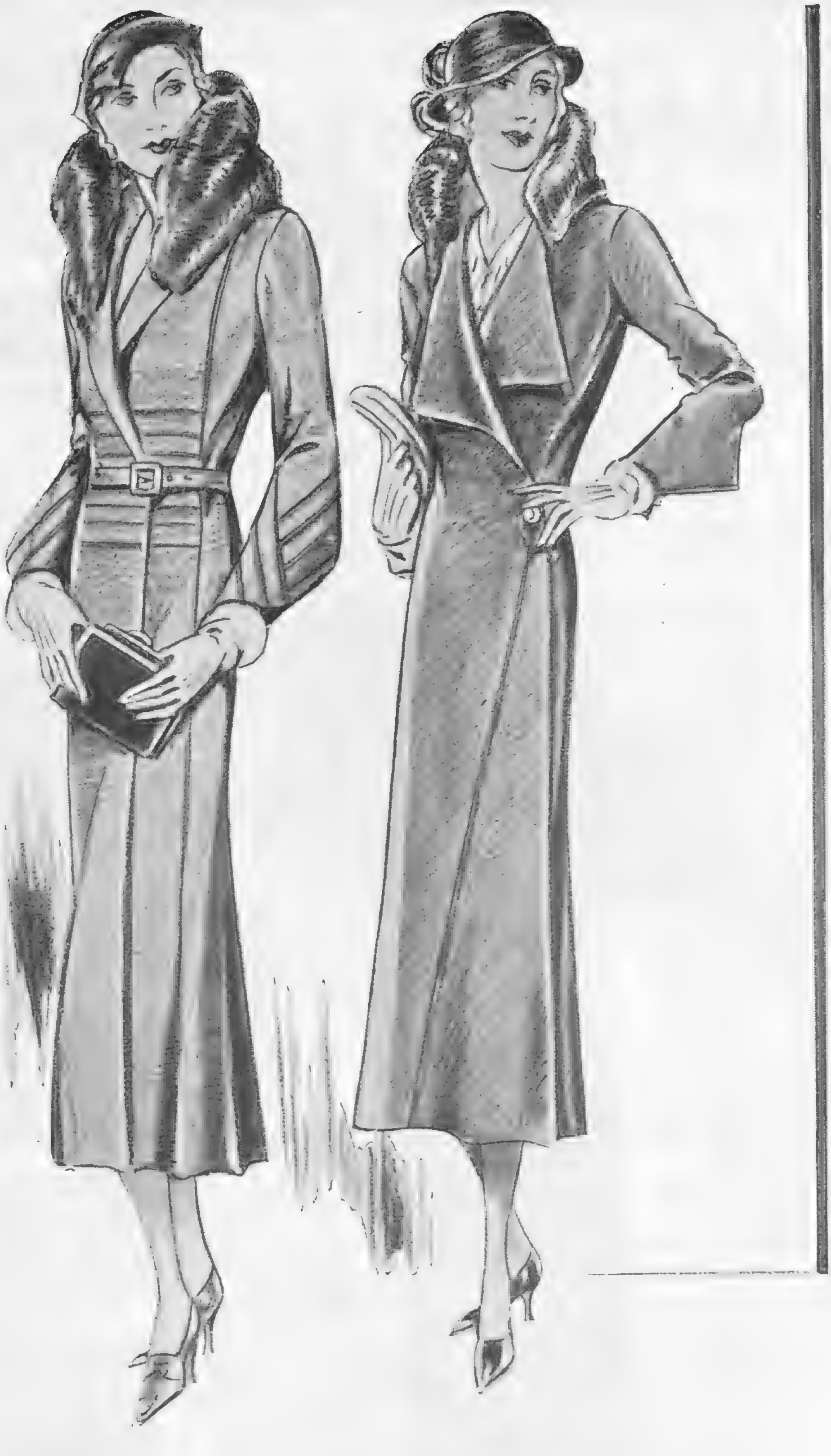

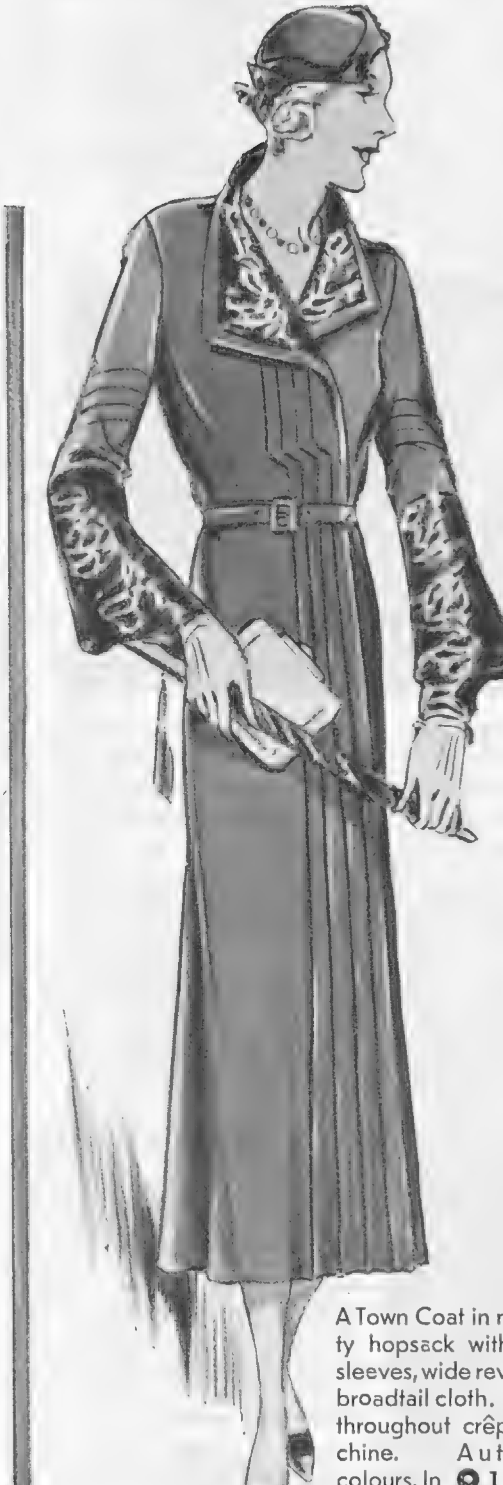

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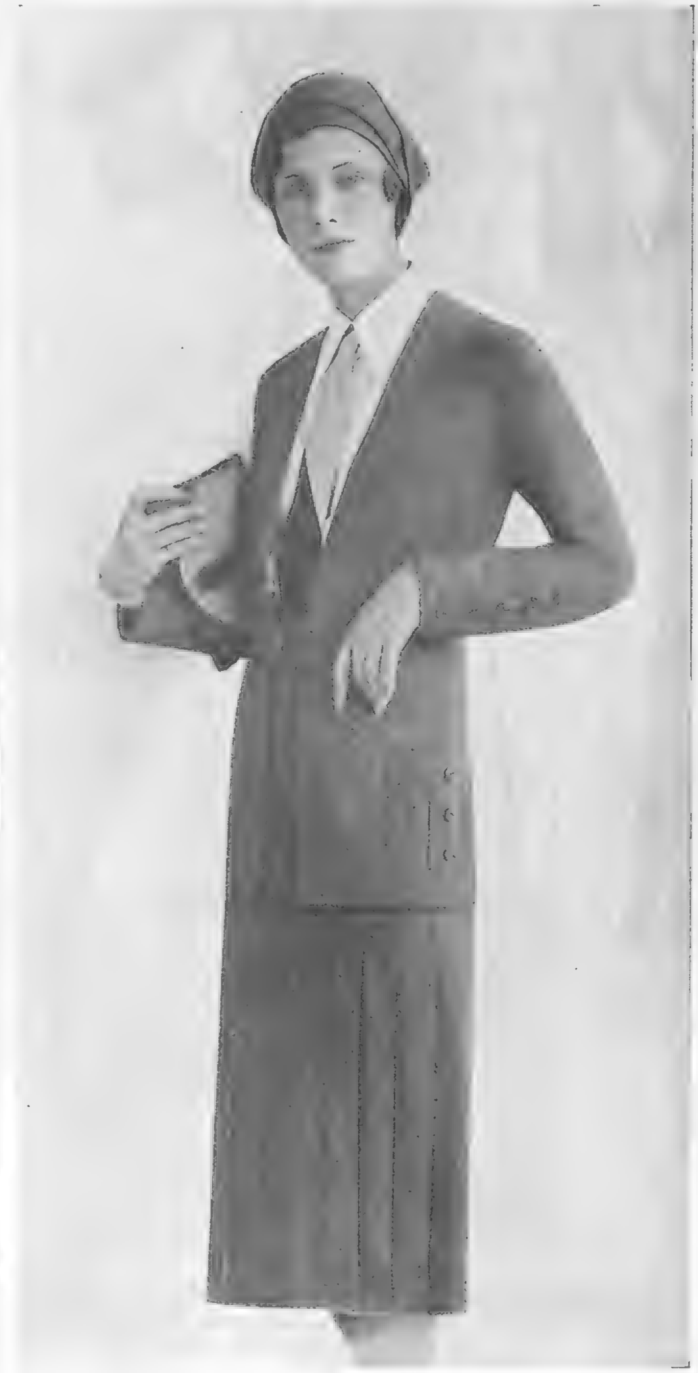

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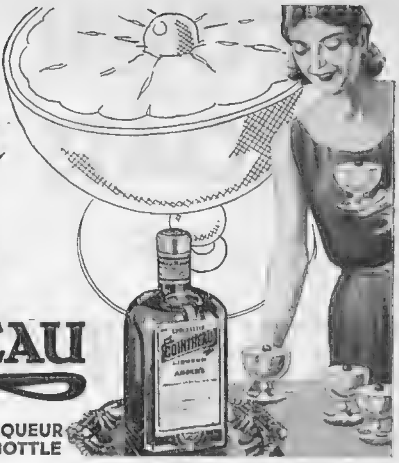

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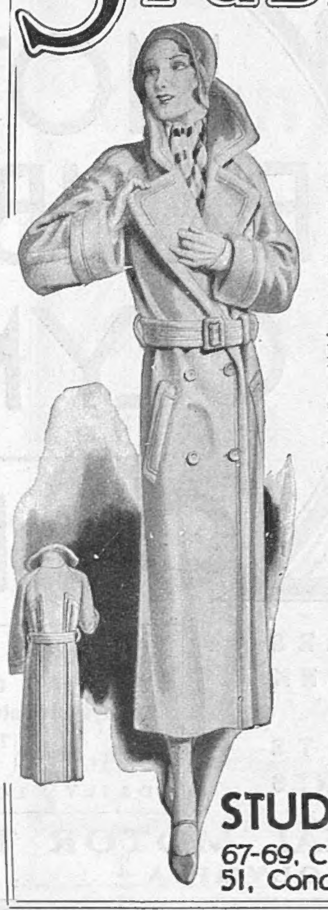

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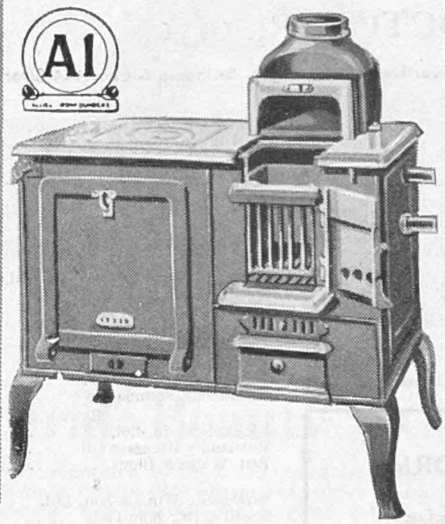

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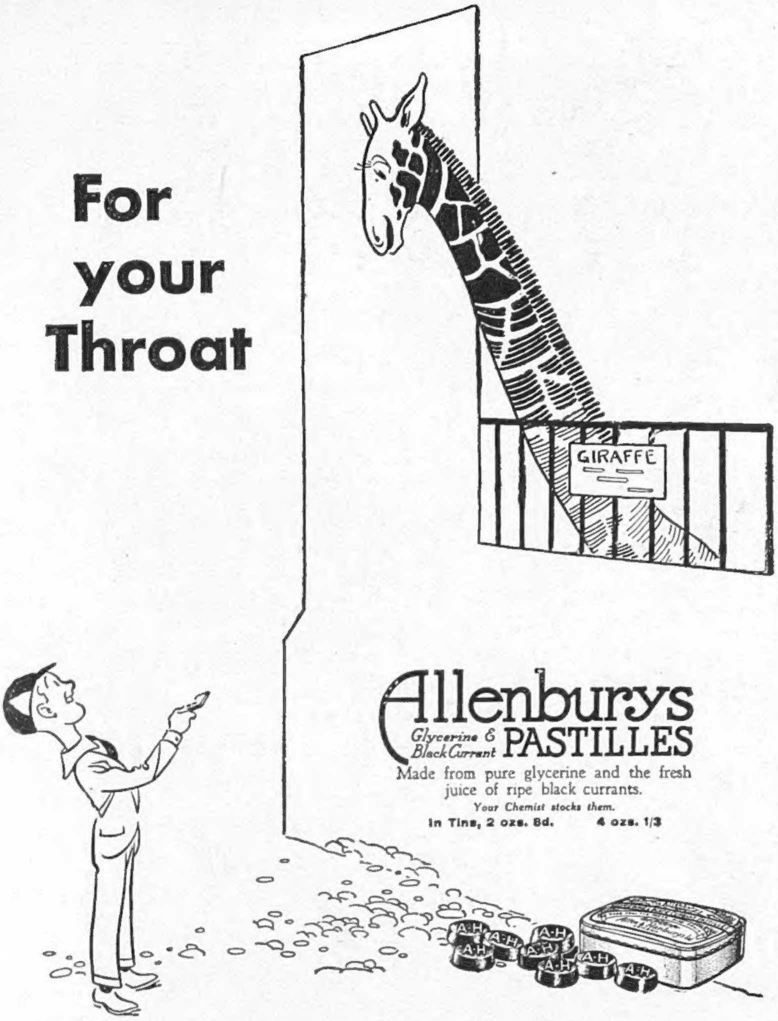

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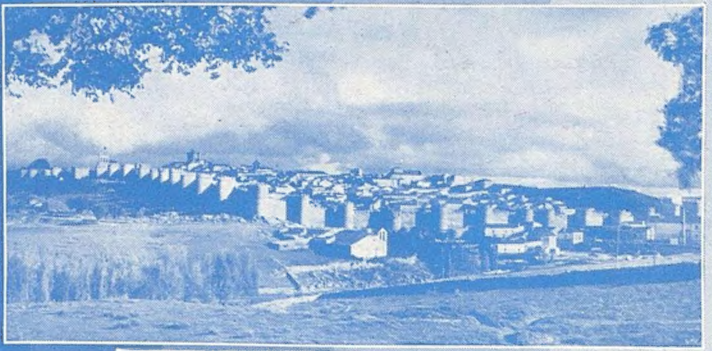
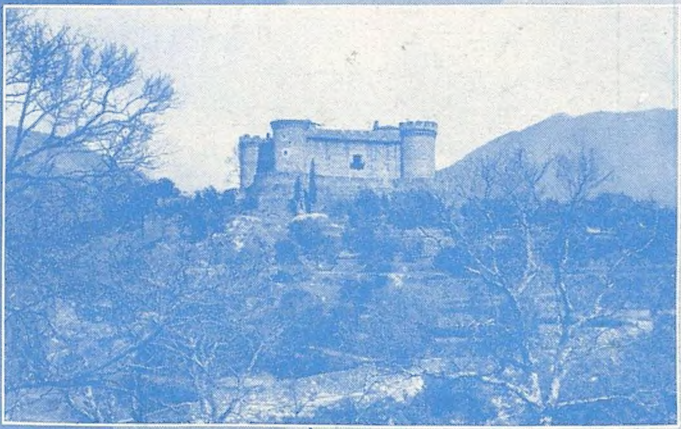
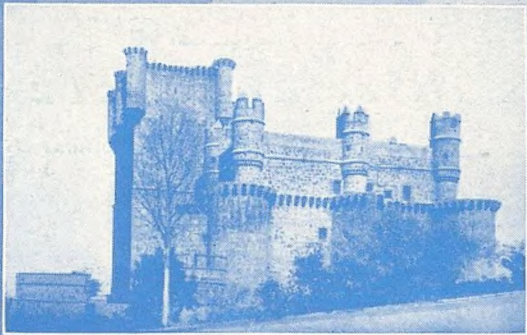
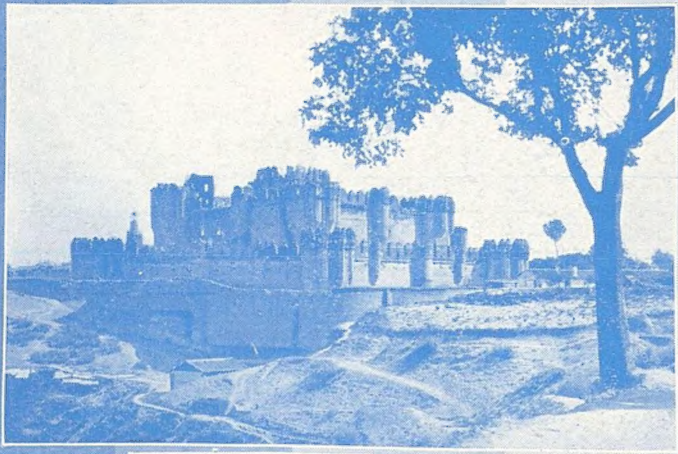
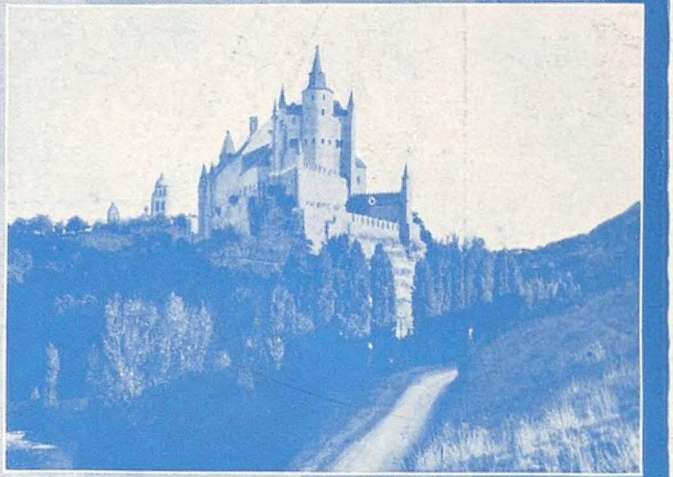
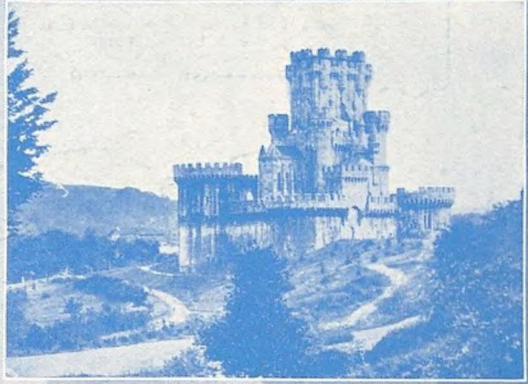

Avila. General View.


Castle of Mombeltrán.


Castle of Guadamur.


Castle of Coca.


Alcázar of Segovia.


Castle of Butrón.

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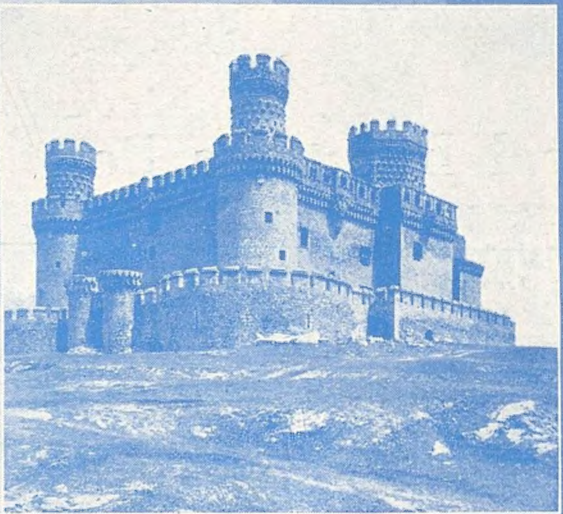
Castle of Manzanares el Real.

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